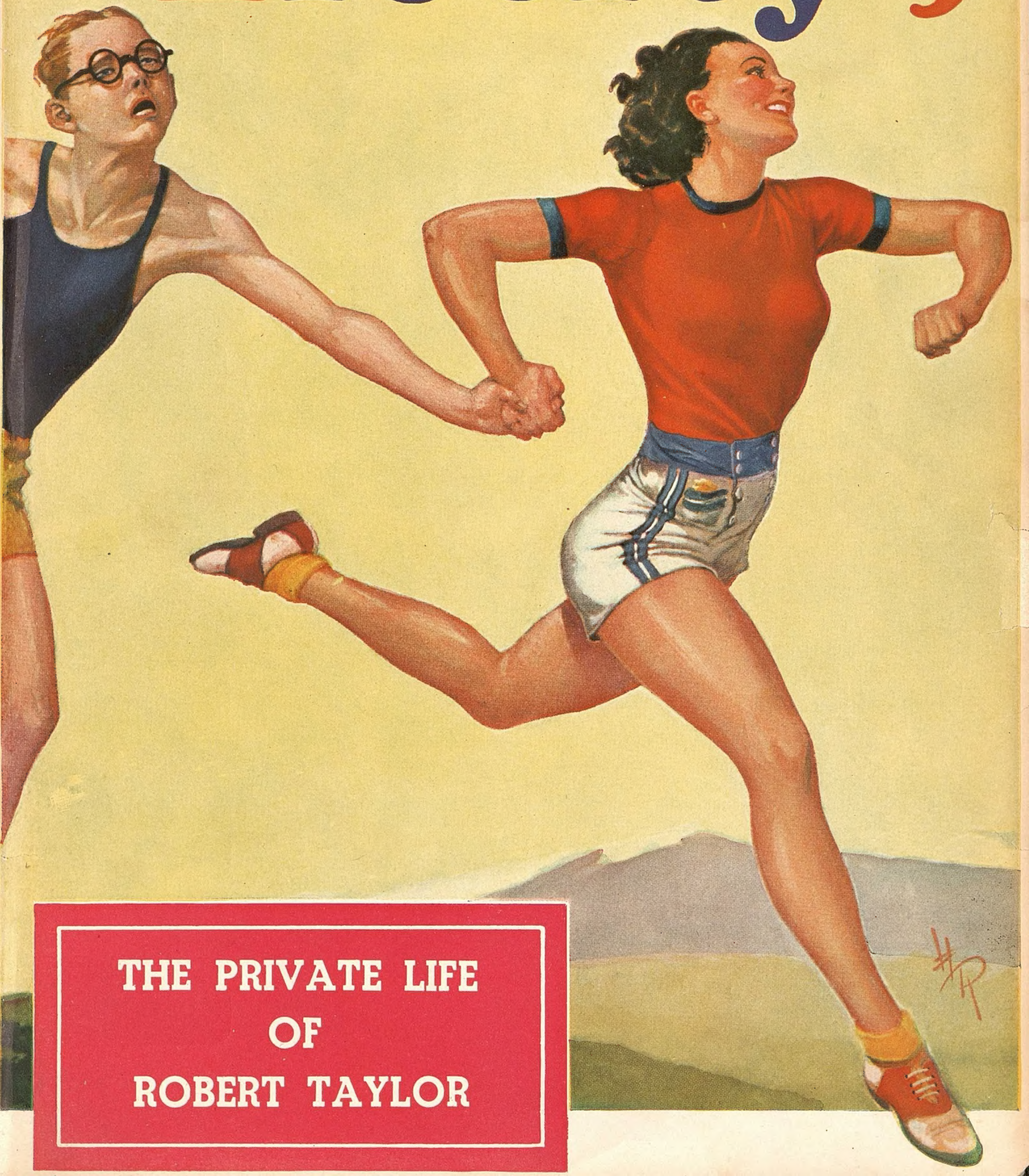
SIXTEEN DIE AT ONE WOMAN'S WORD

The Lovely Dressmaker in Stalin's Life

OCT. 24,
1936

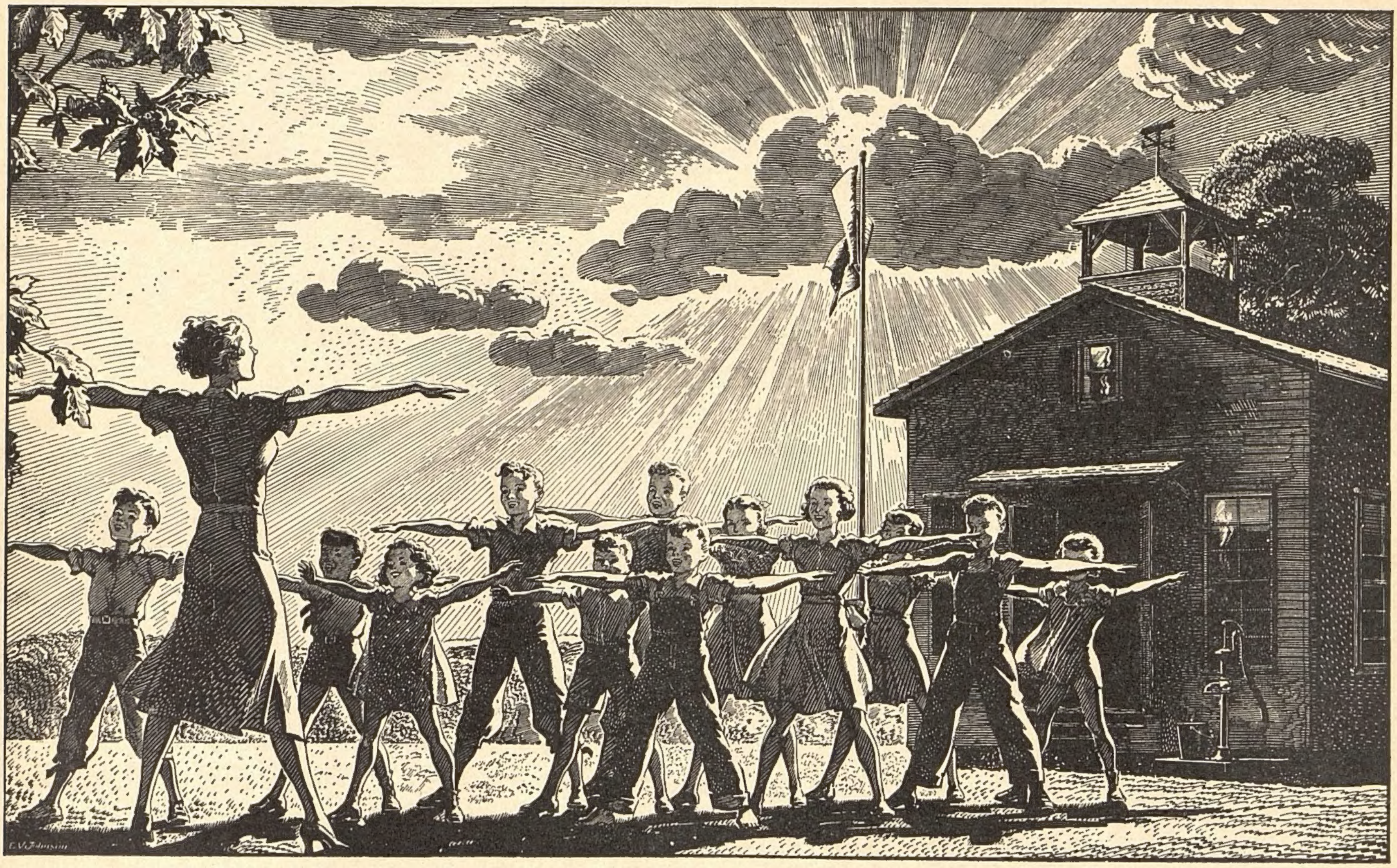
Liberty

5¢



THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF
ROBERT TAYLOR

HE WAGES WAR ON WEAKNESS



How a Puny Orphan Through His Own Winning Fight for Strength, Developed the World's Most Vital Editorial Technique

BACK in the nineties a pamphlet appeared—a circular, nothing more—recommending an exerciser owned by an obscure health enthusiast named Macfadden. On it were emblazoned the words, "Weakness a Crime: Don't Be a Criminal!"

Crammed with hard-hitting health facts, it waged war on weakness. It became Physical Culture, the first of Bernarr Macfadden's amazing group of magazines headed now by Liberty—the dramatic, human weekly—True Story, and the Women's Group.

In this humble beginning, the world first met the *editorial technique* of Macfadden. His technique literally "sold" physical education to America. Leaders urged it. Cities took it up. Schools, from coast to coast, adopted it. Today that technique has built one of the most potent publishing enterprises in the world—a family of magazines of stupendous circulation, imposing power, and unequalled *responsiveness* to advertising.

Few people think of Macfadden as the great editor. The world knows Macfadden, the crusader, because of his fights against weakness, against prudery, for sane foods, for sane living. Yet these very crusades, and his own early hardships, hopes, and ambitions, developed an editorial technique so different, and so vital that it amounts almost to new psychological discovery.

Macfadden digs down to the very fundamentals of life. His millions of letters from people; his Penny Restaurants, his health resorts and other philanthropies, have let him know people as no other editor has known them — their way of living, their problems, their hopes. He senses their thoughts. He sees as they see. His technique is to edit close to people by editing close to life itself. That explains the unique vitality of every Macfadden publication.

Macfadden today inspires more people than any other magazine editor. His followers are millions. His magazines have a vital individuality. Not one of them apes a competitor. Not one is just another magazine. By its own right each Macfadden Magazine is a constructive force with uncountable millions of worth-while people because it mirrors life as it is lived today.

This series of advertisements is sponsored by Physical Culture, the first of the family of Macfadden Magazines

LIBERTY · TRUE STORY · MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP PHYSICAL CULTURE · PHOTOPLAY · THE DETECTIVE GROUP

OCTOBER 24, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 43

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

"Working" the Workers

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE workers appear to be deathly afraid of Fascism. Every one who fails to agree with their leaders is referred to as a Fascist.

Mussolini and Hitler have embraced this particular governmental system and we are supposed to be drifting in the same direction.

But all the " drifting " in this direction has come to us through the present administration.

Fascism means the control of all business by government officials. Communism means the control of everything and everybody by government officials. The government owns everything. Both of these systems are equally obnoxious to us.

As I have pointed out in a previous editorial, the NRA was a move in the direction of Fascism, and we very distinctly remember the irritation of some of our officials when the United States Supreme Court annulled this form of bureaucracy.

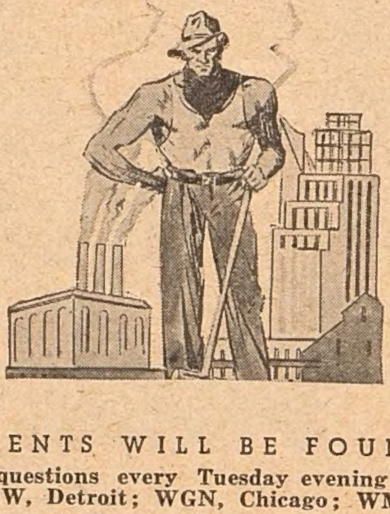
And we further remember the extraordinary efforts made by Presidential advisers to install something that would take the place of this method of controlling business—which, please remember, is just one form of Fascism.

And many of our labor leaders are preparing to support the present administration in the coming election, realizing all the time that one of the first acts of the Roosevelt administration, if it is reelected, will be to impose some sort of Fascism upon business.

And if the government can control business, we can be assured that the next step will be to control labor.

You never hear of labor troubles in Italy and Germany. The government officials have dictatorial powers which enable them to control wages, hours —everything that affects labor.

There is one privilege that labor in this country should hold on to like grim death, and that is their individual independence—their freedom to join a union or to work individually—their ability to choose their own job and to work or not as they choose.



The security that the present government has given the workers through social legislation is a move in the right direction. But security can be overdone. It is often obtained at the expense of liberty. And people can be coddled until they become a race of weaklings. Security is not worth the sacrifice at that price.

The situation of the African slave is one example of security. And the same can be said of a dray horse or a mule. But they have no liberty.

In supporting an administration that has definitely indicated its fervid desire to fasten some sort of control over business, the workers of this country are simply putting their heads in a noose; they are endangering their personal liberty. For when we turn to legislation to control one group of our people, it is but a short step to similar measures to control other groups.

We have become a great and powerful nation because of the stimulating, inspiring influence of personal freedom. Every citizen is allowed the privilege of working out his own destiny. And when favoritism becomes a moving force, when politicians supplant business executives, the inventive genius that has been so marvelously developed in past years in this country will be snuffed out entirely. We may then become a nation of drones. The inspiring uplift that fires the souls of free people will disappear.

Let us cast our vote in a manner to maintain the governmental principles that have given us half the wealth of the world and a standard of living higher than that of any other nation.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Hear Bernarr Macfadden's radio discussion of national questions every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., E. S. T., on Stations WOR, Newark; WLW, Cincinnati; CKLW, Detroit; WGN, Chicago; WMCA, New York.

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Sixteen Die at One

The Amazing Secret—Here for the First Time Revealed—of the Lovely Dressmaker in Stalin's Life and Her Grim Revenge

by PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

> AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story, for which I accept complete responsibility, came to me through a relative of mine who escaped out of Russia a short time ago, whose name, however, cannot be given for obvious reasons, as his family is still living in Moscow. It was confirmed to me by a former Bolshevik agent, now fallen in disfavor, but very well aware of what goes on in Moscow, although he is living abroad. CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

THIS is not a fairy tale, although it sounds like one. Every human being has some vulnerable spot; and that explains this startling development in Stalin's life.

On a dreary winter morning, a funeral procession was moving through the stilled streets of Moscow, and a plain wooden coffin was being carried to its last resting place. Behind it walked a man. No one dared say a word to him in his grief.

Nadejda Alliluieva, wife and faithful companion, was lying in that coffin, and Stalin, the cruel dictator, was mourning for her.

Suddenly something dropped from a window and fell at his feet. Mechanically he bent down, to find three red roses tied together with a violet ribbon, to which was pinned a card: "For her and for you."

Stalin raised his eyes. The procession was passing a new high building still in course of construction. One window was open, and at it stood a beautiful girl. She was waving her hand to him and as he trudged on behind the coffin he returned a vague gesture of thanks.

Presently, watching the coffin lowered into the earth, he dropped two of the roses on it. The third he kept and pushed inside his coat.

Days went on, and in the solitude of the Kremlin all those who surrounded Stalin became anxious about him. He seemed to have lost his interest even in life itself.

And then one day, toward spring, when the sun was shining, he ordered his motor and told the chauffeur to drive him far, far into the country. As chance would have it, they passed that same high building. Instinctively, as he remembered, he looked upward. Again at an open window stood that girl!

That evening Stalin sent for the head of the Soviet police and told him to find out who she was. A few hours later a detailed report was made to him. She was Anna Vladimirovna, Princess ———, the bearer of one of the oldest and proudest names in the now dead imperial Russia. Her father had been executed in Petrograd for anti-Soviet propaganda, and she was living in a furnished room with some friends, and earning her living as a dressmaker.

He ordered her brought before him the next evening. It was dusk, almost dark when she was led into the presence of the Dictator. If he expected to find her frightened, he was mistaken.

"What is it you want of me?" she asked disdainfully. "I would have come if you had sent for me. You need not have had me arrested."

"I did not have you arrested," said Stalin. "I only wanted to thank you for—for the flowers you sent *her*, and for your sympathy with me. It surprised me," he added.

"Why?" asked the girl. "After all, you are human like the rest of us. I knew how you must have felt. I also have lost people whom I have loved."

"Yes, yes, I know," he said. "But it does not seem to have hardened you."

"Why should it have? I was sorry for you. I am still, because yours cannot be a pleasant or enjoyable life. Everybody hates you or fears you."

"Do you hate me?" suddenly asked Stalin.

"No. I only despise you!"

"How dare you say such a thing to me?" he exclaimed.

"I dare because I have nothing to lose except my life, and your friends and servants have taken all joy out of it! You do not know what it is to see one's loved ones brutally murdered."

Stalin got up. "I did not kill any of your loved ones," he said.

"I know that personally you did not." Her voice sounded somewhat more friendly. "I know that personally you did not do it, and the knowledge is what enabled me to pity you. May I go now? May I return home?"

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed Stalin. "We must not part like that. I would so much like us to be friends."

"How could we be friends?" she inquired. "If you were alone, we might be; but you are in the hands of frightful people who only use you and who would betray you with joy at the first opportunity. Through them curses are showered upon your head, and will be so long as the world exists. Oh, the pity of it all!

"You are not like the rest of them," she went on. "You are infinitely superior to all these bloodthirsty plunderers! And you haven't one friend in the world!"

A change came over the usually impassive face of the Dictator. He suddenly thrust his hand in the breast pocket of his khaki blouse and pulled out a crumpled envelope, from which he took a slip of paper and a faded rose.

"Do you recognize these?" he demanded. "I have carried them ever since. Do you think now that we could be friends?"

He drew her toward a sofa and sat down beside her.

"You are right," he acknowledged, "quite right. I am lonely, I am unhappy, I am friendless, and the only

Kameneff (left) and Zinovieff—two of Stalin's former comrades—put to death "at a woman's word."

Stalin's friend Kiroff. His assassination gave the revengeful woman her opportunity.

Woman's Word

feeling I inspire, now that *she* is gone, is fear. But for the fact that I have a mission to perform, I would long ago have done away with myself. I want a friend, one who would warn me of danger—whom I could trust. Will you be that friend? I know I could trust you!"

"How can you know that," she asked, "when I am your natural enemy?"

"It is just on that account that I do know," he replied. "I hate all those creatures of your class—all those brainless aristocrats, but at the same time I recognize that they have honor and can keep their given word. Why not try to be my friend? I would not ask much of you—"

"If you are asking me to be your mistress, you are making a mistake, Iossif Vissarionovich!"

Stalin got up. "If this is what you take me for, it is indeed better that we do not see each other again," he said with dignity, and he handed her the faded rose.

Her eyes filled with tears. She held out her hands to him. "It is I who must ask you to forgive me," she murmured. "I—I don't want us to part like that!"

His expression changed. "Why should we part? Let us be friends. Come and see me, help me, advise me! I can be grateful, although you may not believe it, and I need you so much!

"Listen," he said after a while. "You must leave the place where you are staying now, and go to one where you will not be known. I shall find such a place for you, and send you another passport. And when I feel too lonely I shall send for you, and when you have something important to communicate to me, you can come to the Kremlin at any hour. You will be known only as Anna Vladimirovna, Stalin's friend, and no one will dare molest you."

It was not long before all Moscow heard that some mysterious woman had come into Stalin's life. His old friends and companions became annoyed by this mystery, and one day Zinovieff spoke to him about it, begging him to be careful; after all, such a woman might be an assassin. He was not allowed to finish. Stalin knocked down his friend of bygone days.

And thus began a tragedy which was to end in the execution yard of the Lioubianka prison in Moscow.

STALIN sent for the young princess that evening and told her of the incident, cautioning her to be very careful in her movements. To his surprise she did not seem astonished at what he told her. By that time they had become quite confidential with each other, and he had found that this girl could indeed give him excellent advice.

As for her, at first she had felt puzzled by the extraordinary position in which she had found herself thrust; then she had realized all the advantages she could obtain through it. Like all Russians who have Tatar blood in their veins, she was revengeful. And Zinovieff and his friend Kameneff had been in power in the Petrograd Soviet during those dark days when her father and her two brothers had been shot in cold blood.

When, therefore, Stalin told her about his warning from Zinovieff, she merely smiled.

"He is beginning sooner than I thought!" she said.

"What do you mean?" inquired the Dictator.

"I thought he would wait until you were out of the picture before attacking me! Of course what he is plotting is your assassination!"

"How do you know that?" asked Stalin.

"Oh, I have friends who keep me informed. And I know that Kameneff, Radek, and others are planning to kill you and all whom they believe to be your friends!"

"Prove to me what you are saying!" he exclaimed.

At this moment his telephone rang. He listened in silence, then turned toward her. His face was white.

"Kiroff has just been assassinated in Leningrad," he said quietly, and then let himself fall into a chair.

The world still remembers the sensation which this murder of one of his greatest friends produced, and the terrible vengeance which he took for it. A reign of terror followed, but Zinovieff and Kameneff were left alive.

Stalin in the shadow of the Kremlin. "The only feeling that I inspire now is fear!"

During those days Anna Vladimirovna was constantly at his side. From a certain point of view she was just as ferocious as he. Fate favored the pair. From the concentration camp in which they were prisoners, Zinovieff and Kameneff managed to enter into a plot to annihilate Stalin. But Anna contrived to find it out. One evening she appeared to him in his study:

"You must now make your choice. Either these people who are plotting your death are going to disappear or I will leave you forever!"

A few days later the world was startled by the news that sixteen most important Bolsheviks were to be tried for a conspiracy against the life of Stalin. Presently Anna Vladimirovna, Princess ——, had avenged her father's execution and her own ruin; and the few people in Russia who know the whole story keep wondering where all this will end, and whether she will take her seat one day beside Stalin on the throne of the Romanoffs in the Kremlin.

Certain it is that a struggle is now going on between her and the few remaining old friends of the Dictator. Among them there are only two on whom he can rely absolutely: Voroshiloff, the commander in chief of the Red army, and commissar for transportation Kaganovich. These two can see the wisdom of shutting their eyes on the Dictator's infatuation, as they call it. But all the other Bolsheviks who rose with him to power hate this woman of whose very identity they are not sure. As for Mikoyan, the Armenian whom Stalin has always preferred to all his other disciples and followers, he has thought it prudent to get out of the way, and has come to the United States. He is the only one whose influence might counteract that of Anna Vladimirovna.

Today, undoubtedly, Stalin could have himself proclaimed Dictator for life, and this might easily end in his becoming something more. Who knows whether just that is not what this girl has in mind?

THE END

a Filly IN THE FALL

IT gets cold in Kentucky in the fall. Take last October. It was one of those mornings when the bluegrass turns silver till late sunup and the backstretch rail had a coat of dew like the outside of a julep glass.

I'd just come in from the track working out a little mare of mine, and I was cold and hungry, so I went into the Phoenix bar for breakfast. While I was waiting—I ordered corncakes and sausage—I bought a paper and read the story, and I got mad.

It said some scientist had doped out the relative intelligence of animals, and it listed them. It said a cat was the smartest animal on four feet; then monkeys and parrots and elephants; finally a dog; and way down the stretch, about seventh from the finish line, it said a horse.

I recall now that I just folded up the paper and looked out through the door of the bar and across the long lobby—but I didn't see it. I was looking clear beyond the town of Lexington out Race Street way, where the old Association track used to lie, and I was thinking of a day in the fall of 1931.

It was a bright day—that one. The wind like old brandy in your nostrils, soughing through the willows and leaning against the big elms along the backstretch.

So I got to thinking back, and I forgot to stay mad. I began to grin a little and to feel sorry for this scientist—a man who'd spent all his life in a coop, puttering with tubes and books and theories.

How could he know? He'd never even seen Petite Chance! . . .

That seemed long ago and far away—Petite Chance and her day. But it was mighty near to me that morning, with the sausage getting cold on my plate and my toddy getting hot in my glass. I could see it like a moving picture on a screen across the lobby door.

It began when she was a baby—a weanling foal at Singletree. And I could hear old Cass Singleton tell me what seemed then the most amazing thing he'd ever said. I'll tell you.

We were standing on the side gallery looking down the green slope to the springhouse, and it was early October, when the tobacco was getting waist-high and the grass was drying out and falling away. The filly was standing alone. She always did. And she was the grandest-looking baby race horse you ever saw in this world. Usually a foal at seven months is a gangly sort, knuckly and necky and narrow-chested. But not this one.

She was all in a bunch—short-coupled, deep through the heart, not too straight in front, round quarters, and long and lean and clean to the hocks.

I waved at her. "Cass," I said—and I grinned at him—"you got yourself something. I've been around with you for twenty years, and in that time you've raised and raced a half a dozen of the greatest colts this country ever saw. But beyond Old Chancery you never had a mare fit to pay stake fees on. Now, by hell, you've got it!"

He grinned too, and then shook his head. It took me aback.

"She'll win for you," I insisted. But he shook his head again.

"Not for me," he said. And before I could say anything more he walked sort of stiffly down the gravel roadway to the paddock rail, looking at the filly.

"It's like this, Marshall," he said when I caught up with him. "I'm an old man." He paused and shoved his hat back on his head and stuffed a pipe with long green. "I'm an old man," he repeated, "and it gets cold in Kentucky in the fall."

He lighted the pipe. "I'm quitting here. I'm going to Florida and I'm going to loaf."

I'd heard something like that every year or so for a long time, and I got sarcastic.

"And this?" I said. "Singletree and the filly—and the mares?"

He went on smoking. "I got me a family now," he said—which had slipped my mind for the minute. "I got a niece and a nephew-in-law and a godchild grandnephew."

He pushed himself away from the rail and started back up the path.

"Let's get ourselves a drink," he said. And when we got to the door he rounded on me like he was defending himself against something I'd said.

"I reckon they can take care of it."

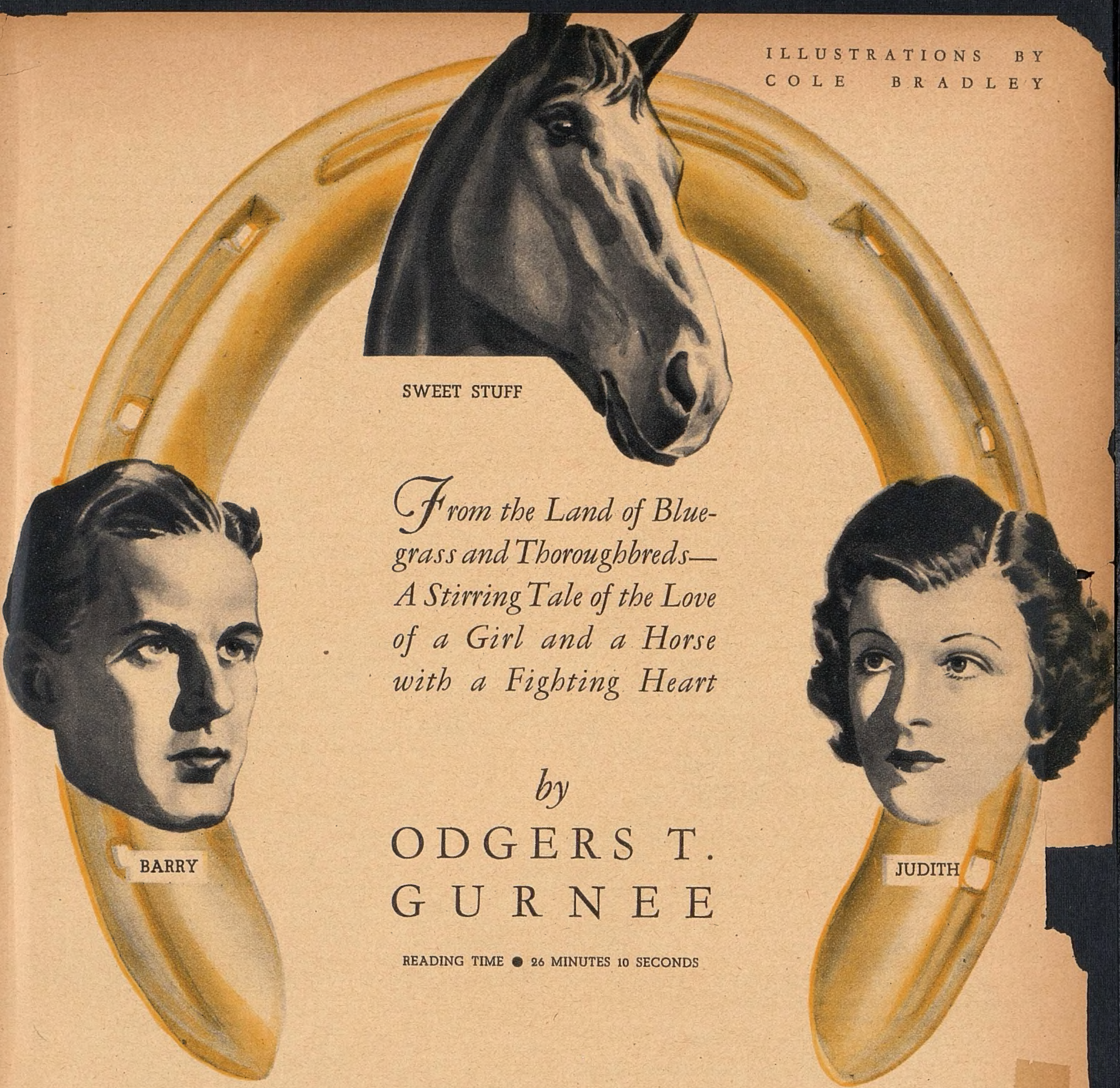
So I knew he really didn't want to go at all.

But he did go, of course. He signed over all the stock on Singletree to Judith, his niece, and I witnessed the papers. Then he caught the next train for St. Pete, happy in the knowledge that he'd done something pretty fine for his dead sister's child.

What he didn't know until later was that within twenty-four hours Judith re-registered the whole lot in the name of Barry McClelland, her husband, and he filed application with the Jockey Club as owner-trainer, colors blue and gray with a silver star. . . .

A couple of weeks later I took half a dozen horses down

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLE BRADLEY



From the Land of Bluegrass and Thoroughbreds— A Stirring Tale of the Love of a Girl and a Horse with a Fighting Heart

by

ODGERS T. GURNEE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

to Miami, and stayed on for the season. I only heard from Judith twice. In February she wrote me that a couple of the mares had foaled, and in March she wrote a long letter about the filly. They were fixing to break her to saddle and bridle, and everybody on the place was crazy about her.

"The hands call her Sweet Stuff because she's so fond of sugar," she said, "and whenever I go down to the paddock she follows me around like a puppy. If I haven't got a lump of sugar in my pocket she tries to eat the buttons off my coat.

"Barry had an offer of ten thousand dollars for her yesterday. I don't think he'll take it."

That gave me a jolt. This filly couldn't be sold! She was part of a dynasty. It was none of my business, but I telegraphed her:

FILLY WORTH TEN TIMES AMOUNT OFFERED DONT SELL

I had intended going back to Lexington in the spring, but things got tough and I had to go back to running a public stable. So I went to New York instead. And I didn't see Cass or Judith or the little mare until she was a two-year-old.

It was spring then, with the April meeting coming up and Derby day less than three weeks off. We all went out and watched her work—a half in 47 2/5 like breaking sticks, and the sweetest way of going you ever saw.

I turned to Cass. "She's a champion," I said—and for a moment I thought he hadn't heard me. His eyes were looking across the track and his mind was over at the eighth pole, where the boy was easing the filly to a slow gallop.

He watched her round the turn out of the homestretch, and then he answered me.

"Yes," he said, his eyes still following her. "She's a champion out of a line of champions, and some day she'll get new champions to carry on for her."

I helped saddle her for her first start a week later. And just before we left the barn for the paddock Judith came up to the stall with a lump of sugar. I had the bridle in my hand, just fixing to slip the bit in her mouth, when she heard Judith's voice. She walked right over me and stuck her neck out a yard to get that little white square in her teeth.

Judith stroked her muzzle, talking to her while she chewed it up. " Come home on top today, Sweet Stuff," she said, " and I promise I'll give you a lump of sugar every time you go to the post."

She won, just like we thought she would. It wasn't much of a race—a stake for maiden fillies—and the opposition wasn't very stout; but she ran five eighths in a minute flat, and almost pulled the boy out of the saddle all the way down the last sixteenth.

She went over to Louisville for her next start, and won that one too. This time, though, she beat colts as well as fillies, and still she wasn't even breathing hard when she came back to the stand. After that it was a foregone conclusion she'd clean up the two-year-old field in Kentucky that spring.

But I couldn't stay to see her do it. I had to get back to New York. . . .

I saw Cass at Belmont in September at Futurity time, but the filly didn't come on for the race. She'd buckled her shins at Latonia and they'd turned her out to grass until next spring. She'd done all right for herself, though—nine straight wins and a round fifty thousand dollars in stake money. So I didn't see or hear anything about Sweet Stuff or Singletree until I got Judith's telegram at Churchill Downs in Louisville the night before the Derby of 1931:

AM AT THE PHOENIX STOP CALL ME THE MINUTE YOU REACH KENTUCKY

That was all the wire said and it left a lot up in the air. I got her on the phone, but she couldn't explain anything. " There's too much to tell," she said. " I've got to see you. I'll drive over in the morning."

She hung up before I could ask any more questions, leaving me with a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach. Knowing Judith, I knew there was something vitally wrong. She had pride and courage, and she wouldn't be staying at a hotel and she wouldn't call on me for help unless she had tried everything else first.

And the worst of it was that Cass was coming in on one of the race specials from New York that night.

Fortunately, he slept late and she came early. I was waiting in the lobby of my hotel when she got in at nine. She'd been driving since six o'clock.

We ducked out to a restaurant where I felt sure Cass wouldn't find us, and ordered food. But neither of us did any eating. She was too filled with words, and after she'd talked a while I didn't have much appetite.

IT was Barry. And it might have been Adam or any of his breed, for that matter. The old story of too much prosperity.

" I still love him," she said; " I'm sure he still loves me. But everything is changed."

She crumbled a piece of bread and looked out the window.

" It's funny, isn't it? " she asked after a while. " Poor little Sweet Stuff brought us good luck, and then she brought us a lot of money, and now she threatens to break up something fine and real—and it's not her fault at all."

I let her talk along, and piece by piece I got the background.

Quick money. New friends. All of them, of course, from the nicest families—and not one of them worth a tinker's dam as a man. I knew some of the kids she mentioned, and I could sympathize with her fear of what would happen to Barry.

" I've tried everything else," she said finally. " Now I'm going to leave him. The jolt will either make him or break him."

I tried to say something—to stop her; but she headed me off.

" And besides," she told me, getting up with a quick twist of her body, " I don't want my baby to grow up in that atmosphere. Neither one of them."

She stood above me and smiled with her lips twisted.

" I'm going to have another one in November, and I'm going away until he is born. Later I may come back—and I may not."

I paid the check for the food we hadn't touched and followed her out to her car.

" Where are you going? " I asked.

" I'll let you know," she promised. But she didn't. All she did was to send me a little note the next day. " Please keep an eye on him," it said. . . .

Petite Chance was entered in the Oaks, and they vanned her over from Lexington a couple of days after the Derby. I watched her unload, and she was a picture horse —until you saw her eyes. The fire had gone out of them. And when a race horse loses its fire, it's done for.

Later I saw Barry. And the same thing had happened to him.

But I was in a spot where I couldn't say much and he wouldn't say anything. He just went around looking grim and letting it eat the heart out of him. And drinking too much.

THE next Sunday I went back to Lexington to see if I could find where Judith had gone, but I didn't have any luck. Then my outfit decided to ship back East and I had to leave him. But I saw Petite Chance run for the Oaks before I went.

She didn't run a lick.

I knew when I saw her coming across the infield for the paddock that she was a beaten horse.

She stood at the tape in a trance, and when the barrier zipped she was flat-footed. She got away last, and only the fact that she couldn't ever really run slowly saved her from finishing that way. She was in the ruck, though, and never cut loose a single finishing kick.

Cass, of course, took it hard. I kept him away from Barry because he didn't know yet. We'd both lied and stalled him off with stories about Judith being away on a visit. I finally talked him into coming East with me.

On the train he never spoke about anything but the filly.

" She's sound," he'd say—" sound as a nut; and I know because I looked her over. She just don't seem to want to run."

Then he'd sit back and try to puzzle it out until I was afraid he'd light on the truth.

But finally he sighed and tried to put it out of his mind.

" I reckon it's just that a lot of fillies don't do so good in the spring," he said. " You know, there's an old saying about a filly in the fall. Perhaps I better tell the youngsters to let up on her till frost comes." . . .

So that's the way it stood down through midsummer. I kept Cass close to me during the Metropolitan season, and induced him to come on up to Saratoga for the yearling sales. I had to keep him out of Kentucky because I'd watched the papers pretty close, and I'd arranged, too, for word about Barry from time to time.

Nothing I read or heard was encouraging.

The mare had started half a dozen times since May, and she'd been in the money just once. As for Barry, he'd cut away from most of his fine-feathered friends, but he was spending too much time alone to be healthy— alone with a bottle and his grief and his pride.

And then Barry showed up—with Sweet Stuff.

I met him on a wet morning, coming down from the loading spur, with a two-day beard only half covering up the furrows on his cheeks, and his eyes bleak.

He looked sick—and hungry.

" Hello," he said, and tried to pass me; but I'm hard to pass at times and this was one of those times. I grabbed him by the shoulders.

" When did you eat last? " I snapped at him. He pushed against me for a minute, and then he stepped back and had the grace to grin.

" Cleveland," he said.

" I'm starved," I said. " Come on."

I couldn't take him home—Cass and I had a little cottage out beyond the Brook—but I knew a place where we could get corncakes and sausage if we ate in the kitchen. So we went there.

I waited until he had a good start.

" What's the word from Judith? " I asked him.

His fork stopped halfway (Continued on page 10)

AMERICAN...every drop

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES – 92 PROOF

Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC
ONE QUART

FOR OVER 70 years, Paul Jones has been made slowly . . . distilled in the costly, old-fashioned American way . . . with plump golden-ripe American grain . . . with clear, sparkling American limestone water . . . and with steadfast fidelity to time-honored American whiskey traditions.

Paul Jones is *all* whiskey—American, every drop—and you'd search the wide world over to match its gloriously rich, hearty flavor!

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

(Continued from page 8)

up and his face went hard. “There's no word from Judith,” he said. His voice cracked a little, though, and after a bit he fumbled in the pocket of his coat and pulled out a letter.

It was twisted and black and I knew it must be months old even before I saw the date. He tossed it to me and I opened it and read it.

It was the same thing she'd told me in Louisville the morning of Derby day. All but the last paragraph.

“It's up to you,” she had written. “I'm for you so long as you are for all of us. We started something, Barry, and it isn't fair for either of us to let the other down. I'm not doing this to let you down. I'm trying to pull you up. Because, my dear, we have other and greater considerations than ourselves now. The youngster whose life you made possible when you rode Chance Finale through the floods a year ago to bring the doctor—the new one that will come in November. I'll bring him back to you when you have proved the right to him—”

I laid it back on the table, and he sat staring at it.

ODGERS T. GURNEE

wants to retire to a stock farm and raise thoroughbred horses, but, lacking a rich uncle, he devotes himself to writing—fiction and news—which has been his vocation for nearly twenty-five years. He once wrote racing in Kentucky and boasts of picking the Derby finish—one, two, three—in 1920.

“Why did you come up here?” I asked after a long while.

He drank a little of the coffee. “Did you read that last sentence?”

I nodded, and he folded the letter and put it away.

“I've got to make some money—real money.” His face twisted obliquely and he pushed the cup away. “I've got to find her and prove everything all over again.”

We walked outside. The rain was lifting and there was a spot of sunlight glowing high up above the trees to the east. The light made his face look green.

“Listen, son,” I said. “I'm not going to monkey around with words. The mare won't win. You won't make any money here and you'll only ruin everything. Cass is here. This time he will learn the truth. It'll kill him and it'll kill Judith.”

I had a five-dollar bill and a five-hundred-dollar bill in my pocket, and I could tell which was which because the five hundred was worn slick.

I fished it out.

“Load that mare on the next southbound horsecar and get back home. I'll be there in September. Meanwhile keep her out to grass and don't race her.” . . .

Saratoga closed and we came back to Belmont. It was September again, with new wine in the air. One of the two-year-olds in my barn was entered in the Futurity, and I was up with him day and night more or less. So I didn't have much time for Cass. Until the evening I came back to the hotel in Garden City and found his note:

“I just got to get back to Lexington, Marshall,” it said. “So long.”

That was all. But it was plenty. And I was duty bound to stay and saddle a horse for the big race. I did the next best thing. I wired Barry that Cass was coming and to pull himself together.

A WEEK later, the morning of Futurity day, I got a letter. It was from Judith and it said:

“You must have thought me heartless. But I've been near him all the time, watching him through other but faithful eyes. This had to cure him, bring him back to me as the person I knew when I married him. I've had to steel myself to wait, but I feel I must. Now, though, I'm worried. Uncle Cass is in town and something has gone utterly wrong with Barry. Just what, I don't know. Please help me again.”

I stuffed the letter in my pocket, and saddled the colt I'd hired out to saddle, and watched him run fourth and save his stake fees. Then I waited till he was cooled out and eating his oats, and in five minutes from that time I was in a cab headed for Newark Airport.

Somewhere just ahead a showdown was coming, and I wanted to be there when it came.

Of course the first place I went when I got to Lexington was out to Singletree—and Cass was there. He was leaning on the springhouse rail just about where he stood when I talked to him the last time we'd been on the farm when Petite Chance was a baby. He looked used up.

“Hell's busted,” he greeted me. “Judith's run away. The boy is riding wild—and my little horse is shot to pieces.”

I spoke up sharply, thinking it the best way.

“Cass,” I said, “don't be an old fool. We've been through lots tougher fixes than this. I know things you don't know and when I come back I'll tell you. Right now I've got a mess of running around to do.”

The running, of course, was tracking down Barry, to begin with. And in that I got a break. I found him within half an hour—sitting in a bar that used to be an old barrel house out on the south side.

He was cold sober, and he got up when I came in and offered me his hand.

“I'm glad you've come,” he said. His face was still lined and awfully drawn and white; but his jaw was set firmly and I felt better until he started to talk.

“I've got a confession to make, and I guess you're the only man I could say it to.”

He asked me to have a drink, but I shook my head, and he began to tell me, speaking slowly:

“WHEN Judith first went away, I felt I'd been badly used and I was angry and bullheaded. So I went right on doing what I'd been doing. Then finally I began to see she was right in a lot of ways, and I cut away from the crew I was running with. But that only helped part way, because I was so damned lost without her. So I drank too much.”

He pushed a crumb across the table with his fingernail.

“I quit that three months ago. But there was still something else. I gambled too heavily.”

He flicked the crumb to the floor and laughed, but not nicely.

“I quit that three weeks ago.”

He raised his head and looked at me for the first time.

“For three weeks,” he said, “I've done nothing for twenty-four hours a day but hunt her—and I'm licked.”

“Don't say that,” I urged him. “I know—”

“I'm licked!” he repeated. “But there's one shot in the locker. I'll fire that tomorrow.”

He leaned forward and spoke in a whisper: “The filly was hers. She gave it to me. We called it a partnership. Very well—then half the winnings are hers.”

He grinned with his teeth clenched.

“Were, I should say. Because I've spent them.”

I couldn't help but looked shocked, and he saw it.

“You didn't believe I could do a thing like that, did you? Neither did I. But I've done it! So now I'm doing the one thing I can to square that account—the financial one.”

His voice hadn't risen, but it was more intense.

“The filly is running in the fourth race tomorrow. I've bet eight thousand on her. But to bet it I had to borrow it. So I mortgaged the horse. Do you understand? If she wins at three to one I can pay off that note. I can pay back to Judith what I took from her and I can go out of her life with a little bit of self-respect left—a little feeling of having been clean.”

He shrugged and got up quickly, and somehow that twist of his body reminded me of the way she'd risen after that talk in Louisville.

Judith's letter was in my pocket. I'd had my hand on it while he was talking, because I'd wanted to tell him. But he went so quickly I couldn't.

So I stood in the door watching his old car roar north down Broadway, and I pulled it out and looked at the address she'd given. Ninety miles away—a hundred and eighty round trip. But I had twenty-four hours, and I knew where I could borrow a good car.

The place I was going was on the Ohio, some miles downriver from Louisville, and for the first half of the way I made good time; but after Shelbyville I had to take crossroads, and it slowed me up so much I decided to stay somewhere along the road. I didn't want to bust in on her in the middle of the night.

So I found a farmhouse and slept till seven and then went on. It was ten when I reached the house on the riverbank, and the first thing I saw was Judith with a rake in her hands, piling the early leaves together.

She heard my car and looked up.

"I knew you'd come," she said. She got in the seat beside me. "Tell me from the beginning."

I asked a question of my own: "How do you feel?"

"Equal to anything."

"The ride to Lexington?"

She pushed open the car door. "I'll be dressed in ten minutes," she said. And she was. She came out of the door with her baby with her, the one that had been born a year and a half ago in the midst of the floods. A black woman was holding it in her arms.

She said something, kissed the youngster, and walked down to me again, and it gave me a belt to see the high proud way she carried herself. We swung around and headed for home, and she said as we started:

"You can tell me as we go."

So I told her as much as seemed vital for her to know, and in a lot of places I didn't pull my punches. When I'd finished, she studied for a good long spell. Then she asked why I thought it would do any good to take her to Lexington.

"Don't you think it's too late?" she asked.

"Not unless you've waited too long," I answered. And then I told her why I was taking her.

"Judith," I said, "there's nothing wrong with that mare you can't cure. There's nothing wrong with Barry you can't cure. But for the purposes of the second we've got to take the first cure first. Today you're going to make her win."

She didn't answer and we drove on. Halfway we stopped for lunch, and then I picked up the good roads and we bowled along. At the rate we were going we should make the track with plenty to spare. But I blew a tire and lost time and the third race was over when I reached the automobile entrance on the backstretch side.

We had twenty minutes. But she stopped me.

"I shouldn't do this," she said suddenly. "Before the filly came to us we were happy. We didn't have any money and we worked hard. If he wins again—"

I swung down the lane. "Wins!" I said—and I was mad. "It isn't money he wants to win. It's you."

I braked at the stable and jumped out. But they'd started for the paddock. Out in the infield I could see the boy leading Petite Chance. Barry would be over there, and maybe Cass.

"Come on," I said. "We'll get

OCT. 1, 1936—Woke up feeling rotten. Head aching. No pep. Ready to crown my husband, poor dear. But he mixed me 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica and . . . .

Now everything's lovely. I feel grand—thanks to Sal Hepatica, the mineral salt laxative that combats acidity . . . and my bad disposition, too!

Be modern! Use the laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too!

GET THIS STRAIGHT—acidity usually accompanies constipation. And as long as acidity lingers, you can't feel your best.

So take the laxative that combats acidity, too! Sal Hepatica not only cleanses the system—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but it brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help nature restore your healthy alkaline reserve.

Soon you feel more alive. Clearer-headed. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Tune In: Fred Allen's "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" Wednesday nights, NBC—coast to coast

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

them at the paddock." She came readily enough then—across the backstretch and over the winding course of the infield cater-corner from the clubhouse toward the paddock stalls.

But halfway she stopped.

"Sugar," she said. "Run to the clubhouse. Get a lump from the steward. Meet me at the paddock."

"Sugar!" I let out a yell. "Sweet Stuff," I said, and began to run. There was no steward in sight. But there was a bar and a bowl full of sugar. I grabbed a handful and ran out.

I cut out on to the track and hurried down the outside fence, stretching up as I ran. I was looking for a green hat. And at the post by the paddock gate I saw it.

I saw the hat rise like she was going up on tiptoe, and then I saw a sleek chestnut head rear high above the rest of the crowd and move straight toward it.

That was Sweet Stuff's head—little Petite Chance. I got to Judith's side just as the mare did—with that soft muzzle nuzzling at her coat.

Judith was laughing.

"Sweet," she said, "don't eat the buttons!"

I put the sugar in her hand and she held it out. The muzzle followed it and the white square disappeared. The boy with the blue-and-gray colors swung his hat and the mare pranced out on to the track, the rest of the field at her heels.

We eased out of the crowd. "I can't stand such a jam," she said. "Can we go to the infield?" So we did. Out by the flagpole, where you could move as the horses moved, like a man in the middle of a merry-go-round.

It was six furlongs. We watched them break and string out and tear for the first turn—around it—and then bunch up for the straightaway down the stretch.

Seventy yards out a black was on top. A bay was second. Petite Chance was third.

JUDITH stepped away from me and her voice belled out. "Sweet!" she said—just once. No ears in America could have heard it above the roar of the crowd. But something happened. Sweet Stuff flattened out until her barrel seemed to be scraping the sand, and she came on two jumps to one, and finished going away.

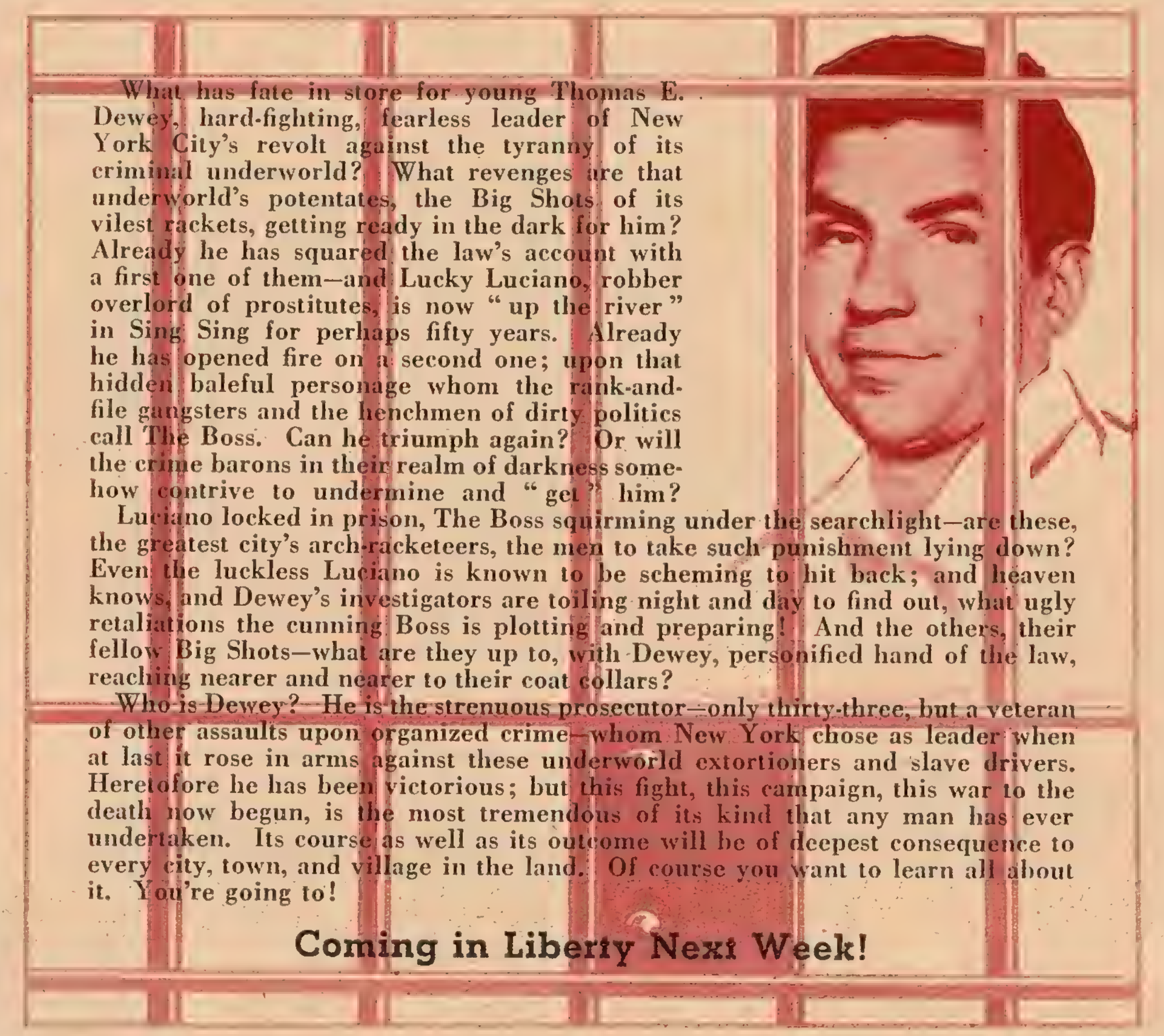
"Judas!" I said, all out of breath, and Judith must have thought I was talking to her, because she swung around and kissed me smack on the mustache.

She was breathless, too. "She won," she said. "She won!"

"*You* won," I answered. "Let's go see her."

But she wouldn't. "I want to wait and see what he'll do now," she said, and nothing would change her. So we started back for the car. But part way I stopped to look back, and I stayed where I was.

Something was wrong. The mare's jockey was going up into the stewards' stand; and on the stairs I could see two other figures. One of them was Barry.



What has fate in store for young Thomas E. Dewey, hard-fighting, fearless leader of New York City's revolt against the tyranny of its criminal underworld? What revenges are that underworld's potentates, the Big Shots of its vilest rackets, getting ready in the dark for him? Already he has squared the law's account with a first one of them—and Lucky Luciano, robber overlord of prostitutes, is now "up the river" in Sing Sing for perhaps fifty years. Already he has opened fire on a second one; upon that hidden baleful personage whom the rank-and-file gangsters and the henchmen of dirty politics call The Boss. Can he triumph again? Or will the crime barons in their realm of darkness somehow contrive to undermine and "get" him?

Luciano locked in prison, The Boss squirming under the searchlight—are these, the greatest city's arch-racketeers, the men to take such punishment lying down? Even the luckless Luciano is known to be scheming to hit back; and heaven knows, and Dewey's investigators are toiling night and day to find out, what ugly retaliations the cunning Boss is plotting and preparing! And the others, their fellow Big Shots—what are they up to, with Dewey, personified hand of the law, reaching nearer and nearer to their coat collars?

Who is Dewey? He is the strenuous prosecutor—only thirty-three, but a veteran of other assaults upon organized crime—whom New York chose as leader when at last it rose in arms against these underworld extortioners and slave drivers. Heretofore he has been victorious; but this fight, this campaign, this war to the death now begun, is the most tremendous of its kind that any man has ever undertaken. Its course as well as its outcome will be of deepest consequence to every city, town, and village in the land. Of course you want to learn all about it. You're going to!

Coming in Liberty Next Week!

Judith saw them too. "What is it?" she asked me.

I was looking for the red board that would have made the finish official. It wasn't showing.

"What is it?" Judith said again.

"They're trying to disqualify her," I said. "Barry's in the stand now."

She broke away and began to run.

I reached for her and missed. "You can't run," I said.

"I can run," she said, and kept going, her eyes on the little glass-enclosed cupola where Barry was talking to the stewards.

We reached the steps together, but she was first up. Through the glass I could see Barry, the two jockeys, and a stranger facing the stewards.

I could hear Barry.

He was talking to the stewards, but he was looking at the stranger. I caught the words:

"Your horse was honestly beaten. The woman you called 'a dame in a green hat' is my wife."

He turned to the stewards.

"If there's any question, make a saliva test to prove that this horse wasn't doped."

Somebody said something, but it was lost in Judith's entrance. She walked to the middle of the square little stand.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I raised this mare."

It was utterly wrong, but who could stop her? She ignored every rule of racing.

She put her hand in her coat pocket and drew out a handful of sugar and a white oblong bigger than the rest. And she smiled at the stranger.

"The dope," she said, "was a lump of sugar and half a pearl button from my coat. You see, horses are very wise animals, and once, long ago, I promised Petite Chance sugar if she would run her best. She remembered."

The stranger looked blank for a minute, but he was a good sport. He laughed. "Sorry to have mentioned it," he said, and went out.

Some one must have flashed the signal, because the red board went up then, and I followed him down the steps.

The wind was like old brandy in my nostrils again, and Cass was standing down in the ring, rubbing the mare's nose and laughing.

He saw me and he came running. He was burbling.

"I told you!" he said. "I told you she'd come around. A filly in the fall."

I looked back. Judith and Barry were coming down the steps arm in arm. His face was just as thin, the lines just as sharp. But it's wonderful how a smile will make a difference in a man.

I pulled Cass along through the crowd toward the mutuel windows.

"You're right," I said. "You can't beat 'em—in the fall."

I didn't say the rest.

THE END

The PRIVATE LIFE of Robert Taylor

by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

MY sister Jessie came home from the movies one night about a year ago. I was working, and it is a law in my household that if the typewriter is clicking I am not to be disturbed. But my sister Jessie has an idea that it doesn't interrupt if she whispers.

So she put her head through the door and whispered, " Did you ever hear of an actor named Robert Taylor? "

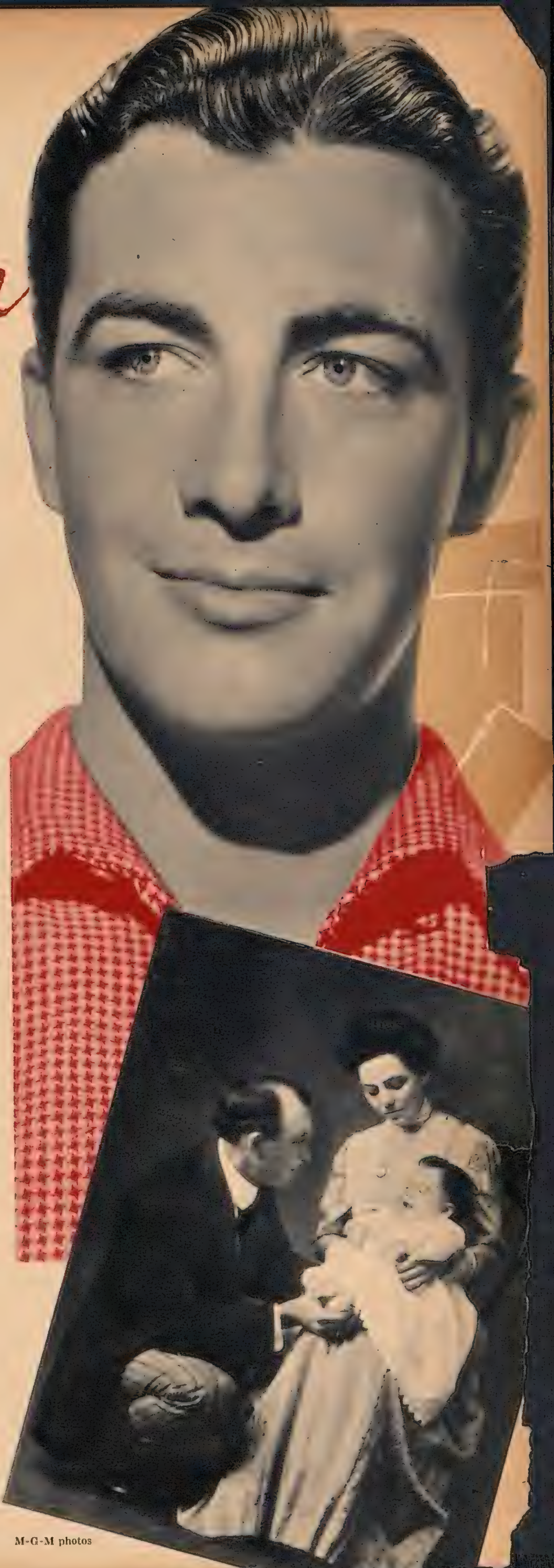
I said " No " as discouragingly as I knew how.

" Well," said my sister Jessie triumphantly, " you will! "

I did. I have. In fact, I have heard little else.

From that time on, my household became Robert Taylor conscious to an extent that was terrifying. When my secretary asked for the evening off, it meant only one thing—Robert Taylor in any kind of picture anywhere

A Revealing Close-up of the College Boy from Nebraska Who Has Skyrocketed to a Sudden Throne as the New Prince Charming of the Films—and Who Is More Surprised by It All Than Any One Else!



Up there by Robert's ear is his autograph, enlarged. The baby is Robert with his parents. The father, Dr. Brugh, had left business for medicine to save his young wife's life and to make motherhood possible. He had succeeded.

M-G-M photos

The dynasty of matinee idols—Robert's predecessors on the throne: gay Wally Reid, who died so young; Valentino, who died heartbroken; John Gilbert, who lost Garbo, then welcomed death; and Clark Gable.

Dr. Brugh's son, Robert, as the doctor who saves his love (Irene Dunne) in Magnificent Obsession.

Robert in Society Doctor, with Virginia Bruce. Is he romantic about Barbara Stanwyck (left)?

within a radius of forty miles. When my daughter came to dinner with a rapt expression, no appetite, and an apparent inability to hear or see any of the rest of us, it meant a Robert Taylor matinee. When acting was mentioned, my sister Jessie—who was once married to an actor—took two hours to prove that Robert Taylor was greater than anybody since Booth, Barrett, and Mansfield. And when my son's evening wasn't spent on the telephone talking to his girl, it meant that she had unwittingly joined the chorus of paeans to Robert Taylor.

Now, my son's girl is sixteen, my daughter is eighteen, my secretary is twenty-two, and my sister Jessie admits to forty. So that when I discovered a picture of Robert Taylor in each and every one of their rooms, I decided that I had better take a look at the guy and see what it was all about. I had been pretty busy with some fiction work, and came up for air to discover that my conviction that Clark Gable was the ideal of American womanhood was passé and dated me no little. In an incredibly short time—the shortest time on record—we had a new matinee idol, a new Prince Charming, a new star who was bowling over box-office and fan-mail records in nothing flat.

Having spent a large part of my life in Hollywood, I am vitally interested in the motion-picture stars made by the public. I believe definitely that motion-picture stars are important barometers of public sentiment and condition. I don't mean you can tell who is going to win a World Series or be President by looking at the box-office returns; but I do think you can judge a lot about the state of our nation by the men and women the public worships on the screen.

So I got out my trusty Ford and started for our neighborhood theater in Great Neck, Long Island.

As I drove along I had splendid company. For I was thinking of the dynasty of matinee idols as part of the history of the motion picture. I was on my way to see the young man who had skyrocketed on to that throne, and I was thinking of its old occupants.

Of Wallace Reid, the gay and irresistible hero of our days of adventure. Of his wistful pathos hidden under the bravado of his smile. Of the roaring road of his success and of his tragic young death.

The greatest of them all, Valentino, who was loved by millions of women and loved only one—the exotic Natacha Rambova, who broke his heart. Gentle, naïf, affectionate Rudy, who died in his prime!

Jack Gilbert, who never cared much about living after he lost Garbo, and so was glad when death ended the years of failure and loneliness that overtook his greatness suddenly when the talkies came. Clark Gable, whose life as a matinee idol destroyed his perfect marriage and who lost his lovely wife, Rhea, even though he was the great lover to a world of women.

And now I was on my way to see the new king, the new star that had stirred the romance in the heart of womanhood, and who was to walk the trail so few have survived.

What sort of man was he, this new idol of American girlhood and womanhood, and why had he had fame and greatness thrust upon him?

The picture was Magnificent Obsession. The theater was jammed and I had to stand for an hour and twenty minutes. I came away in a maelstrom of amazement and delight.

Not that Robert Taylor especially appealed to me. My own individual allegiance remains fixed upon Gary Cooper. But the fact that women have selected Robert Taylor means something which I like very much.

We have, it seems, returned to the simple and charming, the clean and beautiful. We have gone back to romance. We have abandoned the dangerous sheik and the man who socks women and the sophisticated lover. Our girls and women have declared for Robert Taylor, and that is as important an indication of our return to old-fashioned femininity as was the return of the trailing skirt, the soft curls, and the picture hat.

When I met young Mr. Taylor a short time later I was more than ever convinced.

Robert Taylor is *nice.*

HE is a boy from Nebraska, only three years out of a small college—and that's all he is. Outside of his startling good looks, you wouldn't find him particularly different from any other well bred, well educated, decent young man of your acquaintance. He is grave and quiet and he possesses an almost incredible simplicity. When we talked at tea in his rooms at the Waldorf in New York, he was quite openly excited about the New York traffic.

"Doggone!" he said. "I never dreamed there could be so many automobiles anywhere. These taxi drivers must be the best drivers in the world — they'd have to be to live through a day. I've driven a car ever since my dad gave me one when I was sixteen, but I don't think I'd like to try driving here. I'd probably end up wrapped around one of those elevated pillars. Is there any way you can make them stop zigzagging in and out of those things so fast without having them think you're scared?"

I said that my own method was to scream loudly, and if that didn't work to hit them over the head with my pocketbook. He gave me a quick shy smile and said, "Well, then, I guess I'll just have to grin and bear it. It's my first trip to New York and I'm nuts about it, only I can't seem to get the geography straightened out."

I did my best about Manhattan

THE BOSS PLAYED ME A DIRTY TRICK-
MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...
THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO
OFFICE MEMORANDUM
TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr. Trask
I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.
JANET SEES HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
ONE MONTH LATER
MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!
THANKS, ANN!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success — with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. NEW EASY WAY

A FEW WEEKS AGO
LOOK AT ME, I JUST TOOK IRONIZED YEAST
OH, IF I COULD ONLY GAIN WEIGHT AND LOOK BETTER
—AND NOW
YOU'RE THE MOST GORGEOUS GIRL ON THE BEACH SINCE YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT

NEW IRONIZED YEAST OFTEN ADDS NEW CURVES *—in a few weeks!*

Posed by professional model

EVEN if you never could gain, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new discovery brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 210, Atlanta, Ga.

Island, which is my adopted home, and he was eager and grateful; and it came to me that he possesses one quality which is without equal when it comes to appeal.

That quality is amazement.

Robert Taylor, in his early twenties, is literally and honestly and openly overcome with amazement. It endears him to you at once. You wish instantly that he was your younger brother or your son or your sweetheart or something. Dick Barthelmess had that same tug at your heartstrings. No one has had it since, until young Taylor came along.

He was, while we talked that day, amazed at New York, at the traffic, at the glory of Helen Hayes's performance in Victoria Regina, and the dancing of Ray Bolger in On Your Toes, and the dignity of Fifth Avenue, and the kindliness of New York cops. But above all he was amazed at Robert Taylor.

The shock of his terrific success, his enormous fame, hasn't penetrated yet. He doesn't quite believe it. He is still under the anesthetic of amazement, and he shows it plainly.

"I'm always," he said, with that sincere smile of his that somehow doesn't disturb the gravity of his handsome young face—"I'm always expecting to wake up. You see, when I decided to try to be an actor in Hollywood, and signed a contract for thirty-five dollars a week, I expected to be years and years getting anywhere. I thought that maybe after ten years, when I was thirty perhaps, I'd begin to get opportunities. That's all I ever expected."

AT exactly that moment I became aware of why is Robert Taylor—if you know what I mean. I suppose I had reacted to it before, but I couldn't have given a name to it. There must, I thought as I watched him, be *something* that differentiates this young man from hundreds of others. He isn't a bad actor, but certainly he isn't good—yet. He's very handsome, but looks alone never made a movie star and Hollywood is full of good-looking men. And even as I thought about it, half listening to what he was saying, I knew.

It's his voice. His speaking voice. I think he has the most beautiful speaking voice I have ever heard. It is even more charming, more personal, more delightful off the screen than on. I wondered if the years and years that he had studied and played the cello had anything to do with it—whether unconsciously he had absorbed some of its tones and vibrations. For he has a cello voice. I asked him, and he looked startled—also, I thought, slightly annoyed; so we left it at that.

There hasn't been, I imagine, much change in Robert Taylor since he became a movie star. He is, I am pretty sure, a good deal the same boy he was when he graduated from Pomona College in June of 1933. In the first place, there hasn't been time for him to change; and in the second, that amazement is still shielding him. You wouldn't, I am almost sure, take him for an actor if you met him on the street. He might much more easily be the title of the picture in which his one scene made him famous: Society Doctor.

There is a very strange series of psychological coincidences behind Robert Taylor's rise to fame—and that series forms a rather splendid saga of Americana, a magnificent story of an American family. There isn't anything very spectacular or exciting about Robert Taylor's life—except as there is about every life. He is too young and too normal to have adventures and marriages and love affairs and things to tell about. But there isn't anybody who will fail to be touched by the story of this little family of three, and most of us will find something dear and familiar and inspiring in it and something to remember.

SPANGLER BRUGH—the father of Robert Taylor, whose real name is Spangler Arlington Brugh—came of old Pennsylvania Dutch stock. There isn't any better anywhere. The tide of things swept him westward, and in the little town of Filley, Nebraska, he met a girl named Ruth Stanhope. Their love story is, I think, one of the greatest I've ever heard, and simple as all things that are great.

She was eighteen when they married, and he was twenty-two or -three. For both of them it was their first and only love. And they began their life together with the high hopes of youth and the confidence of decent hard-working people such as form the backbone of our nation.

In the first year the sun of their love and their hope was clouded. Ruth Brugh had what the doctors said was an incurably weak heart. Life stopped its fine forward flow. The young wife lay for days between life and death. Then for a little while she would be better and they would plan again—plan to have the baby they both wanted, plan to do the things they had dreamed about. But it never lasted very long, and once more would come the days when she must lie quiet, when every heartbeat that shook her slim body might be the last.

Then Robert Taylor's father did a magnificent thing. The doctors couldn't do anything for his wife. He determined to study medicine himself. At thirty, a successful grain merchant with a paying business, already well established, he gave up everything and took her to Kirksville, Missouri, and entered medical school. In three years he did the work that it usually takes a man eight years to do.

He concentrated upon heart diseases. He poured everything he had into the study of, trying to find some way to cure his wife. In the end, he succeeded. Their son was born during those years, and almost cost his mother's life. But her husband's love and care carried her through, the year of complete invalidism that followed the boy's birth.

So it happened that at two and a half years old Robert Taylor used to sit with his father at medical lectures, because his mother was too ill to care for him and their funds had run very low.

"He was a very good boy, too," Mrs. Brugh will tell you. "He would sit just as quietly and listen, and one day he came home and repeated to me quite a number of things the doctor had said. And just think, he wasn't three years old!"

At twelve, young Robert hadn't made up his mind what he wanted to be. But soon after that he decided to be a doctor, a surgeon if possible, and to specialize in children's surgery. From that time until fate led him to Hollywood, he never quite gave up the idea of following in his father's footsteps. He still believes medicine is the finest career in the world, still keeps his father's medical library, goes to medical lectures, has as his best friend Dr. Robert Ross, a fine and able professor of psychology and psychiatry.

Dr. Spangler Brugh's son didn't become a doctor.

But it's strange, isn't it, that he owes his amazing success as an actor to playing doctor roles? One scene in Society Doctor in which he enacted an operation started the Robert Taylor vogue. Unquestionably the picture that established him as a star—hardly a year after he first appeared before a camera—was Magnificent Obsession, in which he played the role of a young man who became a great doctor and saved the life of the woman he loved by an operation.

PERHAPS he put into those roles some of his idolatry for his father, who died only a few months before Robert Taylor started his career as an actor. Perhaps he put into them something of his own disappointment in not taking his father's place.

His gravity—which is very marked—comes, I think, from the fact that he was an only child and much with his father and mother, and from the fact that he has always sought older men as friends.

He was as excited as a child when I told him that I knew Pomona College well; that I had had cousins there and had visited there often and gone there to dances when I was a girl.

"Do you know Professor Ross?" he said.

"Only by reputation," I said. "He's done some very fine things in psychology."

"He's fine—" said Robert Taylor, and broke off, as though afraid of saying too much. Then he told me of a drive that cemented this friendship between a young romantic actor and a middle-aged professor.

In 1933 his father and mother came from Nebraska to see him graduate, to watch with eyes alight with pride this tall, handsome only son of theirs in his cap and gown. They went

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
Smoking Tobacco

Reach new heights of pipe-pleasure with Half & Half. Cool as a bill for last year's taxes. Sweet as the proof you don't owe a dime. Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

I got the Thrill of a Lafftime

By Milton Berle

"Public Comedian No. 1" and Star of Radio's "Original Community Sing"

EVERYONE'S been telling me for years that my jokes have whiskers, so I decided to visit the Gillette factory in Boston and see what could be done about it.

What I saw there gave me the thrill of a lafftime. I saw batteries of 4-ton sharpeners, electric furnaces, machines that actually see through steel, more wheels than there are in a comedian's head, all going 'round and 'round.

"What! All this to turn out a little razor blade?" I asked. "Give me this plant for a week and I'll build you a Queen Mary."

Imagine, millions of dollars' worth of equipment to produce a shaving edge so sharp you can't even see it through a microscope! But, at least, after seeing how Gillette Blades are made, I can't see using anything else.

Once a would-be friend induced me to switch. "Get smart," he said, "you can save the price of a Kazoo by buying Ripsaw Blades."

His advice made me smart, all right. My face was sore as a Berle. Life was just one scrape after another. So I murdered my friend and went back to Gillette Blades.

A razor blade's success, like a professional funnyman's, is reflected in the audience's face. If it can leave its audience smiling, it's a hit. For real shaving pleasure, tune in on Gillette Blades. Yes, and tune us in Sunday nights on our radio show. Like a Gillette Blade, we promise you *"Never a Dull Moment!"*

* * *

In his own amusing way, Milton Berle has told you what he saw on his recent visit to the Gillette factory. Like Graham McNamee, Frank Buck, "Bugs" Baer and other famous men, he agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest science can produce. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and get a new thrill in shaving. You will be surprised how easily the Gillette Blade whisks off stubborn whiskers.

With these facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Insist on Gillette Blades.

Smile with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, MASS.

---

back to Beatrice, Nebraska, and two months later, in the middle of the night, came the dreadful word that Dr. Brugh had to have a very serious emergency operation at once.

"I went out to tell Dr. Ross," Robert Taylor said. "I wanted him to know. Somehow I wanted him to be thinking of us. I felt it would help. But—he wouldn't let me face the long drive to Nebraska alone. He knew I was—very fond of my father. Very close to him. My father was a great man, you see. There are so many great men who are just—country doctors, small-town doctors. They have so much understanding, so much strength. They give—they give so much and help so much in trouble. My father was like that. When I was quite a little boy, I asked him one time what was the greatest study I could follow. And he just smiled at me and said, 'Human nature.'"

It was his father who gave him the creed by which he says he has always hoped to live. It's unusual and touching and, I think, rather fine to find a young man today who has a credo and admits to it, gravely and seriously:

"Blessed be all Sorrows, Torments, Hardships, Endurances that demand Courage. Blessed be these things; for of these things cometh the making of a Man. Make of me a Man, to be afraid of nothing, to be ready for everything—love, friendship, success. To take it if it comes—to care nothing if these things are not for me. Make me brave. Make me brave!"

Words of Hugh Walpole's which this boy has always treasured.

"I met him," he told me simply. "He came to Hollywood, to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, when I was working there. I met him. It was—well, things like that are part of what's so wonderful about all this that has happened to me."

THEN he went back to tell how Dr. Ross had driven with him to Nebraska, taking turn and turn about at the wheel. That time, they saved the father—but in October he died, and young Taylor went home and brought his mother back to Hollywood with him. A sweet, frail, lovely woman from whom her son inherited his good looks. He adores her. There has never been a moment in his young life when he has been separated from her in thought. In every decision he has gone to her—he still does.

Virginia Bruce, the beautiful blonde with whom Taylor made his first successes and who is gradually becoming one of the finest actresses on the American screen, told me that as long as she lived she would never forget his mother's face when she went to the preview of Broadway Melody of 1936 and saw her son. "If I could ever show anything like that on my face on the screen," Virginia said, "I'd be the greatest actress on earth. It made me cry to watch her."

Yet acting came by sheer accident to be Robert Taylor's lifework. Medicine, music, business all came ahead of it in his mind when in college. Medicine because of his father. Music because it was his real and deepest love. Business because after his father's death it seemed expedient. But destiny reached out and took the young man at a most unexpected moment and dumped him down on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

As a kid he won oratorical contests in high school and college. He was always the leading man in class plays. But that was just part of his school days, as tennis and swimming and baseball were part of them. Never once did he have any idea of making acting his profession.

MUSIC was something that was part of him, as it had been of his mother. They loved it together and she taught him to love the best of it. When he was twelve he took piano lessons, and then he had a brief desire to play the saxophone; but in the end he settled on the cello, and drove forty-two miles once a week for his lessons.

Professor Hubert Gray was his teacher, and perhaps more than any one person, except his father and mother, influenced the boy's life and molded his character. He was instructor at Doane University in Crete, Nebraska, and for that reason Robert Taylor enrolled there. When, two years later, Professor Gray went to Pomona, California, as a member of the Pomona College faculty, Bob Taylor went along.

"He can be a concert performer," the professor said. "He has tremendous talent. But he must stop monkeying around with this acting business. Dramatics! Such a waste of time. Let him stick to his cello."

California was fifteen hundred miles away from Beatrice, Nebraska, and it was the first time the boy had ever been away from home. It took all the fortitude he could get from his creed of life to stick it out. Homesickness engulfed him, drowned him in such misery as he had never known. He makes friends slowly and he didn't know a soul except Professor Gray. But he stuck it out because he didn't want his father to think he was a quitter.

A boy I know who went to Pomona when he did told me that at first they thought he was high-hat. Also, because of his dark good looks, they nicknamed him "the Sheik."

"But we quit after he made a couple of the fellows eat it," the boy said, grinning. "Pretty soon we found out he was a regular guy even if he did play the cello. He could play tennis just as well—in fact, he could play tennis better than anybody at Pomona. But it certainly did surprise us when he turned actor."

Hollywood has strange methods all its own.

Robert Taylor is the man of the hour—but he was fortunate in finding exactly the hour. For several years there has been a dearth, almost a famine, of good leading men. The search for them has, in consequence, grown terrific. Pictures have been held up because there weren't any leading men. Women stars have been forced to play with inferior actors and their performances have suffered. A good leading man could be playing in ten pictures at once.

So a talent scout, looking for material as big-league baseball scouts look for new Babe Ruths in the bush leagues, went out to see the Pomona College Dramatic Club give its rendition of Journey's End.

On the program he read:

Captain Stanhope ...... ROBERT TAYLOR

The next day young Mr. Taylor, pursuing his college ways as usual, got a telephone call.

Would he come out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and talk to Mr. Louis B. Mayer about going into pictures?

The amazement began then—and it still lingers.

But even Mr. Louis B. Mayer, who saw in the boy's looks and personality promise that might some day be important to the studio, didn't dream that within less than two years the young college student would be the nation's chief matinee idol.

The boy from Nebraska made good.

Meeting Robert Taylor, men would cease, I think, to object to their wives and daughters adoring him in celluloid form.

His sex is not rampant. You couldn't exactly apply sex appeal to Robert Taylor. It would be like applying it to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Men objected violently to the sleek-haired, smoldering Valentino. They thought — and perhaps rightly—that Valentino's appeal was to the lowest side of woman's nature. But then, of course, we had just discovered sex as a matter of public interest. Many men didn't particularly like the cave-man menace of a Gable.

Taylor is something completely different.

He is just an ordinary young American who happens to have more than usual good looks and a voice that sets feminine hearts quivering.

But he is something more than that. Do you know what?

I do, because I've taken quite a little time and trouble to find out.

He is something for young girls to hang their dreams upon. He is the young man they hope to meet some day, and marry and set up housekeeping for and with. I think they must be rather nice clean fine dreams somehow, or Robert Taylor wouldn't fit into them. For he belongs to romance, not to the day of sex drama and melodrama.

He doesn't, he says, expect to get married until he is thirty. Just lately, people have coupled his name with that of Barbara Stanwyck, who played opposite him in His Brother's Wife. (In passing, they shouldn't make any more pictures like that with Mr. Taylor. He doesn't belong in them and we don't like to see him play in them.)

But he still says he doesn't expect to get married until he is thirty. His mother lives near him in Hollywood. He plays tennis still, and rides, as he has ridden since his father gave him a pony named Gypsy when he was five years old.

What will happen to him when he recovers from his amazement at this skyrocket fame of his, I don't know. It's a long, hard trail—and perhaps, of all the trails in the world, that of the matinee idol is most beset with temptations. I hope he gets by all right. He's such a darn nice simple kid, at that.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—His wife's name is Grace, his daughter's Alice, and Broadway knows him well. He recently won headlines by attacking the reorganization plan proposed for a leading maker of iron horses. Who is the seventy-three-year-old showman shown in the youthful photo to the right?

2—What root is helpful in preventing goiter?

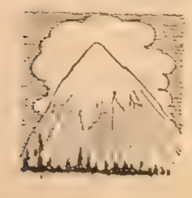
3—Who do the stars say will be elected President?

4—What are male for six weeks, female for the breeding season, then male for a year?

5—Henry Ford offered to sell out for how much in 1908?

6—What will be the population of New York City in 1960?

7—Out of each thousand collegiate football players, how many are injured annually?



8—Who conquered Spain in 193 B. C.?

9—How many persons went to moving-picture theaters in the United States yesterday?

10—Who claimed his expedition climbed to the summit of Mount McKinley in the year 1906?

11—What is the second largest city in Ohio?

12—Poland, China, and Duroc-Jersey are breeds of what domestic animal?

13—What was De Witt Clinton's Big Ditch?

14—Whose portrait appears on United States thousand-dollar bills?

15—What American college or university was the first to give a degree to an American Indian?

16—Is it possible to become sunburned as well as frostbitten at one and the same time?

17—How many foreign countries took part in the 1904 Olympics?

18—For what invention is Henry Bergh responsible?

19—Who in the Bible asked for reserved seats in heaven?

20—Cornell University was founded by whom?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

HEAVEN
RESERVED

Something *can* be done about winter— if you start right now to build good general *resistance*

Facts available today give a clue to many of those winter hazards which come so unexpectedly and cause such discomfort!

They begin in early fall, grow more frequent and severe as the season wears on, finally reach a peak in January.

Link this with the fact that your general *resistance* is likely to be low at the same time, and you can plan a course of action.

Too little sleep, fresh air, and exercise probably contribute to your winter condition, and you should try to do something about them.

But in addition, use some *daily* resistance-building measure. Give *Adex* a trial.

The protective factors in Adex come entirely from known, *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

The Vitamin A you obtain will help you increase your general resistance. The "sunshine" Vitamin D in Adex is also beneficial at this dreary season.

Begin with Adex today, and keep it up. Put a bottle on the breakfast table. It's the *daily* use that's so important.

Now at any reliable drug store in pleasant-tasting tablets or gelatine capsules. Adex is a product of E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D—

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

PATSY WYDE is unhappy. Debts are piling up on the Wyde ranch. Chance Wagner, a young devil-may-care neighbor whom she'd grown fond of, had joined Colonel Abel Manger's big-time rodeo. Her brother Dusty, also a first-flight rodeo rider, had smashed an ankle and dropped into small-time shows.

Patsy determines to become a rider and to win enough prize money to save the home ranch. With her adored horse she joins Dusty, and takes his training so well that after his ankle is better they both eventually become part of Colonel Manger's rodeo—a show so good that, as a grand climax, all contestants are to risk blood and bone in Madison Square Garden in New York.

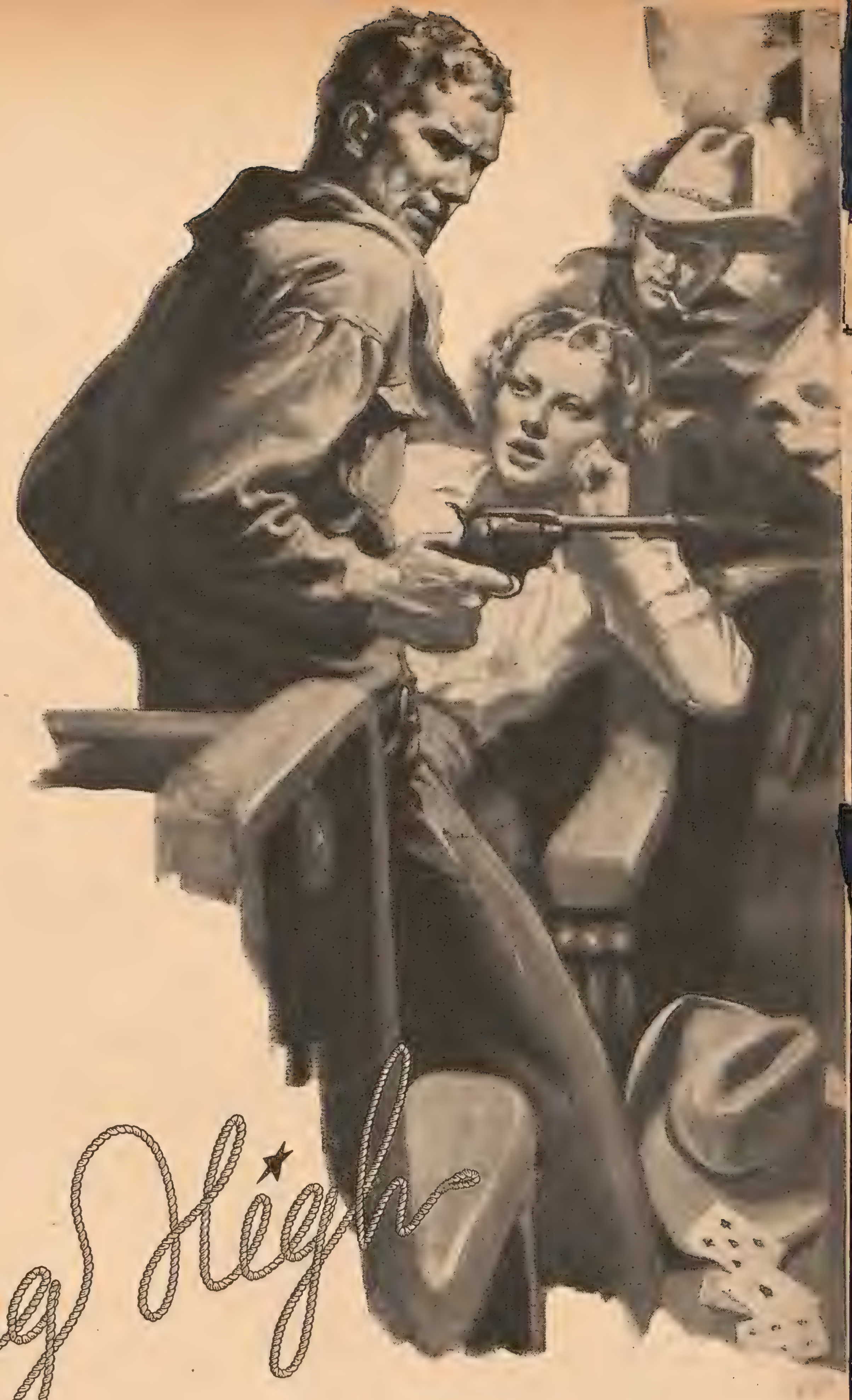
Chance asks Patsy to motor East with him from Indianapolis. Dusty, her self-appointed guardian, won't allow her to; so Chance starts off alone, pulling Gabriel, Patsy's horse, behind him in a trailer.

The Cowboys' Special gets under way for New York with Colonel Manger's private car as part of the train. In the Pullman with Patsy and Dusty are Duke Hillman, the Colonel's arena secretary, and a score of cowboys and cowgirls. Patsy feels lonely in the stuffy, noisy car. She is appalled at the carousing cowboys and feels out of it with the girls. But Sally Ross is nice to her. Sally is the wife of One-Gut Ross, the clown who risks his life every performance baiting wild steers. And in Gail Parker, girl champion bronc rider, Patsy finds another friend so stanch that when Taps March, a rough little rascal from New Mexico, gets fresh with Patsy, Gail gives him something more than a playful slash with a knife.

Further, Gail warns Patsy of Monk Raleigh, one of the rodeo judges. He has wanted to fool round with Patsy. She has iced him, and so, says Gail, she can't possibly win.

When Monk himself enters the Pullman, Patsy stiffens with uncontrollable distaste.

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



Riding High

by DORA MACY

Author of Ex-Mistress and
Public Sweetheart Number One

Cowgirl Love, Cowboy Hate, and a Trainload of Trouble!—A New Kind of Novel with a New Kind of Thrill

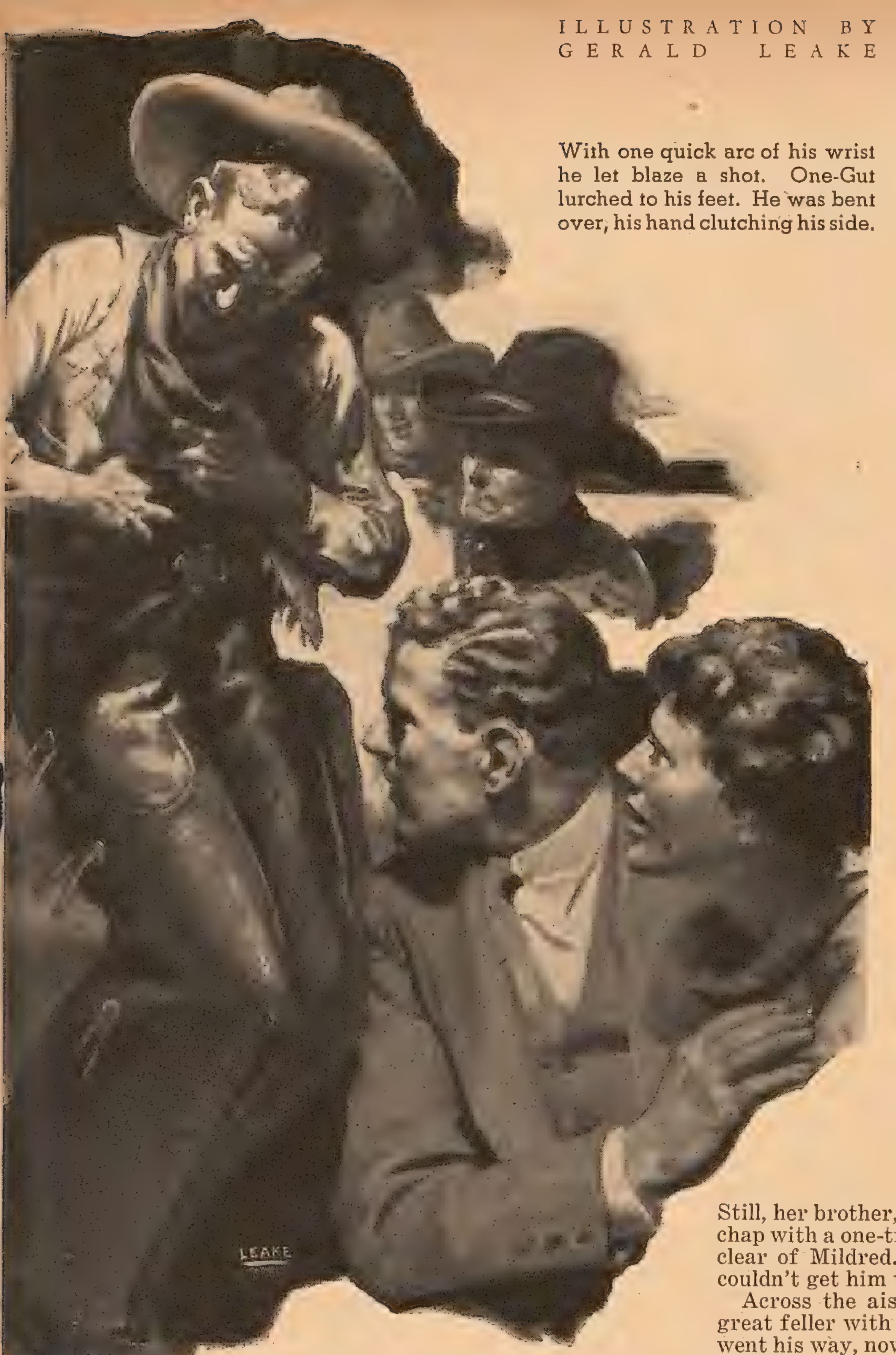
PART THREE—HORSEPLAY AND TRAGEDY

HELLO, little cactus," Monk greeted her, and slumped into the seat beside her.

Patsy bit a corner of her lip and tried to smile. Monk was immaculate and his tailoring set the pace for arena togs. The man had hair as red as her own, and she knew what that could mean. He had freckles the size of victrola records and a deep scar on his left cheekbone that was altar-white on the almost tropical tan of his skin. Yet there was an attraction about Monk, an obscene magnetism that one fought against as one would fight ether. Any boy in the car had strength and vitality. But Monk, heavy in weight, light in movement, no taller than Patsy, had a sort of suction about him.

"How do you feel facin' the big town?" he asked.

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE



With one quick arc of his wrist he let blaze a shot. One-Gut lurched to his feet. He was bent over, his hand clutching his side.

"When I have some food and sleep I'll feel top-list."

"You'll need to," he observed, and his green eyes jiggled alertly with meaning like a pocketful of coins.

"What you mean?"

"Just what I say, girl. If there's going to be any money won by the Wyde family, you've got to win it. I've got some very tough news for you. It's about your brother Dusty. He's out of the runnin' and I want to talk to you—about yourself!"

Patsy gazed at him with resentful eyes. "Never mind about me," she snapped. "What's wrong with Dusty? He's big odds on wild-steer wrestlin'. Nothin' can stop him from winnin'!"

"Nothing except what's blonde and cute and named Mildred, you mean."

Patsy's laugh was forced. "You mean that dude girl that's been hangin' round? Say, who is she, anyway?"

"Oh, just a rich little somebody out for a thrill. She's engaged to our publicity man."

"That Mr. Ryon?"

"Yes, Hector Ryon."

"Well"—Patsy shrugged—"her and Dusty did a farewell scene last night and Dusty's not poutin'."

Monk leaned toward her. His eyes were like hot lime and his smile was gangrened. "Listen to me," he drawled. "I've just been listening to Mildred in the next car. Laughing about that farewell. I tell you, she's right on Dusty's trail. I'll tell you something more. She's cowboy-crazy. And any cowboy that little Graham woman hooks is no damn good any more. He either doesn't show up in the arena or he's throwed the minute the chute opens."

"I'm still not worryin'," Patsy repeated doggedly. "Dusty's never fell for a girl yet. Besides, he don't drink nor—"

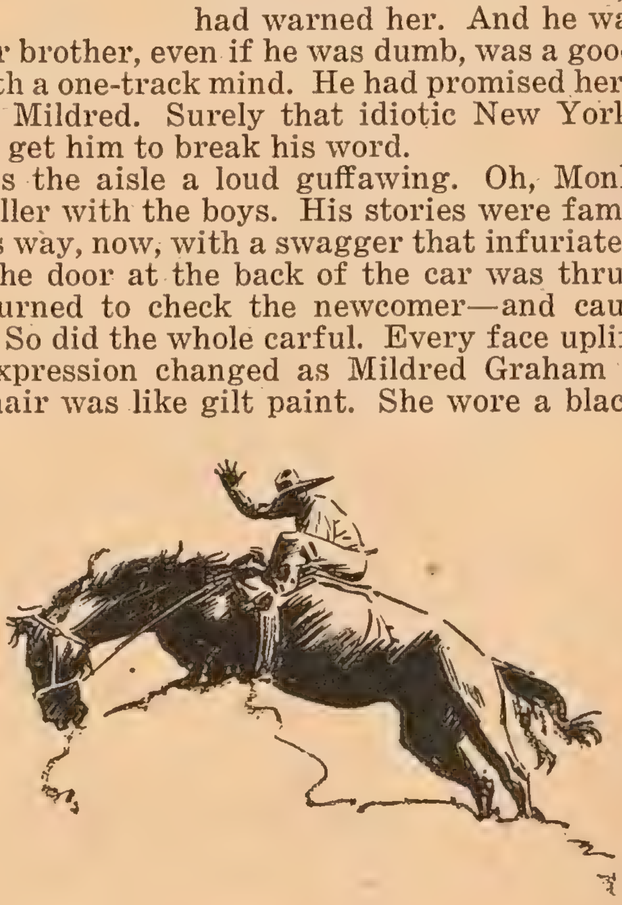
MONK'S low laugh made her hot with anger. "O. K., stupid," he said. "But I'm tellin' you. Mildred Graham's back there layin' bets she'll land your brother. You watch her do it, too. If you think he'll win in New York, you're in for a big surprise. Any winnin' a Wyde does this year, you'll do it."

Her gray eyes, defiant, made Monk uneasy. "I don't scare that simple," she told him icily. "Anybody gets in the way of us winnin', square and fair, is goin' to be sorry. That goes for the Graham girl. And it goes for you, Monk."

"You're sure cute when you're mad," he grinned, and walked away. She watched him angrily. He stopped before Dusty and Duke. Patsy resented the easy way the three men talked; the simple hot-or-cold, black-or-white measure they took of one another. This rodeo business was a man's world, Chance had warned her. And he was right. Still, her brother, even if he was dumb, was a good steady chap with a one-track mind. He had promised her to steer clear of Mildred. Surely that idiotic New York blonde couldn't get him to break his word.

Across the aisle a loud guffawing. Oh, Monk was a great feller with the boys. His stories were famous. He went his way, now, with a swagger that infuriated Patsy. Again the door at the back of the car was thrust open. Patsy turned to check the newcomer—and caught her breath. So did the whole carful. Every face uplifted and every expression changed as Mildred Graham entered.

Her hair was like gilt paint. She wore a black velvet



suit with a military cape, a feathered hat, and a large monogram of diamonds at her throat.

Automatically Dusty sat up, straightened his hat, and arched his back.

Like a thoroughbred Mildred high-stepped past the poker game, and if she was aware of the facial contortions that followed her, she ignored them beautifully.

“Oh—Duke—Dusty!” She was just this side of baby talk. “We're starting a poker game in our compartment, and we need some real players. How about it?”

“Your fi-ancee there?” Duke asked mildly.

“Of course! It's Hector's idea, the game,” Mildred cooed. “And he's specially anxious to have you, Duke.”

“O. K. I'll sit in a few hands.” Duke rose with a resigned air. Hector Ryon, although an experienced publicity man, was new to rodeos and was tormenting Duke with nutty questions and nuttier stunts.

Dusty managed to look directly at Mildred. He smiled a little foolishly. “Don't never play,” he mumbled.

“You what, Dusty?”

“I don't fix to gamble none.”

“Why,” Mildred floundered—“why, we'll just play for fun and not money at all. How would that be?”

But Dusty folded his arms over his chest. “Never did handle cards in my whole life and I don't aim to start now,” he said doggedly.

Mildred glanced around helplessly and caught Duke's amused expression. She shook her hands at him as if shooing him off. Then she leaned toward Dusty, peering at a box beside him. “Do I see gumdrops?”

Dusty nodded shyly.

“Oh, divine!” Mildred slipped into the seat beside him, her hands tugging at Dusty's cheap candy box with exaggerated eagerness. Duke Hillman shrugged and with a meaningful glance at Patsy went his way. In the smudgy train window Patsy could watch the whole tableau as Mildred played it out. The babyish voice made Patsy's blood turn slightly sour: “. . . and I haven't had a drink in two whole nights and one day. It drives Hector wild, because, after all, drinking is one thing we have in common. Don't you think it's wonderful that I haven't had even a little teeny drink?”

Patsy glanced at them and her heart sank. Dusty's big brown eyes were soupy with admiration. He who had never noticed a girl in all his twenty-seven years was glugged with admiration.

Presently he and Mildred rose. He paused beside Patsy.

“Listen, bro,” Patsy said acidly. “You're goin' to lose a pedal.”

Dusty glared.

“Isn't she cute?” Mildred flashed. “Honest, I just want to buy her and take her home—for when I'm blue.”

WITH mortal calm Patsy got to her feet. Her brother stepped hastily in front of her. “Lay off, will you?” he demanded. “Can't you be refined?”

Her eyes took the wind out of him, and he turned abashed to Mildred. “Impulsive, that's her,” he apologized. “Just impulsive. Let's go.”

Her eyes narrowed, Patsy sat down again and watched them step over sprawled legs, fling open the door to the observation platform. She glanced around, and found that some eighteen eyes were fastened on her.

“Gawd!” shouted Sally Ross. “Why didn't you smack her while you had a mind to?”

“Because she's ree-fined,” said Gail, and winked. And Patsy enjoyed the first sorority laugh she had been permitted.

Again the car door swung open, and again all eyes probed the figure that entered.

He was a New York dude, curried, groomed, and in expensive rigging. Perhaps some knew all about him, but to Patsy and to most he was a stranger who hadn't explained himself. He called himself Hugh Branders and he was a friend of Mildred Graham and Hector Ryon, though both quarreled with him and gave him the dodge whenever the fancy seized them. For a week in Indianapolis he had taken all their slights and insults with the stolid indifference of a St. Bernard plagued by terrier pups.

Patsy stared at him across the car. Hugh Branders was attractive enough to stand out in any group. He seemed both worldly and boyish, both successful and modest. All week Patsy had studied him covertly as one might window-shop for a fabulous necklace at a jeweler's. He was tall, lithe, and energetic; yet, like all city men, he seemed to Patsy to be pale and flat-footed. There was something exciting about his smile. He was direct and affable and at times almost apologetic for his graces.

He caught Patsy's glance and smiled now. He made his way over to her. “Where has every one hidden Mildred?” he demanded pleasantly.

“Find Dusty Wyde,” called out Gail. “They're out on the observing platform makin' resolutions. She's off sin and he's off his feed.”

BRANDERS nodded, and headed for the back of the car. A few moments later Mildred and Dusty came in. Obliquely across Dusty's chin, for all the world as if he had tried to dodge it, was a lipstick streak. “I'm goin' forward a spell,” he leaned over to inform his sister. “They's quit poker in there and has some music. Wanna come?”

Patsy's eyes could have lit dry timber.

“All right! All right!” flared Dusty with unprecedented irritation. “Be mannerless.”

He straightened up and, with a nod to Mildred, headed off. Patsy wanted to call after him. For a small moment she felt as if all that was home and youth and firm ground were walking away from her.

Then, with a start, she realized that Hugh Branders had slipped into the seat beside her.

“Well?” she demanded almost belligerently.

“I—I hardly know where to begin.” Hugh Branders smiled. “But somehow I feel I can talk to you.”

Patsy sighed and nodded. “You mean them two? Her and Dusty?”

“Yes.”

“I know, Mr. Branders. It doesn't reason out. He's never fell before for a girl.”

“He doesn't seem a philanderer,” Branders agreed, and hastily explained: “A chaser. Listen. Mildred's father's a very sick man, and as his friend I'm trying to keep her out of trouble. I'm warning you—she's just laid a bet that she can land Dusty.”

“But if she queers him so he loses at the Garden—”

“Oh, Mildred would pay the losses. So far, she's been able to buy anything or anybody she set her little heart on. She's bought herself one annulment and one divorce and several scandals. It used to be prizefighters. Now it's cowboys. I came to Indianapolis because her father asked me to try to head her off from this guzzling Irishman she says she's engaged to. And as if Ryon weren't bad enough, Mildred comes out here and falls for your brother! Dusty's going to be accused, you know, of being after her money.”

“You don't say!” Patsy observed tartly. “By who? Who's goin' to accuse him?”

“Don't get sore, Patsy. Everybody knows you two are out for money this year. Hector Ryon's going to accuse him, for one. Hector intends to marry Mildred whether she likes it or not. Before long he's going to have a run-in with Dusty.”

“Then I'm plumb sorry for Hector Ryon.”

Branders covered Patsy's balled hand with his own. “Dusty hasn't any sense about it,” he said gently. “Mildred hasn't any sense about anything. And Hector only has sense until the third drink. So! That leaves you and me.”

Patsy nodded dully. "And just where do you fit?"

"Fair enough," Branders nodded. "Mildred's father was my guardian. Guardian is a legal term—an expression in law, you see, for a kid whose folks have died and needs somebody to look after him and his money. Not that I have much money left, but I did have when I was little. Anyway, her father was like a father to me."

"Oh," said Patsy. "You mean he was your gardeen."

"Yes—my gardeen."

"So that makes Mildred like a sister, almost?"

"No, not by a damn sight. Some people even say I'm in love with her. You'll hear that. Chiefly from Hector. Hector doesn't think straight. You know, his father was a famous Irish poet—not really famous until after he died. So Hector's been taking all the bows. He's considered a wild lad, what the columnists like to call a wastrel son. At any rate, he's spoiled by a certain crowd in the big town. You see, everybody thinks Hector is a latent genius."

"A what?"

Hugh smiled. "They think Hector is going to be famous some day," he explained. "When he gets around to it. Even this publicity job he has amuses his crowd. They count it his way of getting local color."

"I've heard about that," Patsy murmured. "Dudes go on about it regular. Do they ever decide what color we are?"

Hugh Branders smiled. "Hector's no laughing matter," he protested unhappily. "He's pretty ratty when he's drinking. When Mildred gets tired of him she's apt to find him rough medicine. Teach her a lesson. But for her father's sake I'd like to keep it clean."

"Maybe you do love her," Patsy decided.

Branders shook his head with a wry grin. "I'm sorry for the kid, but she's poison to me."

He caught a look of scorn in Patsy's tight little face.

"I'M not talking behind her back," he explained. "She knows what I think of her. Anything I do for her, I do because I owe her father everything I am."

A heavy-muscled back bumped into him so violently that Branders half pitched toward Patsy. The offender was pretending to be utterly unaware of what had happened. But Patsy and Hugh also caught the significant pantomime of a small group a few paces behind them.

Taps March, the center of a sniggering group, was seated in perfect imitation of Hugh, regarding his nails thoughtfully. His legs were crossed; the free foot swung idly. Stetson off, shoulders slouched, his head lolled against the seat toward an imaginary companion, Taps flipped ashes with a nervous absent-minded gesture.

"Course, understand, this here Hector is a late geenus." His tone was clipped and affected, painfully like Hugh's. "A wass-trill, if I must say, and I giss I must, who's got him a bead on local color."

His audience gagged with controlled laughter. Taps, glancing around for approval, caught Branders's look.

"Well?" said Taps belligerently. "What about it?"

"Damn good imitation," Branders answered quietly. "Can you do Tom Mix?"

Taps pulled himself up out of his seat. "Gawd, that's funny, ain't it, boys? Bet he'd be funny in a fight. Hurt my sides laughin', like as not. How about it, city guy?"

He kicked the sole of Hugh's shoe as he spoke. Patsy, clenching her hands, knew better than to interfere.

"Any time you're sober," Hugh answered lightly.

"I'll fight drunk and you'll like it," Taps decided, and stuck out his underlip with a grimace.

"O. K.," said Branders, unruffled. "Just wait until I get drunk too. Then it will be a fairer fight."

He glanced at the others, one by one, for corroboration, and Patsy felt a stir of reluctant admiration. The dude was outfacing them. Taps was herded off by his playmates, and with a sigh Branders turned back to Patsy.

"You throwed a neat loop, Mister Branders," she said. "Would you really fight him when you're drunk?"

"I never get drunk," he smiled. "And don't call me Mr. Branders. My name is Hugh to my friends, and I want you to be my friend."

"I sure am one."

GIRLS NOW FLOCK AROUND TOM
IT'S AN INVITATION TO GRACE CRANE'S PARTY
WHY SO GLUM? SHE'S ONE OF THE RICHEST GIRLS IN TOWN - OF COURSE YOU'LL GO!
WHAT'S THE USE? I HAVEN'T ANY NEW CLOTHES - THOSE RICH FELLOWS WILL OUT-SHINE ME!
TOM, A WELL PRESSED SUIT AND NEATLY SHINED SHOES AND YOU'LL LOOK AS GOOD AS THEY DO:
NO POLISH COULD DO MUCH FOR THESE OLD SHOES
YES, IT COULD, IF YOU'LL USE SHINOLA IT GIVES A GLOSSY SHINE THAT MAKES SHOES LOOK LIKE NEW
MOM'S RIGHT, I NEVER SAW ANY POLISH GIVE SUCH A SWELL SHINE SO QUICKLY
ALL THE GIRLS ARE CRAZY OVER TOM! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
NEATNESS, MY BOY! HE LOOKS AS IF HE HAD A VALET!
YOU SHINE WHEN YOUR SHOES SHINE!
BLACK
SHINOLA
SHOE POLISH
ALL COLORS AT ALL STORES
ONLY 10¢
SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE AND CLEANER FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

Shine up with Shinola! See what *this* polish does for scuffed, dirty, dingy-looking shoes. See how quick and easy it shines . . . see how long the shine lasts. Because Shinola is made exclusively for home use . . . with imported Carnauba wax and deep dye that banishes scuff marks *instantly*!

" Good. Now tell me about yourself. I've been watching you all week and I've wanted to talk to you. Want to know something? I've been thinking about you all week."

" Why? "

" Well, the very first time I saw you ride, it shook me up. It was just like coming out of a fever and finding the world was quite normal and sane. You seemed to me a picture of all that courage meant—clean, and fearless, and gallant. I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. But I haven't had nerve enough to try to talk to you."

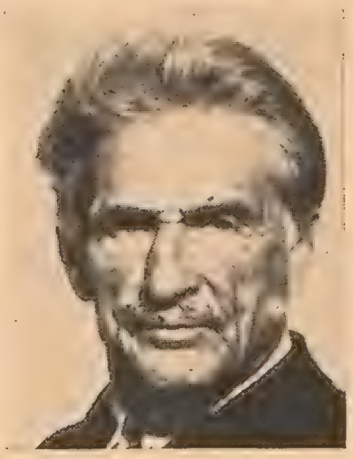
" Afraid of me? " Patsy smiled quite unbelievingly.

ANNOUNCING

A Series of Radio Discussions of National Questions by

BERNARR MACFADDEN

HUMANITARIAN — PUBLICIST — PHILANTHROPIST



Until further notice, Bernarr Macfadden, humanitarian, publicist, and philanthropist, will discuss a topic of national interest every Tuesday evening at 10 o'clock E. S. T. in a fifteen-minute broadcast over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Arranged by and conducted under the auspices of Liberty, this series of discussions will have a strong appeal to every person who reads Mr. Macfadden's editorial page in this magazine, which we believe is the most widely read and discussed editorial page published in America today.

You are cordially invited to tune in on this interesting and informative feature.

Every Tuesday at 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Stations—WMCA New York · WOR Newark · WLW Cincinnati · CKLW Detroit · WGN Chicago

" Well, you act as if you have a job to do and are doing it—and want to be let alone."

" That's sure-enough right. This is my year to win. It's got to be! I want to clean up and then quit for good and go back home."

" But how do you clean up? I mean—can you make much money this way? "

She eyed him, and finding only earnest concern, she gave voice to thoughts that beat in on her day and night. " I get five dollars a show for ridin' in the quadrille," she recited slowly. " That'll be a hundred and sixty-five dollars. I get seven hundred flat for doing my trick ridin'—on Gabriel. You see, trick ridin' used to be competition. Now they don't hold no contests for it: they pick the good ones and pay 'em outright."

" There aren't many salaried jobs like those in the show, are there? " Branders puzzled. " I don't know much—this is my first contact with rodeo. But in Indianapolis they told me it was really contesting."

" It's all contest," Patsy snapped. " Just them few jobs to dress up the show, like. Course the clowns get paid—good money, too. The judges get extra, and then the pickup men."

" PICKUP men? "

" The two cowboys who police all the events. They free a rider from a bronc when his time's up, and drive the steers and the other critters out of the arena. They can mean life or death to a rider that's throwed."

Hugh Branders gazed at her thoughtfully. " And is it all worth it, Patsy? "

" We ride for high money," she said simply, " and the hell of it."

" And your high money will be—what? "

" Oh, depends on whether I win first or second and how many times we get day money. Day money's seventy-five dollars in the big show. I can gather in all together from fifteen hundred to twenty-two hundred, if I get any luck—good horses to ride. It's a blind draw, you know. Then, Dusty can win even more. There's more events for the boys. Then there's all the trophies too. And then we got Boston after New York."

" If—" He stopped short and wet his lips uncertainly.

" If we ain't killed or crippled, you mean? " She laughed softly. " Yeah, there's allus that."

" It frightens me to think of it."

" It needn't. I've been throwed lots of times. We don't die easy."

A loud argument from the poker group interrupted them, and both Hugh and Patsy made an effort to ignore the language used. " They don't mean nothin'," she apologized for them, abashed. " They's just boys on the loose."

" Yes? They've got you worried. You're jumpy."

" Well, I was bringed up awful stric'. I didn't never know how stric' until I got around like this."

" Patsy — you don't belong here."

SHE smiled wearily. " I'll say I don't. I belong in a log cabin. In the tall timber and the deep snow. That's how we call back home in Montana. And I sure miss it. I belong in the cow country, and I guess I allus will."

" But you sound wistful — a little sad about it."

" Sure, why not? I seen other things now."

" What kind of things, Patsy? "

" Oh, the outside world. I seen plumbin', for instance. And perfume. And birthday cakes—and all what electricity kin do to make things easy goin'. I seen what money means—lots of it, so people is sure of themselves and ain't afraid of nothin' 'cause they got it."

" What else? " Branders grinned.

" Well, I seen people like you. With learnin'—and manners. That's what makes me sad. It bringed me up sharp to figger how little I know. Don't get me wrong. I sure wouldn't never want to be city folk. But I could do with a little of their savvy. I ad-mire it."

Hugh's blue eyes twinkled. " You admire me? "

Patsy's gray eyes measured him, and she nodded. " Sure enough. And I ain't flirtin'. I don't never flirt."

" I'm not flirting, either," Hugh insisted softly. " How would you like to let me teach you some of the things that city folk savvy? "

" Say, I'd lick it up like the critters lick salt blocks."

" That's set, then. When I went West I hired a guide to take me through the woods and mountains. Now, while you're East, if you'll let me be your guide—"

Hugh's thoughts were raucously interrupted by another tussle at the poker game. A certain bunch seemed to think it uproarious to knock off Parson Dunwoodie's Stetson. Now, with a casual and absent-minded gesture, One-Gut did it again. Instantly Parson reached for his gun, and with one quick arc of his wrist he let blaze a shot.

Patsy's hand went to her mouth to stifle a cry. The group at the poker game gazed, stiff and horrified, almost uncomprehending. One-Gut lurched to his feet. He was bent over, his hand clutching his side, his hawklike face contorted with pain. His breath came noisily, as if he were struggling for words, and he stumbled into the aisle and headed for the door.

Hugh Branders started to his feet. Parson's gun wheeled on him bluntly. "Sit down, dude! And stay down!" he snapped.

His gun close to his side, his bloodshot eyes sought for any one who might interfere by so much as a move.

Instinctively Patsy glanced at the clown's wife. Poor Sally Ross sat rigid as petrified wood. Her hands clutched her hair. Her horrified eyes were on her husband as he managed to pull open the car door and, with one lurch, slumped in a heap outside.

"Tom! *Tom!*" she cried.

"You shut up!" Parson turned to her, gun leveled. "And *sit down!*"

Sally stared at him and shuddered convulsively. With a moan she hid her face in her hands.

Parson regarded the silent dazed faces and spoke harshly. "You all seed what happened," he said. "You're all witnesses, even the dude. Well, what you goin' to do about it? He was losin' at cards and he killed himself. Is that clear?"

The crowd stirred uneasily, as if in a spell. But no one attempted an answer.

AT that moment the car door pushed open again, and One-Gut stood, unwounded, erect and flaming with anger. His fierce gaze ignored his hysterical wife and blazed on his friends.

"Damn all of you in little sections!" he flung out. "I ain't got a real friend in the crowd."

"That's a hell of a joke!" Sally, tear-stained and shaking, stood up to fire everybody's opinion into Parson's grinning face.

"Yeah, yeah, a joke!" One-Gut gibbered. "But it showed me where I stood. It showed me how much any of you bums care about the clown!"

Like a baby he went into his wife's outstretched arms, his muffled voice babbling through drunken tears about his hurt feelings.

Hugh Branders glanced irritably at Patsy.

"That's just good clean fun." She shrugged. "They'll go any lengths for a laugh."

"Do they all pack guns?" Hugh asked thinly.

Patsy smiled. "Parson's a deputy sheriff," she shrugged, "and takes it serious. Most everybody that drives has a gun in their car. Not many of these boys bother with no firearms much."

Branders cleared his throat. His blue eyes were angry and his mouth strained. "We're pulling into Dayton," he said with an obvious effort to be casual. "Let's get some coffee and stretch our legs."

The air outside was crisp and moist, but there was a staleness about the station that depressed Patsy and made her feel alien and friendless, despite the intimate, almost protective way Hugh took her arm.

She walked to the platform beside Hugh in a dull silence. She heard her name being called on the station platform, and stopped short, not believing.

Hugh Branders hailed a boy in uniform, signed something, and handed her a yellow envelope.

"It's a telegram." His hand gripped her arm and led her under a foggy station light. "Shall I read it for you?"

She peered up at him, wondering at the concern of his tone. Then she realized his whole expression was one of portended tragedy.

What news did the telegram bring—and how did it affect Patsy's valiant plans for the future? Next week's absorbing installment will tell you.

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT** by William Allen White. The Macmillan Company.

Frankly written from a Republican standpoint in a manner remarkably impartial for a partisan author. This book contains a keen and interesting analysis of the background and issues of the 1936 Presidential campaign, a graphic description of the nominating conventions, intimate views of the candidates, and a picture of the political life of the United States existing in August, 1936.

★ ★ ★ **THE BALLAD OF THE HUNDRED DAYS** by Joseph Roth. The Viking Press.

Exquisite fantasy on the well known theme of the Return from Elba. Napoleon is seen through the small end of the telescope. Historically literal, except for the poignant character of Angelina, Corsican maid at the imperial palace, and her son, the little drummer boy of the Grenadiers at Waterloo.

★ ★ ★ **AFTER THE NEW DEAL, WHAT?** by Norman Thomas. The Macmillan Company.

A survey of the New Deal and the presentation of the author's brand of Socialism as the only solution of the world's economic problems. This book merits the respect of even those who do not agree with its philosophy.

★ ★ ★ **STEPS GOING DOWN** by John T. McIntyre. Farrar & Rinehart.

A rich, viciously realistic novel, Dickensian in character detail, tiring at times—but always human and convincing. The American choice for the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition.

Have you eyes that look for Luxury?

SCHENLEY
a Schenley product
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

If you are looking for a whiskey of exceptional luxury, taste this "*double-rich*" straight Bourbon of Kentucky . . . sold at a *doubly welcome* price!

SCHENLEY'S
Cream of Kentucky

90 PROOF—KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

COPYRIGHT 1936, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., N. Y.

A Man Named SCHMIDT— FOOTBALL'S MIRACLE MAN

TWO years ago this fall a dynamic giant with a voice that boomed like the bawling of the longhorns in his adopted Texas strode on to the practice field at Ohio State University and confronted threescore curious young men in football gear.

"My name's Schmidt," he announced. "I'm the new football coach here."

He signaled a manager. The manager nervously tossed him a football.

"This thing," he explained, "is a football. At one time it was used here at Ohio State to place behind opponents' goal lines, for which Ohio State was credited with six points. I understand that usage has been sort of overlooked up here in recent years."

A guilty chuckle ran through the squad. "That's not funny," growled the giant. "It's tragic. For your information, I'm figuring on reviving the old custom."

The squad was soberly silent. "One thing more," continued the towering Westerner, "and I want you to remember it from now on: we're going to beat Michigan this year."

"Beat Michigan?" The rumble of bewilderment went through the squad. Beat Michigan? Why, Michigan had been beating Ohio State so long that it was more or less tradition.

"Yes, beat Michigan," rumbled the big man. "Why not? Those guys put their pants on one leg at a time, the same as you do."

That line made Francis Schmidt famous. Nonsense, perhaps, but nonsense at its cryptic best. Homespun inspiration, stamped with the seal of a man who had proved he meant what he said and looked as if he still could prove it, and would.

Seven weeks after the press associations carried that line from one end of the football map to the other, Ohio State beat Michigan by a score of 34 to 0. It was the most ignominious defeat ever suffered by Michigan at the hands of its down-country rival. Not even the triumphs of those great teams of "Truck" Myers and "Chic" Harley and "Pete" Stinchcomb, a decade and a half before, had outdone it.

All because a towering hard-bitten, quick-tongued natural football technician had made up his mind that the youths of one school were no better men physically or mentally than the youths at another, and had found a terse and never-to-be-forgotten way of saying so.

Bear in mind that this man Schmidt took charge of an Ohio State team in the fall of 1934 that had been almost a traditional failure, and turned it into a near-perfect gridiron machine.

He discarded the play-it-safe-and-pray-for-a-break tactics of his predecessor, Sam Willaman, and drilled his men in speed and open plays.

The Buckeyes had nothing but touchdown plays. "That goal line stays in the same place," Schmidt taught his backs and ends, "and it's just as easy to shake a man loose on your own five-yard line as on your opponent's five-yard line."

At the close of the 1934 season only Minnesota, of all the Big Ten teams, could match the total number of points scored by the team of this first-year coach from the Texas pampas. It's needless to repeat what the Buckeyes accomplished last year to become co-champions of the Big Ten with Minnesota. It was the first time since 1920 that Ohio State reached the top of the conference ladder.

A miracle you say? Then let's look at the career of this Francis Schmidt, who quit Texas Christian University for Ohio State and the national recognition that for a quarter of a century had eluded him.

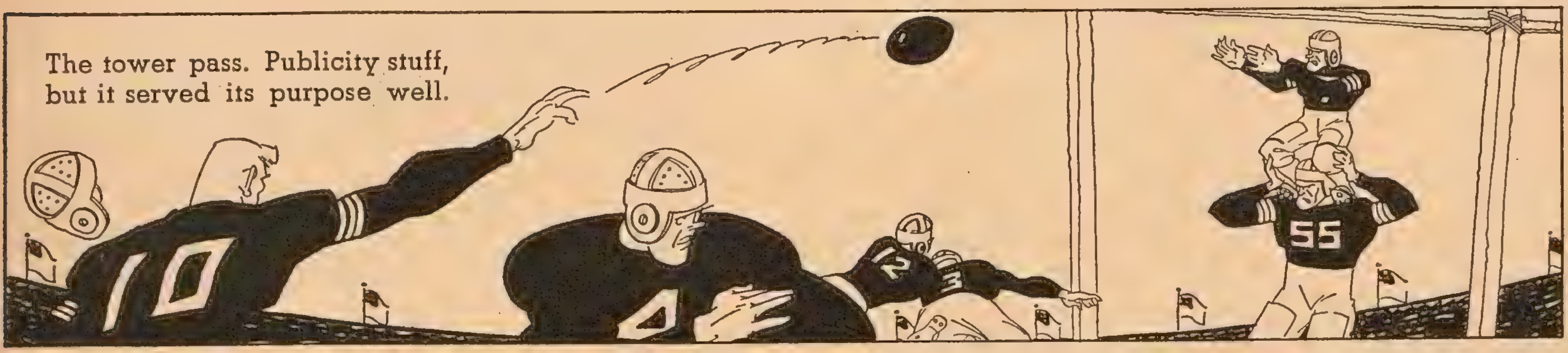
He began his coaching career in the little town of Arkansas City, Kansas, in 1908. Schmidt, a long-legged, wide-shouldered young lawyer, somewhere around six feet four, had been just about the best end the University of Nebraska had seen up until that time, and when he returned home to Arkansas City his fame followed. Ultimately a delegation from the high school asked him if he would come out and teach the boys a few tricks he'd learned at Nebraska. Schmidt accepted the invitation, and developed a high-school team that was unbeaten for one year, lost once the second year, and then went on to almost monotonous victories.

In 1915, after he had sent athletes to every college in the Midwest, he got his first outside offer. Down in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was a small college then known as Henry Kendall. It consisted of a gymnasium, a football field, and a five-year plan.

It didn't take Schmidt long to establish Henry Kendall College in the football firmament. If he couldn't do it one way, he could another. What was required at that hour was national attention. Schmidt did his part. In his first year as coach he lost only to the University of Oklahoma. In his second year he was undefeated. Even that wasn't enough. Tulsa demanded more. So, on the last day of the 1916 season, during a game with the Missouri School of Mines, they reached their perihelion.

On that day of days they attempted and successfully executed the only tower pass in the history of intercollegiate football. News of the feat was published in every alert newspaper in the country from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, and from Seattle to Miami.

The tower pass consisted simply of Madison Blevens, a six-foot-five-inch tackle, picking up Virgil Jones, a five-foot-six-inch end, standing him atop giant shoulders and


The tower pass. Publicity stuff, but it served its purpose well.

A Saga of Ingenuity and Homespun Inspiration . . . How a Six-Foot-Four Lawyer-Genius Brought Ohio State Up from the Depths of Gridiron Despair

by

DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

Ohio State, co-champions of the Big Ten Conference last year, and (above) coach Francis A. Schmidt.

balancing him there while Ivan Grove, quarterback, threw an incredibly accurate pass forty-five yards across the goal line straight into Jones's waiting arms.

Obviously that wasn't football. It was publicity stuff for the benefit of a million-dollar campaign that the city of Tulsa was inaugurating for the purpose of rebuilding Henry Kendall College into Tulsa University. Schmidt would not attempt to convert such a fantastic gesture to practical use. But it served its purpose well.

Schmidt had reached the peak of his popularity and success at Henry Kendall when the United States entered the World War. He entered an officers' training camp, emerged a captain, and eventually got to Europe. He arrived at the front just in time to see the tattered coat tails of the German army disappearing beyond the denuded trees of the Argonne, and then returned to America to take up football where he'd dropped it in what had now become, officially, Tulsa University. His next two seasons at Tulsa were as successful, from a technical standpoint, as his prewar years had been.

In 1922 the University of Arkansas lured him away from Tulsa. The Razorbacks hadn't won a football title for years. When Schmidt arrived on the Fayetteville campus, he discovered that the reason the University of Arkansas had not had outstanding teams was the fault of neither the coaches nor the youth of the state.

Outside schools, more alert to the value of football as a publicity asset, had been luring talent from the state.

Thus it was that Schmidt's first chore was to sidetrack football technique and get those wide-shouldered, hard-handed kids to the university campus.

It required a year for him to start the parade. His first football season was a loser. His second was a near championship season. He finished in second place. He went on to finish first once, and tie once for the conference title. Arkansas was on the map to stay when he left to coach Texas Christian University.

There he stepped into the shoes of Matty Bell, who had lifted T. C. U. from a secondary rating to a place in the forefront in Southwest Conference athletics. It was up to Schmidt, with a fancier salary than Bell's, to give T. C. U. as much and a little more.

He gave the Horned Frogs a little more. He gave them a championship in his first year, a tie for the title in his second, a second-place team in his third year, another championship team in his fourth year, and a tie in his final season.

It was at Texas Christian that he began to develop the amazing offensive that was to catapult him to fame virtually overnight. His system demanded an almost fanatical attention to detail. Every player had a definite post on every play and there could be no slip-up.

Out of this credo of speed, deception, and faultless ball handling Schmidt has established one unalterable rule. His teams are starless teams. When a star sticks his ears up, they are promptly knocked down. His elevens are invariably units, working as units. He has no scoring specialists. All his carriers are blockers, all his blockers are carriers. He has no set passer or kicker; he teaches all backs to pass and kick.

One thing more. During the time he was collecting his great teams at Tulsa, Arkansas, and T. C. U., he was at no time free to devote his entire attention to football. He turned out more championship basketball teams than football. And at Tulsa he coached all four major sports—baseball, track, basketball, and football.

Will his gridiron magic work new wonders this year?

THE END

SCOOP!

Liberty's
SHORT
SHORT
EXTRA
EXTRA
EXTRA
EXTRA

by HAWTHORNE DANIEL

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

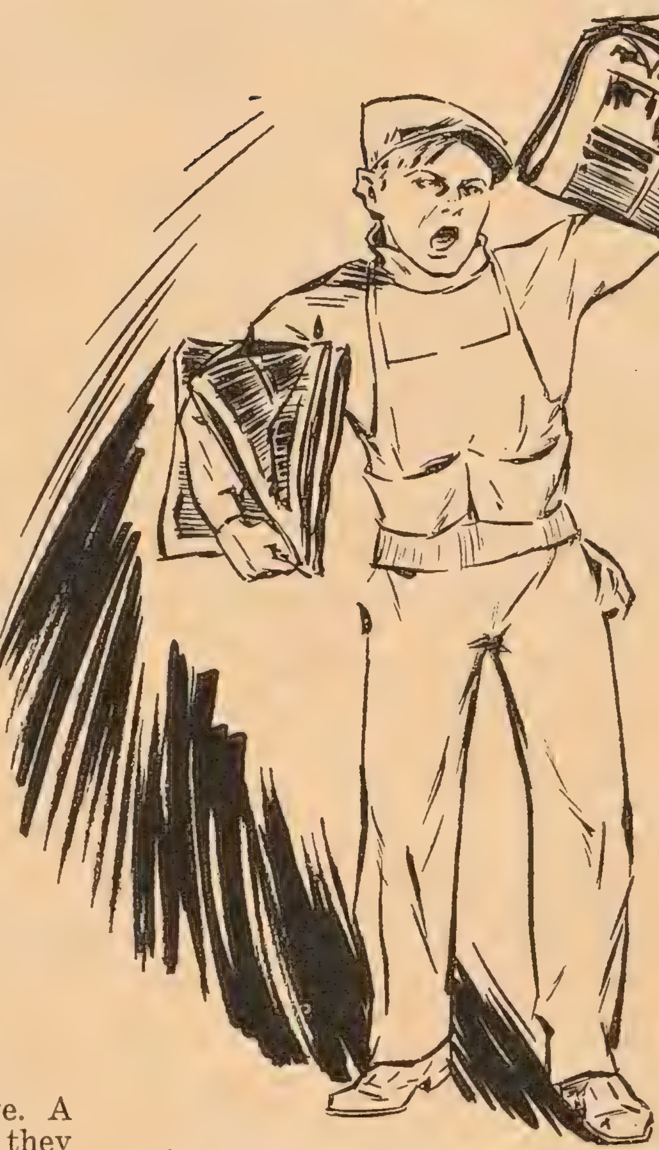
HE dropped the typewritten sheets on the desk before the city editor, and his knees felt weak as he went out into the corridor. He'd been a fool perhaps. Yet what else could he have done? He had got the dope at twenty minutes to three, and it was a scoop, he knew. There hadn't been a hint of such a thing. Nobody had suspected it. Yet at three o'clock—and it was ten minutes past, now—the Midland Savings had closed its doors and wouldn't reopen them.

He had had time, of course, to get there before three. He could have cashed a check for everything he had in his account—his and Mary's. But if he had he'd have missed the home edition—probably missed beating the other papers to it, too.

But Lord! That money had been hard to save! Eighteen hundred and nineteen dollars and some odd cents is real money in anybody's language. A couple of hundred more and they could have made the down payment on the little house in Fair Acres that Mary wanted. She needed it, too. This two-room-and-kitchenette business in a walk-up apartment wasn't doing her any good, and the doctor had said that she'd be better off in the country.

He actually felt sick at the stomach. Why the devil hadn't he let the story slide? There wasn't a scoop in the world worth that money. Not with Mary—

But hell! He couldn't have done that. Until the headlines told the world, it wasn't his information at all. Mr. Davis wouldn't have given him the dope if—



Good Lord, he'd promised to call Mary back! It must have been half an hour since she called. He'd told them to tell her he was in the middle of a story, but he hadn't been. He'd just started it.

He shook his head. How would she take it when he told her?

He turned about and made his way back to his desk. He sat with his hand on the receiver for all of half a minute before he could summon the strength to lift it from the hook.

Her voice was bright—almost excited—when she answered.

"Hullo, Mary," he replied dully.

"Have you been trying to get me?" she asked.

"No. Just finished my story."

"Then listen to me," she enthused. "I've got the most wonderful news."

He didn't know just what to say, so he said nothing.

"You know that little house of ours out in Fair Acres?" she went on.

His reply was more a grunt than a word.

"Well," she explained, "they called me and told me that we could have it for seventeen fifty down."

The receiver almost fell from his hand and his mouth went dry.

"So I called you, and when I couldn't get you I jumped in a taxi and went down and got the money. They're coming at four o'clock with the papers. Oh, *do* hurry home."

He moistened his lips.

"I'll come right away," he told her.

THE END

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

The Bonuses Will Be $1,000, $500, and Five of $100 each

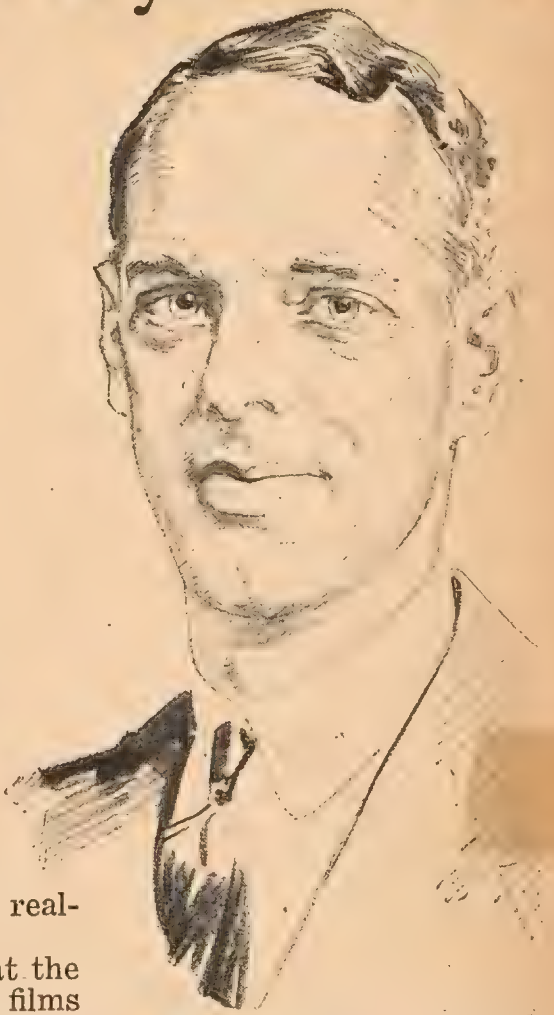
Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest—all writers are eligible. There are no special rules. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed. Simply address your manuscript to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

Now I Have Seen My First MOVIES

Liberty's 1936 Rip Van Winkle Tells How It Feels to Encounter a New, Strange World

by JOHN R. TUNIS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 31 SECONDS



Editor's Note: Last week the author, a 46-year-old newspaperman, told why he had never been to the movies. Business, he said, at first prevented it; later, pride in his record demanded it. Yet he insisted he wasn't a crank on the subject. So he accepted Liberty's assignment to see some pictures. Here are his reactions.

San Francisco

Imagine a person who'd never seen a movie suddenly thrown into a theater where they're showing San Francisco. I was entranced from the first by this vivid reproduction, by the color and glamour of the old West. I lived through those scenes in early San Francisco with interest and eager attention. This was different. Surprise after surprise met me. Here are some of them.

To begin with, the acting. If the talkies have done nothing else but produce this man Clark Gable, they have justified their existence. I'd heard the women talk about him. In my mind he was a matinee idol, some brainless nitwit who pictured well. I went to that show prejudiced against Clark Gable and prepared to dislike him. He won me completely. He dominated the performance, and deserved to do so. Gable is good!

This was also true of the rest of the cast. Rarely can I recall a play on the stage in which all the parts were so well taken. In San Francisco there wasn't a single bad actor, nor yet one who didn't live his character.

Another surprise. The swiftness with which the action was carried along. Used to the theater, to long entr'actes, to shifts and changes of scenes, I was unprepared for the way the pictures jump rapidly from one spot to another, from one group of people to another. This makes for crispness, speed, tempo. You are used to all that; probably you hardly realize it. I do.

It seems to me that the technicians of the films are behind the actors and producers. Maybe this will sound strange to you, but it's a fact that *you have to get used to the movies.* San Francisco was so new to me that I became a little tired; my eyes were weary from straining before the film was over.

Throughout San Francisco I kept waiting for some of the unpleasant things about the movies, the things I had heard criticized. I anticipated banal situations. There were none. I expected cloying love scenes. There weren't any. In fact, until the very end there was nothing mawkish or oversentimentalized, and that moment was of short duration. Being my first movie, I was naturally

Romeo and Juliet—"The picture did something the stage does not at all or with difficulty."

One scene from The Green Pastures left a lasting impression.

"San Francisco was the real thing, the movie of my dream."

bewildered by the long list of directors, adapters, cameramen, technicians, and others who helped make the show. I lost track of their names. Whoever they are, they did a job. San Francisco is a great show. Any one can convey atmosphere through pictures and costumes—they did it through dialogue and situations.

My last surprise was the actual camera work. Up to the middle or maybe three quarters way through the show, the photography seemed good and nothing more. Then came the earthquake.

This was action. This was the real thing. This had the theater beaten in a different field. Here were the movies of my dream.

Thrilled? Well, that's an overworked term. I was more than thrilled. I was really moved by that marvelous picture of a great city being destroyed. Don't tell me it was all a fake. Don't tell me they took it on some studio lot. I know better. I know perfectly well they took that part of the action back in 1906!

Romeo and Juliet

The next afternoon, my head still reeling from earthquakes and fires and falling skyscrapers, I went to see Romeo and Juliet. San Francisco was new. Romeo and Juliet was not. Moreover, I'd seen the Katharine Cornell production, with Basil Rathbone playing against her, several years ago. Here was an excellent chance of comparing a movie and a play.

First, the casts. Without attempting to compare the two leads, the movie cast was better than the play. It was one of the finest casts of actors any playwright ever had. So money can't buy things, huh? It bought sixteen or seventeen stars and bunched them together so that even the smallest part was taken by a distinguished player.

The picture did something the stage does not at all or with difficulty. The movie recreated Verona of the fourteenth century. Here were the real streets of Italy, swarming with peasants, men-at-arms, carts, children, beggars, dogs, all the riffraff and bobtail of the period. You got a sense of crowds, of movement, a feeling of life that is utterly impossible in the theater.

The scenery was perfect to the last detail. The costumes, one felt, were historically correct. I liked both Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer, liked their acting and their reading of the lines. There wasn't a thing that could have been improved. Yet, somehow, it seemed to me less successful than San Francisco. The very advantages of the picture seemed in Shakespeare to be a drawback.

The great thing about a play like Romeo and Juliet are the lines. There is poetry, and that is why we like to see it over and over again. So good was the movie, so wonderful the illusion of the times—of Italian gardens, of ancient castles and walled towns—that it took your attention from the lines. Maybe a captious criticism, but my feeling was that notwithstanding the excellence of the production, I liked San Francisco better as a movie.

The Green Pastures

First, you remember, I saw a movie I'd never seen before. Then a movie made from a play I'd seen on the stage. Last of all came a movie from a play, but one I'd never seen acted.

Whatever it was on the stage, The Green Pastures in the movies was a work of art, beautifully and superbly done. Very probably there are scenes from each of these three movies I'll never forget. You too must have spots from your early movies you remember in this way. For me there is the earthquake washing out the city of San Francisco; Leslie Howard climbing the balcony toward his beloved Juliet; and one scene from The Green Pastures. The colored preacher, do you recall, is telling those little pickaninnies the story of the Flight from Egypt to the Promised Land. Then—and right here the movies were at their best for me—you see the long column trudging through the burning sands.

But Moses becomes weary. He loses his sight. He sinks down, realizing that God has already warned him he shall behold but never enter the Promised Land. The trumpets sound. The leaders press forward. And once more the aching line moves on. As they pass by Moses, who is slumped on a rock, one hand and then another touches him on the shoulder, a caressing gesture of friendship and gratitude, of affection and farewell. All you see on the screen is Moses' shoulder and those hands. First an old gnarled hand, then a young sturdy hand—hands of women, of men, of tiny children. At long last, no more hands. Moses reaches up to his shoulder, anxious to feel that human touch. There is none. He is left behind!

All the loneliness of the human race since time began is concentrated in that gesture. Done so effectively no one can miss it. An effect of this sort would have been difficult or impossible to obtain on the stage. It is the supreme triumph of the pictorial art.

Of the three, San Francisco, Romeo and Juliet, and The Green Pastures, I liked as a movie the first best of all. It seemed to me better adapted to pictorial treatment. It was the sort of thing only the movies could do. I felt that on the stage it would have been just another play. The others were excellently and beautifully done in pictorial form, but if I'm not mistaken they were also excellent plays on the stage.

However, I'm bound to admit certain drawbacks I found in the movies in that three-day trial. There was that tinny, metallic sound in some of the voices. You are used to it; you probably never hear it now. I did and do. Then there is the fact that you can never see a person's whole body at short range, in the close-ups. You see their faces, or you see them as far as the knees. Because of that I missed the feeling of an entity such as is conveyed by living figures on a stage. To me it was a drawback. Also a drawback was the constant shifting from one person to another in the conversation. At times these shifts bewildered me. It was necessary to watch closely to be sure who was talking.

Do I like the movies? Of course! Who doesn't? Will I ever become a movie fan? A real hundred-per-cent fan, reading the literature, going to all the new pictures? Hard to say. The truth is, I haven't time just now to go into that. You see, I have a date to see the new Hepburn picture. Want to come along?

THE END

THIS WEEK'S MOVIE REVIEWS—*by* Beverly Hills

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ RAMONA

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Kent Taylor, Pauline Frederick, Jane Darwell, Katherine de Mille, Victor Kilian, John Carradine, J. Carroll Naish, Pedro de Cordoba, Charles Waldron, Claire Du Brey, Russell Simpson, William Benedict. Directed by Henry King. From the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

PROGRESS, as we call it, is a pretty ruthless machine. In this Helen Hunt Jackson novel you see the last stand of the California Indians before the hardy American pioneers. The San Fernando Valley was warm and fertile and it was inevitable that the redskins would be pushed aside. Mrs. Jackson, hot with wrongs done to the Indians, wrote this novel in the '80s. It was more fervid than literary, and naturally it won wide popularity. It has been done into pictures twice before. Probably you know the story. Ramona is a half-breed and she runs away from the ranch of her foster mother to wed her Indian lover, Alessandro. But progress—and tragedy—step in, since Alessandro and Ramona block the path of civilization for their brief moment.

This lovely production, done in warm Technicolor, is marked by the finely restrained direction of Henry King. It will move you in some of its dramatic moments—and move you, oddly enough, because it pulls its punches.

Loretta Young is a beautiful Ramona, and you will be interested in the gentle, human performance of Don Ameche, a radio idol, as the ill-starred Alessandro. Pauline Frederick is Ramona's foster mother. But it seems to us that one Jane Darwell almost steals the picture with her brief portrait of a hardy forthright pioneer woman of the California '70s. It is a magnificent bit of a woman who met life's crises with catnip tea and a rifle.

The rich and colorful California backgrounds have genuine beauty in Technicolor. And music has been neatly worked into the drama.

★ ★ ½ OLD HUTCH

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Eric Linden, Cecilia Parker, Elizabeth Patterson, Robert McWade, Caroline Perkins, Julia Perkins, Delmar Watson, Harry Watson, James Burke, Donald Meek. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. From a story by Garret Smith. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

SHIFTLESS, lazy, lovable ne'er-do-wells have been favorite characters on the stage from Rip Van Winkle to Lightnin' and onward.

Hutch is another study in this broken-suspendered genre. He goes fishing while his wife takes in washing to support the large family. On one of these trips he unearths a box containing $100,000, and he goes to work to earn money so that expenditures from his cache will not appear suspicious. And work lifts him out of his laziness.

Maybe the fact that Wallace Beery does not interest us is due to our general dislike for Rips, Lightnin's, and Hutches. Unsanitary philosophers are not our dish. Beery is heavy and unwieldy. But, as we have intimated, we are a prejudiced observer. Elizabeth Patterson is Hutch's long-suffering wife, while Cecilia Parker, as a daughter, has an ingenuous beauty worth watching.

★ ★ ½ THREE MARRIED MEN

THE PLAYERS: Roscoe Karns, Mary Brian, Lynne Overman, William Frawley, George Barbier, Marjorie Gateson, Bennie Bartlett, Cora Sue Collins, Mabel Colcord, Betty Ross Clarke, Gail Sheridan. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. Based on a story by Owen Davis, Sr. Produced by Paramount Pictures.

FRESHNESS and laughter characterize this little comedy. Possibly because the clever Dorothy Parker worked on the screen version, giving sharpness and observation to the dialogue.

The farcical story itself is slender. Peter Cary and Jennie Mullins fall in love and get married, uniting two feuding families. Much of the action takes place on the wedding night of Jennie and Peter, and specifically revolves around the plain everyday bridegroom's efforts to be super-romantic in a pair of too dashing Oriental pajamas. More amusing still are the glimpses of family conferences approaching the boiling point.

★ END OF THE TRAIL

THE PLAYERS: Jack Holt, Guinn Williams, Louise Henry, Erle Kenton, Douglass Dumbrille, Gene Morgan, George McKay, Tom London, John McGuire. Directed by Erle Kenton. From a story by Zane Grey. Produced by Columbia Pictures.

THE producers have gone to great trouble in disguising this Western yarn of cattle stealing. In fact, it emerges with the roughrider trappings of the Spanish-American War, and only after Theodore Roosevelt leads his men up San Juan Hill does it get down to the sordid business at hand.

Maybe you have a weakness for Zane Grey stories. A lot of people must have, considering the tremendous sale of Grey novels. This is the usual type, rugged, honest, simple men arrayed against hard ruthless lawbreakers, with the love of a beautiful heroine in the balance.

Jack Holt and Guinn Williams are arrayed against each other for the hand of Louise Henry. The acting is adequate enough, we suspect. You will be interested in Director Erle Kenton, who shows his teeth in the historic role of the man of destiny, T. Roosevelt.

For a simple, elemental evening in the theater—in fact, a *very* simple, elemental evening.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January.

★★★—The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 19

1—William A. Brady.
2—The turnip.
3—Franklin D. Roosevelt, according to the All-American Astrological Convention.
4—Oysters.
5—Eight million dollars.
6—According to an estimate of New York's Committee on City Planning, 9,227,000.
7—One hundred and fifty.
8—The Romans.
9—About 11,425,000.
10—Dr. Frederick A. Cook, whose claim that he discovered the North Pole (1908) was also disputed.
11—Cincinnati.
12—The hog.
13—The Erie Canal, construction of which was begun by New York State in 1817.
14—That of Grover Cleveland.
15—Harvard—to Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck (1660).
16—Yes, if one is on a high mountain.
17—Four.
18—The founder of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals invented the clay pigeon, employed as targets in trapshooting.
19—James and John, Mark 10:35, 37—"And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, come unto him, saying . . . Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory." (In Matthew 20:20—23 it is their mother who asks.)
20—

Ezra Cornell

PHILCO
makes your home headquarters for
ELECTION RETURNS

NEW YO
OHIO
VERMONT
ANIA
MAS
KANSAS
RIDA
ILLINOIS
ALIFO
JERSEY
ISS

PHILCO 610T* $45 Less Aerial

Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.

Election night . . . a night of thrills . . . made more thrilling by Philco!

From the time the first small village in Massachusetts completes its count until results from Pacific Coast cities are tabulated . . . Philco makes your home the center to which all polling places report!

The smartly styled Philco 610T not only assures perfect reception of American programs . . . but through the Philco *Foreign Tuning System* provides convenient and surprisingly dependable reception of foreign short-wave broadcasts.

Look in your classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer. He'll gladly demonstrate the 610T . . . and tell you about his easy payment plan.

PHILCO
A Musical Instrument of Quality

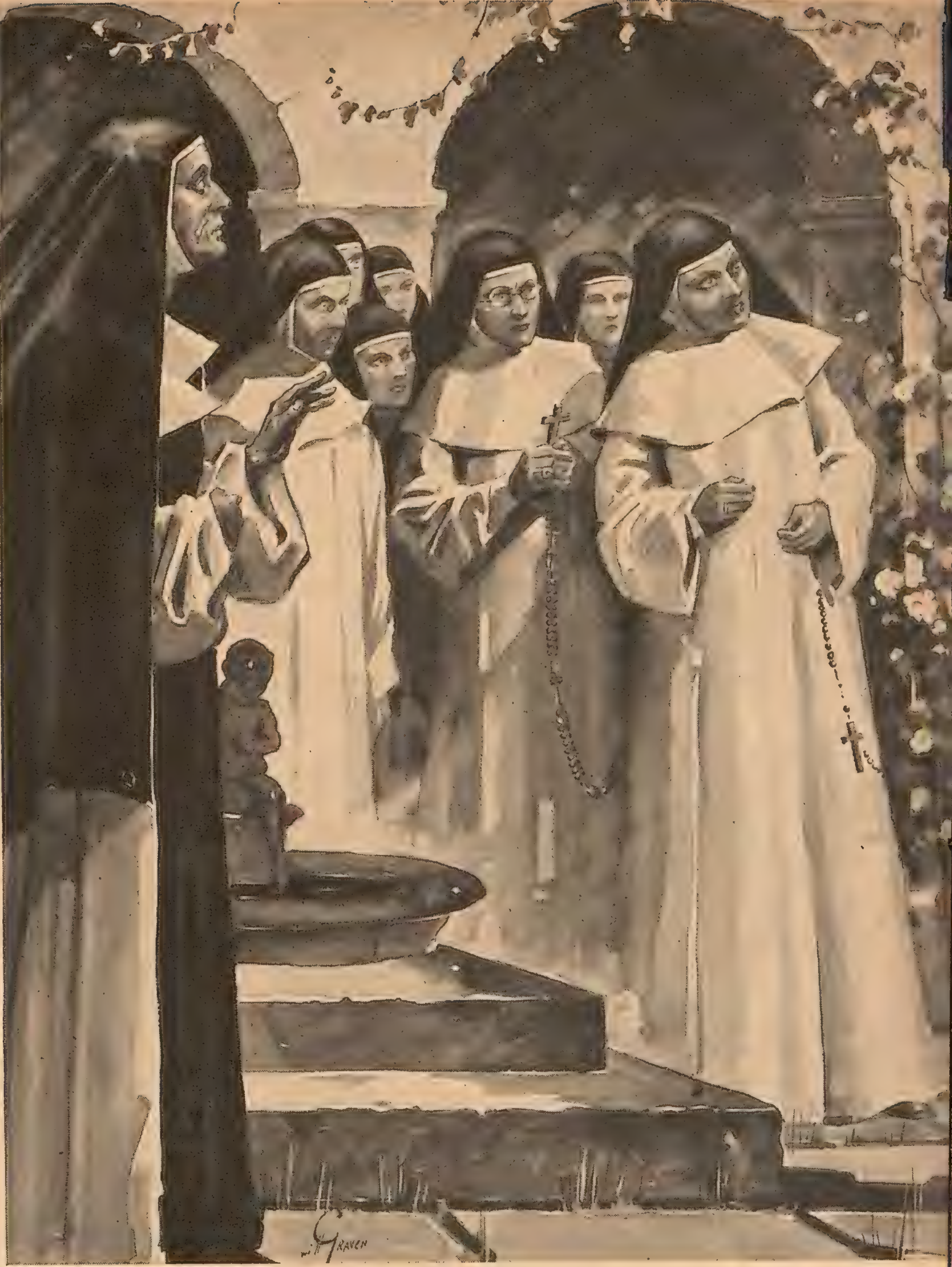
HOME RADIOS . . . $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS $39.95 *to* $77.60

Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

A Searching Story of Faith and Forgiveness 'Mid the Horrors of War in Spain

by Nancy Scoggins

READING TIME
13 MINUTES 42 SECONDS



THE Nun WHO MET THE

FROM the top of the hill Sister Teresa looked down over the city of Málaga. There had been rioting in the streets all day, but now things were comparatively quiet. The bell for benediction sounded from the chapel, and picking up her unopened volume of Marcus Aurelius, Teresa started mechanically down the hill. The Mother Superior was waiting for her at the refectory door, and drew her quickly aside.

"We have been looking for you, Teresa," she said in a low voice. "We must send the children home at once."

"Do you really believe it is necessary?" asked Sister Teresa with interest.

"It is dreadful." The old nun made a despairing gesture. "The gardener tells me that the revolt is spreading this way and that soon the whole city will be in arms!"

"Oh, those fools!" cried Sister Teresa.

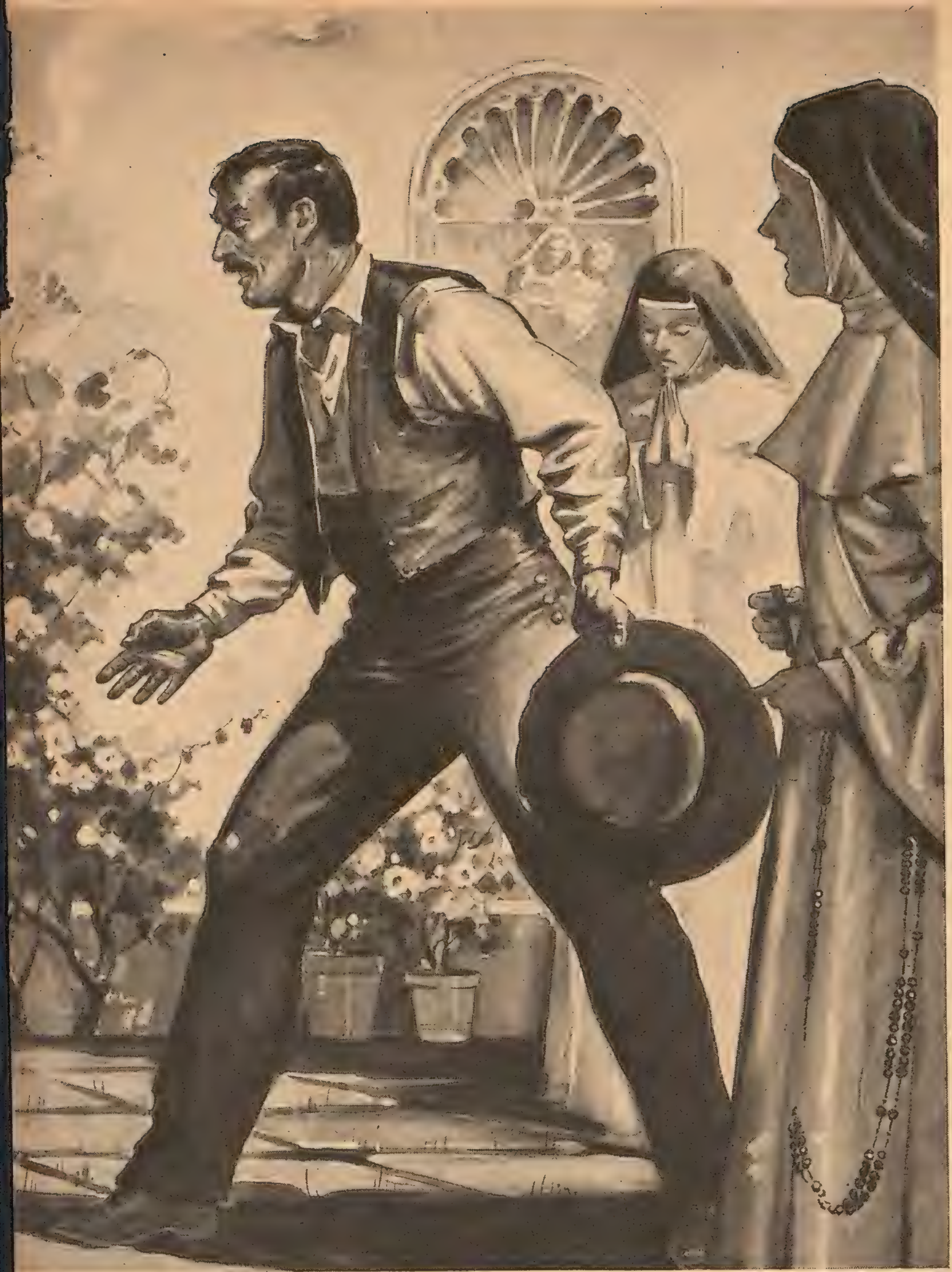
"Do not call them fools, Teresa. They know no better. That does not excuse them, but—"

"Of course they know better, madre. And they should realize that they have no chance of victory over His Majesty's troops. Another useless loss of lives—bloodshed—cruelty— Why do they do it? Can we never have peace?"

"Hush, dear Teresa," the Mother Superior interrupted gently. "We can do nothing but pray that our Lord will save them."

Pray! thought Sister Teresa bitterly as she followed her superior into the dusk of the quiet little chapel.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN



The gardener arrived, excited and incoherent. "They are looting the cathedral, madres! They are stealing the jewels!"

REBELS

What good did prayer do? Hadn't she prayed for fifteen years? All that prayer could do was to give brief comfort and consolation, relieve the soul of its trying doubts for a little while. Pray for peace?

Kneeling in her stall with her rosary in hand, she simulated prayer and covertly watched the bowed heads of the correct, reverent little girls in the chapel. What was going to happen to them, to their friends and families? What was going to happen to Spain? Of course the revolution was doomed to failure, but it was just another distressing proof of the fact that there had never been peace for any one—nor would there ever be. She herself had hoped to find it fifteen years ago, when she had fled the tumult and confusion of that outer life and sought eternal refuge here.

But she had found, instead of peace, monotony. She had found solitude and quiet, not tranquillity. The problems that had frightened her in the outer world had only been replaced by the petty frictions of a narrow life, magnified to importance by the fact that there was nothing else to think about. Sister Teresa had tried to numb her mind by submerging herself in the monotone of a daily routine and the rigid, magnificent formalities of the Church. Peace? No—only safety; and now that was being threatened.

Benediction over, she followed the others into the classroom where the whole school was assembled. The girls were thrilled at the news that they were being sent home. The confusion that filled the next three hours was merely novelty to them, but it was torture to the poor harassed nuns, so unaccustomed to any upset in the daily order of events. Transportation was arranged; lodgings were provided for; and bags were hastily packed. When at length the outer gates clanged behind the last carload of giggling, excited girls, there was a moment of silence.

"Do you think they'll be safe?" asked Sister María-Carmen as they returned to the deserted building.

"Of course they will," the Mother Superior reassured her. "This is just a precautionary measure in case anything should happen."

"Nothing could happen, could it?" pursued Sister María-Carmen. She was the youngest in the order and was inclined to be excitable. "I mean, nothing could happen to us?"

"Our Lord will take care of us," was the simple reply, and the nuns were satisfied.

"And you, Teresa, why are you so silent? Are you frightened?" Sister Pía teased her.

"No; only angry."

"I'm afraid our Sister Teresa is annoyed at our Father for creating weakness in man," rejoined the Mother Superior dryly.

"No; I am only annoyed at men for being stupid and unable to live together harmoniously and peacefully. When we see our way so clearly, why cannot men realize that they get nowhere by continual strife and warfare?"

"We must accept those things, Teresa."

"Ah, if we only could!"

They prayed longer than usual at vespers, for they felt that Spain was in need of prayer.

The city was quiet that night, and the rebellion seemed remote and unreal.

Toward morning the noise broke out again. Sister Teresa looked through her small cell window at the gray mountains. The sun was not yet up. There was some hope, she thought with grim humor, if the revolution was governed by the clock. If men could still lay down their hatred of other men and other principles at bedtime, things could not be wholly lost. It was a comforting thought.

The morning progressed as other mornings had done for fifteen years; but Teresa missed the little girls, as she always did during vacations. The usual class hours were spent in sewing and chatting among the nuns alone. Teresa was fond of her calm sisters, but the students brought laughter and tears into the convent.

Since they rarely received news of the outside, the revolution was almost entirely forgotten.

It was at their meager lunch that Sister Nieves, the most venturesome, suggested a walk to the top of the hill to see what was happening. There was a moment of horror around the table.

"Oh, I wouldn't dare!" cried Sister María-Carmen.

"Why not? I will go with you, Nieves," said Sister Pía.

"But suppose that a stray bullet—"

"Bullets cannot travel so far," Sister Nieves smiled.

"I will go, too!" cried Sister Blanca with enthusiasm.

In the end, a dozen or so of the sisters started up the path to the hilltop. Sister Teresa was reluctant to go. Why should she have to see and realize this evil? It was bad enough to hear of it and think of it without believing it. However, she found herself helplessly at the end of the file climbing the winding trail up the mountain. Her need to understand was greater than her unwillingness to face reality.

The city looked much the same as always. There was the bull ring almost directly below them—empty now, of course. The Mediterranean swept in its almost unbelievable curve out to a distant point on the horizon. Even now there were a few triangular sails on the water—fishing boats. People had to eat even in times of revolution. It was all so usual, so natural, that it was hard to believe that the city was under martial law. Only, down there in the street which ran beside the Plaza de Toros, a few men were running. They seemed very small and doll-like from the top of the hill. Men on horseback galloped past, and there were a few thin pops in the distance. Men fell down. One got up and tried to run; then he, too, fell and lay still. A few took refuge in doorways. A solid column of cavalry appeared, swept down the street, ignoring the human debris, and were out of sight beyond the slope of the hill.

NANCY SCOGGINS

attended a convent in Spain (the destruction of which she describes in this story), but when she reproved her grandmother for crossing her knees, her parents decided it was time for her to return to the States. A year in an American boarding school, she says, cured her of Old World prudishness.

"LET'S go back," suggested Sister Blanca nervously.

"I think it best," said Sister Nieves.

They descended the hill in silence.

"Those men were dead, you know," said Sister Pía finally. The rest crossed themselves.

"Yes, they were dead." Sister Teresa said it, but she didn't believe it. In the back of her mind she knew that those were real men dying and killing each other, but she clung with desperation to the habit of fifteen years. Those things could not be.

The gardener had just arrived, excited and incoherent, from the outside.

"They are looting the cathedral, madres!" He spread his hands dramatically. "They are smashing the images, stealing the jewels, ruining the altar—"

Shock. Silence. The cathedral!

"How would they dare?" Sister María-Carmen slowly whispered.

"It cannot be. The cathedral—"

"The altar—"

"Pray, my dears." The Mother Superior crossed herself and raised her arms. "Pray for the poor misguided men who believe that they are doing what is right!"

They all knelt solemnly. Sister Teresa followed with reluctance.

There was no salvation for mankind, then, for a mankind which could profane its altars. . . .

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. . . . Father, why? Must men forever fight each other—and themselves?

The gardener left. His home was only half a kilometer from the convent, but he never arrived.

The Sisters of the Holy Cross knelt in silence in the chapel, invoking God's forgiveness upon His children.

The cathedral bells broke into discordant clamor, meaningless, as if irreverent and ribald hands were on the ropes.

THE sounds of riot and confusion steadily grew louder. Most of the gunfire stopped, but the noise was closer and more terrifying.

There was no mistake—the mob was coming this way!

The nuns gathered up in the fourth-division dormitory where they could see what was happening. Only the younger ones were frightened; the older sisters realized that no one would wish to harm them. But when they heard the hoarse shouting and the confused sounds of many feet on the cobblestones come closer, closer, there was a moment of panic among them all. The sins of the world were coming too close to be shut away from even the most pious mind.

The mob, collecting before the iron-barred gates, grew larger by the minute. It was hilarious, facetious, and yet sinister, crazed with power. Some one crowed like a rooster, and the meaningless sound was taken up by others. The foremost of the mob rattled their clubs and muskets between the bars of the gate, senselessly making noise.

The Mother Superior opened a window and cried to them as loudly as she could, pleading with them.

"Please go away! This is the house of the Lord! We have nothing for you."

But it was futile. She could not make herself heard above the pandemonium at the gates. The old nun left the window, ran down the stairs and out into the garden. Shocked and afraid to follow, the sisters saw the small black figure advance down the palm-shaded drive, alone, to face those wicked, worldly men. She seemed to stumble, and fell on the gravel.

Her rheumatic knee again, thought Sister Teresa, and expected to see her rise at once. The Mother Superior did not rise. The small black figure struggled faintly and lay still.

"She has hurt herself!" cried Sister Teresa, running toward the stairs. The others followed her down the familiar staircase, outside to the motionless form in the drive.

They were only vaguely aware that men were jostling around them. The convent gates were broken. Men were swarming toward the chapel where the gold was, but the generations of respect for institutions prevented their realizing at once that nuns were only women. No man offered intentional violence. The dazed nuns, trying to lift the strangely helpless form, were only brushed and jostled as if they were not seen.

"Madre! Madre!"

Her eyes were open, but she did not answer them. They carried her into the sala and laid her on the couch; and only then did they see the blood that was seeping on her dress. With trembling hands they removed her tunic, and saw how a senseless bullet had let out that harmless, gentle life.

Sister Teresa felt her pulse, her heart, and pulled the tunic back in place, and got to her feet.

"She is dead," she told them.

Dead! Killed by some senseless, brutal man—and for no reason. Only because they were striking down all things that had been protected by the law, by reason, by convention, by respect. There was no reason! God had turned His face away. The only truth of life was struggle and confusion.

There were voices crying, "The chapel! The chapel!" And Teresa ran—she knew not why.

"They are looting the chapel!"

The dim quiet of that holy place was gone. For the first time in her knowledge of such things, Teresa saw rude laymen at the altar. A man was breaking open the ciborium where the symbolic body and blood of Christ were kept, and, in a sudden boastful daring, drank a few gulps of the sacramental wine. The chalice was passed hilariously from hand to hand until some one, discovering that it was of gold, made off with it. Men dismantled the altar rudely, taking away anything of value and destroying everything else. One man, lifted to the shoulders of his comrades, was smashing the plaques of the Stations of the Cross, thinking he smashed the Church. Another was demolishing the delicate wood carving of the stalls merely because it was expensive and he could not take it away. Pews were being overturned to no purpose except to create havoc.

Sister Teresa stood and saw. She saw a man climb up on the altar itself, his dirty boots upon the elaborate altar cloth that she herself had made. She ran. And as she ran she saw a thing more terrible. The man was reaching for the crucifix itself—the precious gold crucifix which had hung above the altar, inviolate, revered, for so many years. He was a burly pockmarked fellow with a scar across one cheek. He leaped to the floor, alert to guard his treasure from competitors.

He did not seriously regard Sister Teresa's attack. Surprise, more than dismay, was his when that frail woman snatched the treasure from his grasp and hugged it to her breast, looking anxiously for an escape. Against her struggles he recovered it quite easily, and held it high—grinning a little, not at all vindictively.

But fury struck him in the face. It clawed his eyes. It tore his mouth. More in annoyance than in anger, almost casually, the man struck Sister Teresa with the crucifix. . . .

It was a clear, sweet morning when Teresa woke. She did not know that she, too, was dead. She was glad the long night was over. The ruins of the convent were still smoking, and a pile of debris at one corner of the chapel was burning lazily. A group of nuns stood in the garden, among the charred and blackened shrubbery, in stupefied silence. Sister Piedad was weeping slackly. "Oh, those men—those men!" was all that Sister Piedad was saying, over and over.

"God will punish them!" cried Sister Blanca, and then raised her voice in tragic eloquence. "It was our home. It was God's home, and they profaned it. They have burned it. But our Lord will not forget. They too shall burn. Not for a single night—forever!"

"No!" cried Sister Teresa. "No!"

"Our Lord has not forgotten. They shall burn," said Sister Blanca dully, "but forever and forever and forever."

"No," Teresa pleaded. "That must not be said. Our need is not for vengeance, but for mercy."

But they would not hear. Their eyes were on the ruin of the world that they remembered, and they would not see. She tried to touch them, and they would not feel. She said, "Our Lord has mercy, and He knows our weakness and our need. We shall deserve His mercy if we too forgive." She said, "Those men will suffer their own punishment, for they are weak and ignorant and pitiful. They do not know."

Her sisters would not hear. She yearned to comfort them, to make them know, and found no way to tell them. But a gentle touch was on her arm.

"Be quiet," said the Mother Superior.

"Oh, tell them, tell them!"

But the older, wiser woman shook her head, and in her face there was that single sorrow; but her eyes held peace, the end of seeking.

"They can neither hear nor understand. Not yet."

THE END

5 EXTRA TUBES.. *No Extra Cost!*

GETS FOREIGN STATIONS EASIER AND BETTER THAN OUR NEIGHBOR'S $195 SET!

11-Tube GRUNOW..at 6-Tube Price..
GUARANTEES
ROUND-THE-WORLD Reception!

Wm. C. Grunow was the first manufacturer in the entire radio industry to see, in concentrated mass production, the opportunity for lower prices! Grunow has broken away from tradition. Instead of 25 to 40 models, Grunow production for 1937 is concentrated on five models only. This is the reason why Grunow can give you an 11-tube—metal tube All-Wave, *All-World* radio—at the price of an ordinary 6-tube set. See the new Grunow "ELEVEN." Discover the difference in distance, performance and tone between other sets with fewer tubes which cost the same and this bigger, finer circuit, with five extra tubes — push-pull output — 12-inch speaker—electric eye! At leading dealers', everywhere.

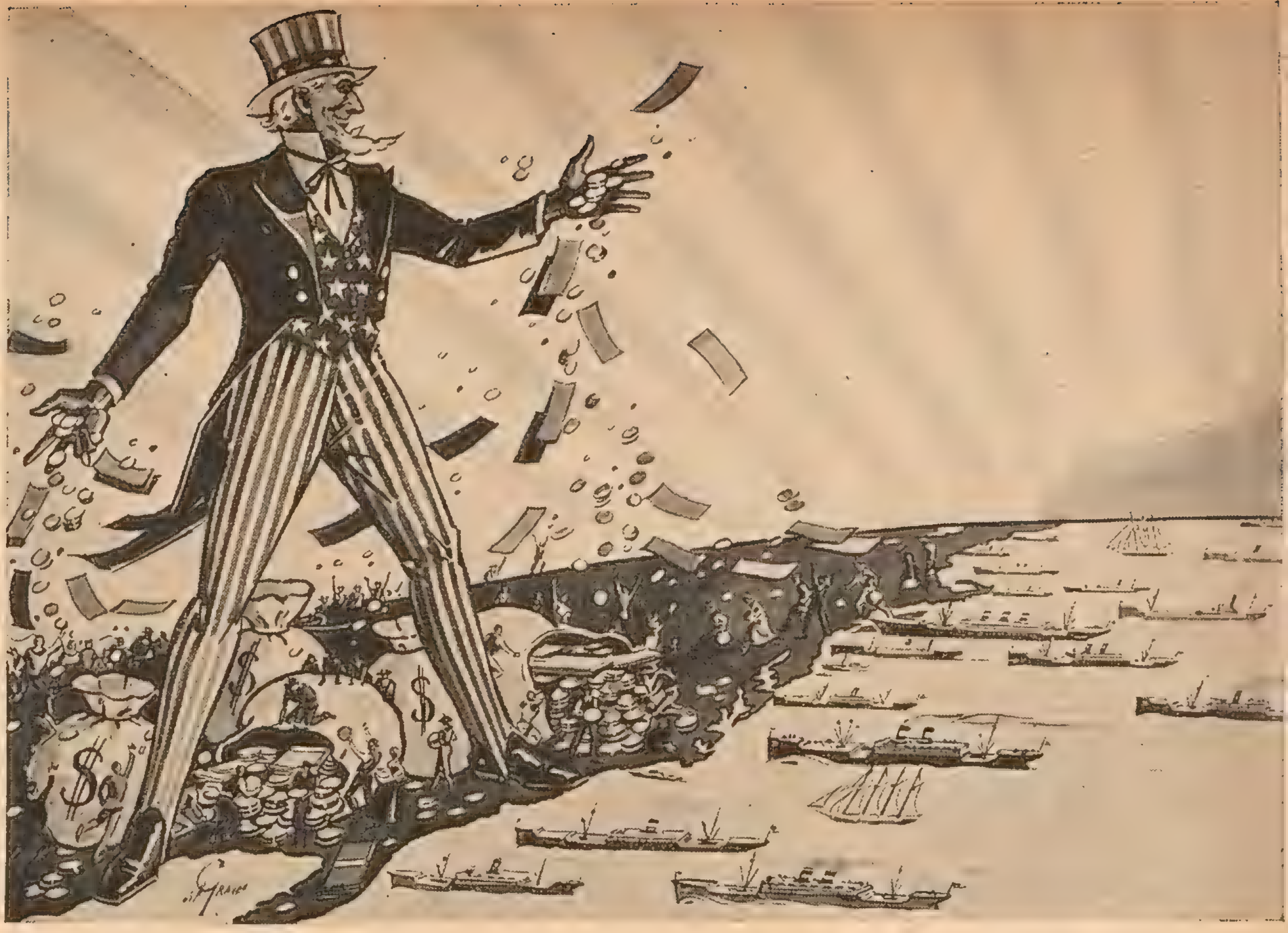
NEW *Grunow* "ELEVEN" *Only* $69.95

OTHER GRUNOW RADIOS PRICED FROM $19.95 TO $200

GENERAL HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS MARION, INDIANA
Manufacturers of Grunow Super-Safe Carrene Refrigerator
Grunow Household Radios • Grunow Automobile Radios

READING TIME
16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

He Laughs at Quotas, Lives on Relief, Flattens the American Pocketbook . . . Consider These Dismaying Facts Concerning Him



WHY NOT DEPORT

IN 1924 the United States partially closed what used to be called the Door of Hope to the indigent foreigner.

We were getting too many of him. He was ruining the market for American labor, converting our back streets into slums, and tapping the pockets of our charitable people. We adopted a quota and a nonquota system, both of which are jokes; tightened up restrictions against immigration, enacted laws as full of loopholes as a rail fence, and sat back contentedly. These restrictions, according to Colonel Daniel W. MacCormack, Scotch-born, and present Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, were responsive—

" To a public sentiment which was virtually unanimous and has not changed."

But the immigrant has kicked the Door of Hope open again. No fair-minded man will blame him. He knows that if he can get into this country he can get on relief almost as soon as he gets off the boat. One out of five of those on relief in New York is a foreigner; every other one along the southern border; one out of five in Cleveland and Detroit; one out of six in Los Angeles and Chicago. No distinction in rate of pay is made between the alien and the native-born. The alien believes that when he gets too old to work the most generous people on earth will provide him with his own vine and fig tree, three square meals a day, and a little cash for pinochle. Of course he is coming in just as fast as he can.

No one knows how fast that may be. Perhaps the most surprising thing about today's alien problem is that so little is known about it. It would be possible for me to make the most sensational statements, and no one could disprove them. Neither could they be proved. The statistics I shall quote are from such authorities as the Bureau of the Census and the Department of Labor.

No doubt they are accurate as far as they go. But they cannot go far. For no one knows all the truth.

The Department of Labor says there are fewer than 100,000 aliens in this country who are subject to deportation. An inconsistency is to be found at once. Senator Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina says that there are 20,000 alien criminals in this country who should be but have not been deported. The total alien population is given as 4,922,000, and if the 20,000 known criminals are subtracted, then 4,900,000 spotless remain, of whom 100,000 are technically deportable. That doesn't make sense.

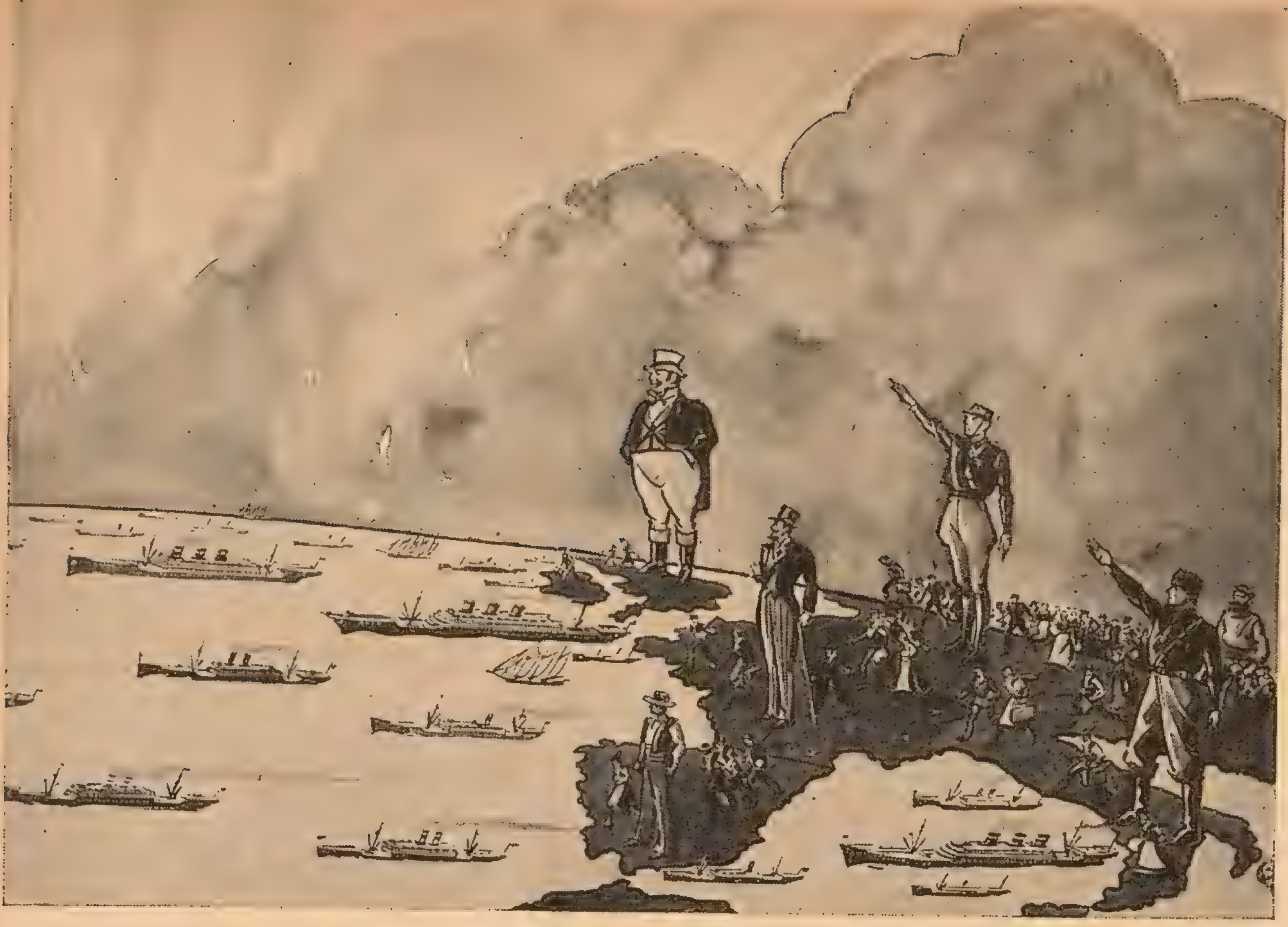
Therefore the department hedges by saying that it is impossible to make an accurate estimate of the number of aliens who are subject to deportation. Others who have made a study of the alien problem say there may be 3,000,000. There may be prejudice on both sides, for it seems impossible to discuss this question without losing one's temper. No one can say or will make an attempt to say how many aliens are drawing relief pay from the federal, state, and local sources. Estimates run from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000.

Perhaps as many Americans have been forced on relief because aliens have taken their jobs. Again no one knows. A few hard facts are discoverable in this field, however. Fourteen per cent of the membership of the American Federation of Labor is foreign-born. Two million aliens earned more than two billion dollars in this country last year. More aliens are employed in one Detroit factory than there are working Americans in all Europe. There are more than 400,000 professional men and women aliens here.

An interesting set of figures is provided by the International Labor Office at Geneva. They show that in 1934 Germany reduced unemployment by 671,897, and that, by a coincidence surely worth considering, she sent us 665,000 persons up to this period. England put 188,614 back to work in 1934 and sent us 171,801 since the war, and Italy returned 238,235 to their jobs in the same year and sent us 250,000 in a decade. That is a total of more than one million persons. If the supply of workers in this country were decreased arbitrarily by one million persons, what would the effect be upon the labor market?

That question might be stated in reverse. What would be the effect on the prosperity of our three European competitors for world business if they were carrying a load of one million workless men?

This general ignorance of the prime factors in our alien problem is based on the fact that no one has ever known how many aliens have come to this country or how



The immigrant knows that he can get on relief almost as soon as he gets off the boat. Of course he is coming as fast as he can.

by
HERBERT COREY

CARTOON BY WILL GRAVEN

THE ALIEN?

many are here at a given time. There are statistics, of course. About 38,000,000 persons have openly arrived in this country since 1819. About 22,000,000 came in between 1890 and 1924, in which latter year the bars were put partly up. Something like 2,000,000 have come in since 1924 in spite of the bars. These are the figures to be found on ships' manifests and consular invoices. They cover the foreigners who entered in due obedience to law.

No one knows, has ever known, or ever can know, how many others popped across the border by night—our border is 10,000 miles long—or drifted into harbors in silenced motorboats, or climbed down mountain trails or staggered through forests into the Promised Land. About 15,000 men are engaged in lumbering on the American side of the Canadian line. French Canadians are unsurpassed woodsmen and the American pay is tempting. The inspectors of the Immigration Service are continually toiling through the woodland hunting them. They meet with a fair amount of success, because lumbering is not a clandestine occupation and is fairly well localized. But American pay—on or off relief—is equally tempting everywhere else and the jobs are scattered.

A HINT at the magnitude of the business of smuggling in aliens is found in the reports of the Immigration Service. With a force ridiculously insufficient, ranging from 900 to 1,100 men, it has in eleven years seized 4,978 automobiles, 1,814 boats and other conveyances, and 40 aircraft. During 1935, 129 automobiles and 25 other conveyances were taken. The competence of the Immigration inspectors is not under attack, especially since the discovery in 1933 that racketeering in immigration was being conducted on a wholesale plan. But they have their physical limitations.

In 1935 they traveled 7,000,000 miles, interrogated 800,000 persons, watched 172 ports of entry and 16 airports, kept up with their paper work, made constant appearances in court, and betweentimes got snatches of sleep. They arrested 128 smugglers of aliens and various other offenders and co-operated with other government services. But it would be absurd to suggest that they could do more than interfere with the inbound flow. "No detailed record is kept of the purely local and temporary border crossers," says the annual report of the service. "It is estimated that in 1935 they numbered 42,424,920, divided almost equally between the Canadian and the Mexican borders." How many inspectors would be needed to watch so many, even if such constant interference with business on the borders would not be resented? If Hinkey Dink does not return to Canada after a visit to Niagara Falls, what can the border patrol do about it?

Now and then an alien is caught on his way in. Ten thousand such outlaw immigrants were arrested last year. But the fact is, our flabby laws and undermanned staff being what they are, economic conditions and not the United States control both legal and illegal entry. At this time the certainty of obtaining relief is an irresistible bait to the foreigner who is hard up at home. Harry Hopkins recently found it necessary to send this order to the state administrators of the WPA:

"Make every effort consistent with the prompt employment of the destitute unemployed to see that aliens illegally in this country are not employed and that if employed and their status as alien is disclosed they shall thereupon be discharged."

That order in fact means nothing at all. An alien illegally here may be destitute and unemployed, but he is certain to be in touch with a pressure group which will be able to start a congressman functioning the moment the alien declares himself to be hungry. In any case, the first thing the illegal entrant is taught is to shake his head hopelessly when questioned. "No comprende." He does not know the name of the ship on which he arrived or the date of arrival or the port. The task of the examiner is made the more difficult because he knows there are 1,250,000 aliens in this country who cannot speak or write English.

The congressman to whom appeal is made against "unfair discrimination" is sure to be up to his neck in work and politics. He functions first and investigates when he feels like it. When Mrs. Caroline O'Day, a representative from New York, offered a resolution, which was later adopted by the House, requesting Secretary of Labor Perkins to stay the deportation of 2,600 illegally entered aliens, fifty-six of the seventy-four congressmen representing the thirteen major cities voted for it. New York City is one third foreign-born; Buffalo, one fifth; Boston, one third; San Francisco, one fourth; Los Angeles, one seventh; Chicago, one fourth; Detroit, one fourth; Milwaukee, one fifth; Philadelphia, one fifth; Pittsburgh, one sixth; Cleveland, one fourth; and St. Louis, one tenth. More than five sevenths of the foreign born are concentrated in fourteen states. A politician is a practical person, deeply interested in getting votes. "We do not stick our necks out unless we have to," an inspector said. "Why get into trouble?"

Colonel Daniel W. MacCormack, commissioner of the Immigration Service, maintains that the tide of immigration turned five years ago and has been running out ever since. He reports the number of aliens legally admitted in 1935 to the United States, including nonimmigrant categories, was 179,721, and that the departures officially noted were 189,050. In the five-year period of 1931-35 the departures exceeded arrivals by 238,694.

These figures of legal arrivals and departures are unquestionably accurate, but they cannot cover the field. They are accounted for by the fact that with the coming of the depression jobs were harder to find. Many aliens returned to their homes to take advantage of the lower living costs, and aliens resident in this country discouraged the coming of friends who might become burdens. In 1933 the number of immigrants legally admitted was but 23,068, the smallest total in a hundred years, and the legal admissions rose by slow degrees to 34,956 in 1935. In this year there were 38,834 emigrants.

THE quota rules were being rigidly enforced. In the five years 1930-35 the consular officers granted visas to 435,582 aliens, but turned down 438,658 applicants. The greater part, obviously, belonged to the nonimmigrant categories such as returning residents, visitors, travelers, students, and officials of foreign governments. The quota laws do not appeal to the Western Hemisphere, in which we have but a limited restriction. But as it became evident that American business was adjusting itself, and that jobs were again to be had, and especially that wages were to be found on the government relief rolls, the destitute began flocking in again.

Senator Marcus A. Coolidge of Massachusetts is a coauthor of the Kerr-Coolidge bill, favored for passage by Secretary of Labor Perkins. It is opposed as tending to open the gate to increased immigration and to make deportations more difficult. Mr. Coolidge recently observed that the advantages of American citizenship are more apparent to the alien since government meal tickets are to be had for the asking. Applications for naturalization have increased almost two and one half times, or from 193,390 in 1933 to 515,339 in 1935. "Much of this huge increase," he said, "is due first to the liberalization of state and federal old-age pension laws, and secondly to the fact that many of these aliens think that the Townsend Plan will be adopted. Applicants for citizenship make these admissions frankly."

The rush toward citizenship by aliens who have nothing to offer the United States but their needs has been so marked lately that many judges have established a new rule. This was succinctly stated by Judge Wayne G. Borah of New Orleans, in refusing to grant naturalization papers to men on relief. He sees no reason why an alien pauper should be admitted to American citizenship.

"An applicant," he said, "should be prepared to be a citizen in fact as well as in name. He should bear the obligations and duties of that status as well as enjoy its rights and privileges."

I shall not attempt to guess at the number of aliens who are here illegally, except to recall that estimate of 3,000,000. But there seems to be one thing certain: Nothing can be done about it. Not only is the United States powerless to deport any considerable number of illegal entrants, but as long as the policy of relief continues they must be fed. As the number of jobs increases, it is to be assumed that the American workingman will be given first choice, except where he is underbid by an alien. It is a fair presumption that when the last relief roll is closed the names on it will be very largely those of aliens.

This condition is unavoidable at present for two reasons. The Department of Labor has been adverse to deportations. They were decreased from 19,865 in 1933 to 8,879 in 1934. The second reason is that the European governments would not permit us to return the men and women they were pleased to get rid of. They have their own work and relief problems.

INTERMINABLE objections could be set up by countries which do not wish openly to offend the United States. The consequent delays would compel us to release potential deportees, if held in any considerable numbers. They themselves could thwart us by refusing information as to their countries of origin. It would not be possible for us to dump these unwanted people on a hostile foreign shore. There are political barriers to deportation which can be raised. The subject has numberless ramifications. But it may be covered in two sentences:

We cannot get rid of our illegal immigrants, even if we try. They're ours, whether we like them or not.

The difficulty is added to by the fact that the administration accepts the presence of the relatively few illegal entrants who could be shipped back. Secretary of Labor Perkins, on taking office, revoked the order requiring the fingerprinting of aliens on arrival in this country. Lacking any comprehensive system of registration and identification, the task of proving that an immigrant is here without American consent is made more difficult. Both Secretary Perkins and Colonel MacCormack manifest tolerance for such entrants. MacCormack once stated at a meeting of a committee of the House:

"I am informed by the attorneys for the department that we almost certainly have no discretionary power" [to stay deportations].

However, Miss Perkins has stayed the deportation of almost 3,000 aliens. MacCormack explained to the House Committee on Appropriations:

"They have violated the law and their offense is now considered a felony. I do not think, however, that you could say in every case, or even in the great majority, that these people are criminals in the ordinary sense."

There would be no nonsense about it if they were destitute Americans in Europe. If they had entered illegally they would be arrested, jailed, taken to court, fed thin skilly in tin basins, sentenced to imprisonment, and finally deported in the substeerage of the cheapest steamer to be found. An American who has broken the

SEE THE SIGNED O. K. CERTIFICATE WITH YOUR FORTUNE SHOES

O.K.
MOST STYLES $4
No. 5639 Blucher Moccasin
Imported Black Bison
No. 5739 Brown
FORTUNE SHOES
RICHLAND SHOE CO. NASHVILLE

For men with an eye for style

Made of genuine imported Bison with leather heels—this smartly designed Navaho blucher moccasin pattern is a remarkable value! It had to meet the exacting standards of 5 company executives—and all 5 are proud to give it their unqualified O.K.

FORTUNE
Style+Stamina SHOES

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY
DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

laws "gets the book" anywhere in Europe. If he is destitute, he will be metaphorically kicked out. The American government makes it cruelly plain that it has no money to waste in paying his expenses home.

All other countries handle their alien problems realistically. An alien is to them either an asset or a liability. He is exploited as long as he has money and the loss is cut when his money is gone. The tourist business has been a gold mine for France. But a visitor who stays more than two months must pay a doubled head tax. Four million workers have been shipped back to their homes from France since the depression began. An alien worker who tries to get a permit to work in France today simply does not get it.

Great Britain has reduced her alien population to 100,000, half what it was before the war. An alien remaining in England more than three months must register with the police and report regularly. If he tries to find work he must first find his prospective employer, who must convince two departments that the alien will not put a Briton out of a job and that his services are vital to Britain's prosperity. In Italy the alien has no chance at all. In Mexico he must either invest 20,000 pesos or prove that he has a sufficient income. An alien worker in Germany is simply on his way out. So with all the other foreign countries.

There is not a country in Europe which would hold up, as we have done, the deportation of 2,862 aliens proven guilty of various offenses against our laws, including sneaking in under the fence. Among these 2,862 are thieves, prostitutes, dope peddlers, smugglers of aliens, would-be revolutionists, fools, and unfortunates. These could have been deported. Others quite as undesirable cannot be touched. Senator Reynolds, co-author of the Reynolds-Starnes bill, the aim of which is to block gaps in existing laws, has stated:

"Twenty thousand criminals cannot be deported because the laws do not permit it."

THE most extraordinary defenses are offered and are often successful. A professional thief had married an American woman. He pleaded that his home would be broken up if he were sent back. No one suggested that his wife might go with him. The "woman in red" who sold John Dillinger to the G-men made the same plea. She had been a professional prostitute, but she had a husband and a son. An elder sister resisted deportation on the ground that her younger sister needed her care. She had placed her little sister in her own bawdyhouse.

Harry Bridges is a professional Communist. He came to this country, automatically went on relief, and began to make trouble. The longshoremen's strike he led on the Pacific Coast was directed quite as much against organized labor as against the shipowners, and most of all it was aimed at the government. With a dozen and a half other Communist agitators he was ordered deported—and the deportation was stayed.

There are aliens in every state and federal prison and asylum. In five years 9,035 alien criminals and violators of the federal narcotic laws have been shipped away. Some have thus escaped serving a part of their sentences. They come back to this country when they see fit. An alien who is not smart enough to beat the American immigration laws is too big a fool to want to leave Europe for a land of plenty—on relief.

The only thing an alien illegally in this country need really fear is blackmail. Other aliens may discover his legally indefensible position and "shake him down." If he has money he always pays, for the privilege of staying here is worth the money. Johnny Torrio, now a boss gangster in New York, has a villa waiting for him in Italy when he sees fit to retire. Al Capone is reported to have a similar hide-out ready. But they will leave—if they leave—because that will be the only way in which they can stand off the undertaker.

Until we know, can put our hands on, and can keep track of the aliens in this country we cannot know how many there are, how many have no legal right to be here, and how many are stepping up to the relief table three times a day for square meals. Today we do not know.

THE END

15¢ - Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief

BAYER

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way—BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today.—yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, and the aches and pains which usually accompany colds. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

12 Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin
5 grs. each
Genuine
BAYER
Good Housekeeping Bureau

BAYER

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
Virtually 1c a Tablet

$1,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF PRESIDENTS

THESE ARE THE PRIZES!

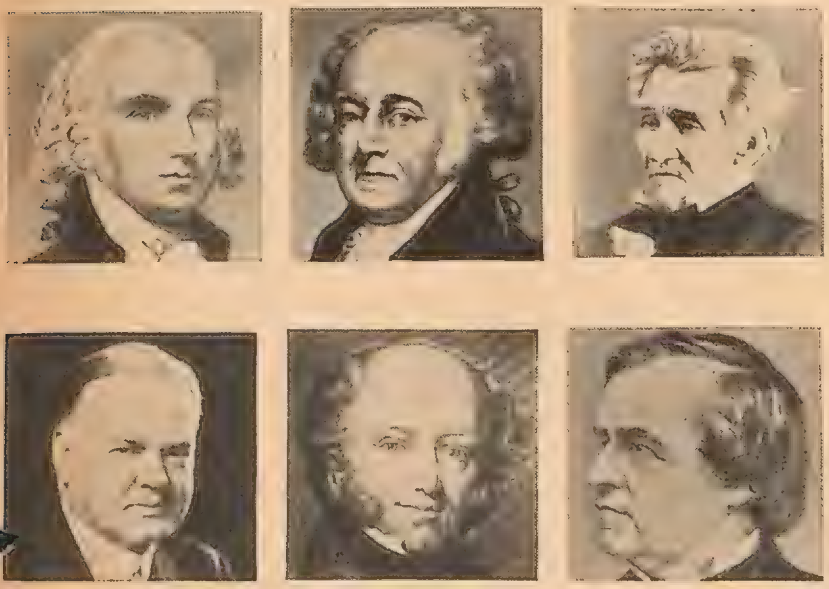
FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, Each $10	200
90 PRIZES, Each $5	450

STAY IN THE GAME
KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE
YOU MAY WIN BIG MONEY

THIS is the sixth week of Liberty's Patriotic Game of Presidents. Only two more weeks, the seventh and eighth, remain before the contest closes. Therefore, if you have started an entry, be sure you keep it up to date. Find each week's Presidents as soon as you get your copy of Liberty so that you will have a complete entry, ready to mail in when the game ends.

If you have carried your entry along thus far it would be a pity to drop out now, when the prize money is almost within reach. Suppose, because you let the game go by default, one of your friends or neighbors wins a prize that might have been yours. Better to stay in the game now, when you have almost finished anyway, than to accuse yourself of missing an opportunity later on. Remember, your chance in this game is excellent. No one has you at any disadvantage under the rules. You can win the first prize of $500 in cash. Stay in the game. When you have identified this week's Chief Executives, put the coupon away and wait for Coupon 7 next week.

ARE THE PRESIDENTS WHO ARE DESCRIBED THIS WEEK IN THIS GROUP?



THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.
2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.
3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit, at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining "What the Constitution of the United States means to me."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final.

CLIP HERE

GAME OF PRESIDENTS

COUPON NO. 6

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A son of old Harvard and proud to acclaim,
He came by succession to honor and fame;
With Franklin and Lee at the court of fair France,
His mission and purpose to freedom enhance.

....
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

The rugged old leader of men who had bled,
As stanch as the hickory about which we've read;
He came of the clans that all freemen ordain
The leaders of men, aye, again and again.

....
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

"Free Soil" was the slogan of one President
That won to an end of ambitious extent.
A Governor and master of foreign affairs,
He came to the White House with unusual cares.

....
(Write the President's name here)

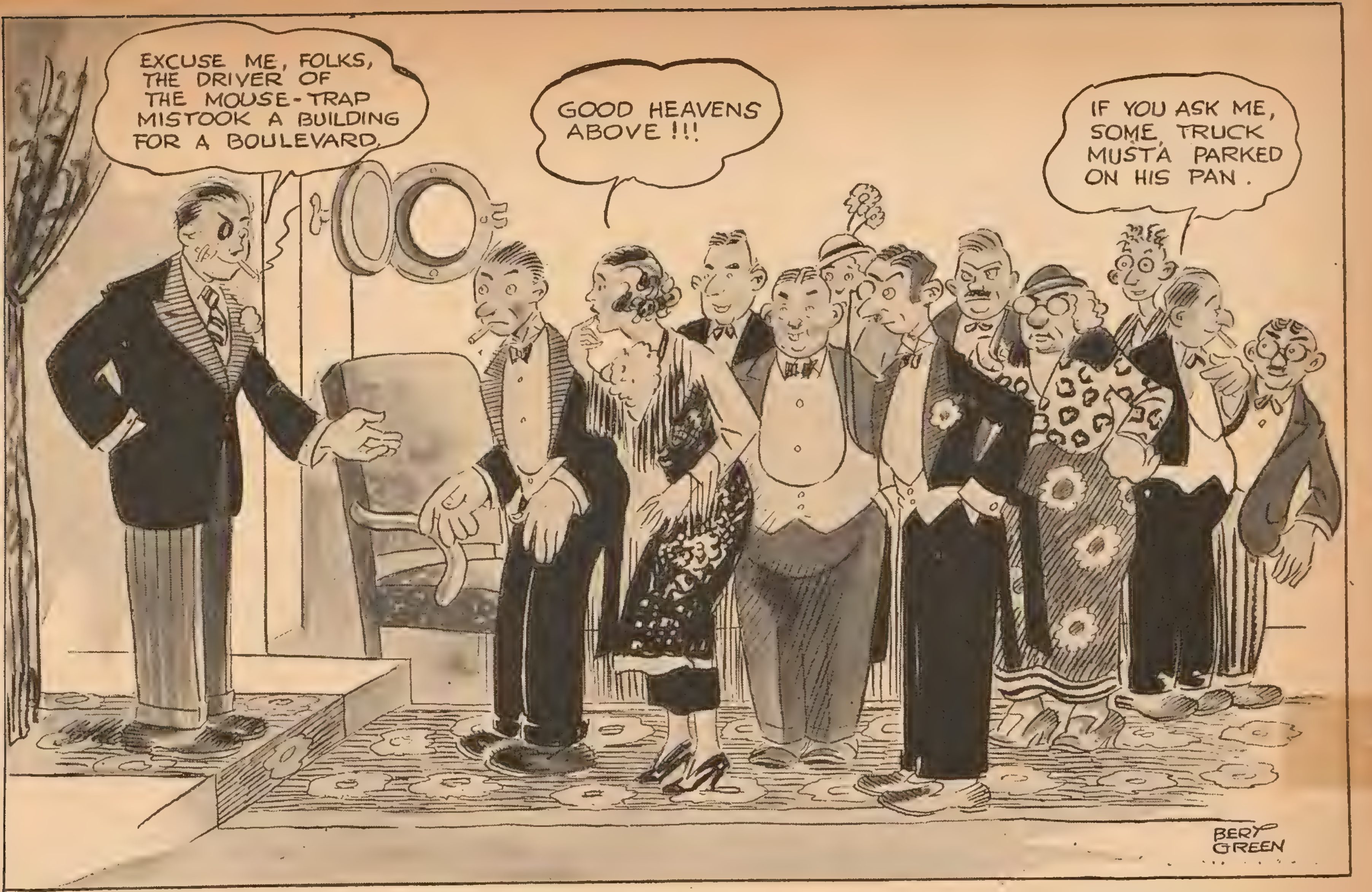
PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A builder of bridges afar o'er the sea,
The servant when needed of humanity;
He came to the people as guide of the state,
An honest contender against whims of fate.

....
(Write the President's name here)

CLIP HERE

Copyright, Howard W. Bible, 1936


EXCUSE ME, FOLKS, THE DRIVER OF THE MOUSE-TRAP MISTOOK A BUILDING FOR A BOULEVARD.
GOOD HEAVENS ABOVE!!!
IF YOU ASK ME, SOME TRUCK MUSTA PARKED ON HIS PAN.
BERT GREEN

My right glim was closed tighter than a bank and I looked as though I'd been boxing with a aroplane propellor.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Boy, What a Babe! . . . Blown Up by Bottled TNT . . . Can Ginger Put On the Flash? Yowsah!

Words and Picture
by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

On Board the
S. S. Mandalasia

DEAR GINGER:
Well, I'm on the high seas again heading for New York.

Listen, Toots, as long as you keep raving about that half-baked cabaret hoofer of yours, suppose *I* tell you about the little pleasure-loving trouser creaser thats been folleying me around. No fooling, of all the cute tricks, this babe could take Clarks Gable for a load of monopoley.

Here, give a lissen to the way I met up with her:—

A day before my fight with Manslaughter Mahoney, I'm standing at a very snooty Cuban bar inhaling a frosted back-ar-dee when who trapses in but the cruse director. With him is a little Ziegfeld number by the name of Margie McGuire. Oh, whata picture and whata frame! Well, he no sooner lamps me than he breezes over with this eye-filler and gives me a knock-down.

"Mr. O'Brien," he tees off, "this young lady is going back to New York with us. I thought you might like to meet her and help show her a good time."

"Of course," I replies, with a bow that would Park Avenue Emily Post, "if theys anything I like, its showing a lady a good time,—call your shots!"

"Alright," she says, as backward as a vacuum cleaner salesman. "Lets tee off with one of those famous Spanish cocktails called a Cuban Sting. They have a kick like an army mule."

"A Cuban Sting?" I says, the picture of stupidity. "Say, Ive hoisted everything that ever went into a Cops bottle, but Ive never yet tried one of them goofy things."

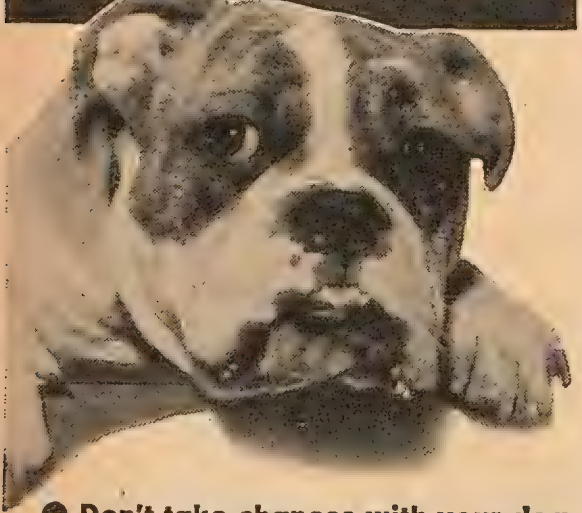
"Listen, mister," replied my new found heart murmur, "you aint tried *nothing:* Come with me!"

The next thing I know, we're heading for the swankiest cocktail lounge in Havana. Oh boy, whata layout! From all accounts it was supposed to be the Polo Grounds of the Spanish night clubs.

When the waiter ankled in with the Cuban Stings I all but blowed up. The drink was a concoction of shaved ice, Chilian quantro, Mexican brandy, Turkish gin and anti-nock Cuban rum. On the level, I think the formula musta been doped out by Messrs. Krupp and Dupont it was that potent. Believe you me, one jolt would develope a news real.

Well, we punished the tonsill gravy and tripped the light fantastic till three bells in the morning when I figured I'd better get her back to her hotel while I was still able to perculate. Not only that, but I *knew* I had to grab

RID HIM OF
WORMS



● **Don't take chances with your dog.**

Use medicines that have been proved safe and effective. Sergeant's Dog Medicines are made of the finest ingredients, carefully compounded. Known and trusted by dog owners since 1879.

There are different types of worms and a Sergeant's medicine for each. For round and hook worms in large pups and grown dogs, use SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES; for pups and toy breeds, use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES. For tape-worms in puppies and dogs, use SERGEANT'S TAPE-WORM MEDICINE. Sold by dealers everywhere.

FREE ADVICE. Our veterinarian will answer questions on your dog's health. Write fully.

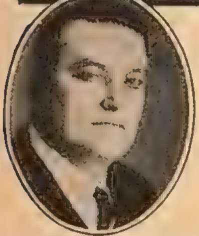
Write for your FREE COPY of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1511 West Broad Street • • Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
WORM MEDICINES
ASK FOR FREE DOG BOOK

FOR BEST RESULTS . .
Advertise in Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly!

Men and Women



Are Solving Today's Problems

By making use of certain Knowledge possessed by the Sages of Antiquity, lost to the world for 3,000 years, but preserved by the Rosicrucians. It enables one to develop latent POWERS never before suspected, and to unlock the Treasure Chest of his or her own Personality. Send for a free copy of The Sealed Book. Address: Scribe B.R.F.

The Secret Heritage

The ROSICRUCIANS
AMORC
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA
(Not a Religious Organization)

a bit of shut-eye if I wished to slap over Manslaughter Mahoney the folleying night.

Well, Ginger, just as we got in the lobby of her hotel she says to me:—

"How about meeting me to-morrow night? The boat sails at midnight and we'll celebrate our last night ashore."

For some funny reason Ginger, I just *couldn't* bring myself to tell her that I earned my cakes and mocha by pasteing pugs around the arena. Not throwing any bokays at myself I had a sneaking idea she took me for a railroad president or something like that.

Anyhow, after a lot of stuttering and stalling, I promised to meet her on the boat right after the fight.

Well, Ginger, as I wrote you in my last letter, I *won* the bout and thats about all. Oh, boy, and when I lamped myself in the mirror after the fracas I looked as though I'd been boxing with a aroplane propellor. My right glim was closed tighter than a bank and my second hand nose was swelled up like I'd been hit with a sledge. Can you imagine? And me having to go over and meet *her*.

Anyhow, over I barged. When I ankled into the lounge, there she was surrounded by thirty or forty people who were bonn voyaging her.

"Good heaven's above!" she fairly yelled, as she gazed upon my battered pan. "What on earth happened to your *face?*"

"Oh nothing," I says, "I happened to get in a taxi that was driven by an admirer of Sir Malcolm Campbell. The near-sighted sap mistook a building for a boulevard and this is all thats left of me."

Just at that moment who blows in but my big hearted manager, Jack Downey. "You sure took a terrible shellacking tonight," he said, with a sarcastical grin, "but I gotta hand it to you, you won the bout."

Honest, if it hadnt been for Marg, I would have murdered him for spilling the beans. Instead of her being sore, she threw her arms around my neck and smothered me with kisses.

"My great big *hero!*" she gasped.

Well for the rest of the voyage she lingered around me like the odor of hair tonic in a wop beauty parlor, and if it wasnt for me being goofy about you, Ginger, I could go for her in a big way.

Pluck that out of your eyebrows!

Well, I gotta go now and cut my corns.

Wishing you the same,
Your lovin pal, SOCKO.

Hollywood, Cal.

Socko O'Brien,
The Cuban Sport and Bonebender Club,
Havana, Cuba.

Dear Socko:—

I just received your letter telling me about the chiselling cutie thats been camping on your trail. I also note that you succeeded in winning a fight. On the level, the sock-peddlar you mingled with must have been one of two things. He either sported a crutsh or he was a hangover from the Civil War.

Another thing, I suppose you got the crust to think I'm all hot and bothered because that little boudoir-bandit is trying to beat my time? Nuts to you!

Listen, silly, it might interest you to know that I have just moved into the cute little room and kitchenet adjoining my good-looking dancing partner and if you dont think he's showering me with ample attention, youre crazy! Honestly, he's too sweet for words. The other night he took me to the Beverly-Wilshire where we put on the big flash. Yes, and if you could of lamped me in a black velvet creation punnishing quail on toast with sparkeling nose-paint for a chaser, you would of done a ground loup. So from now on, if you think youre stepping high, wide and hansome, with a footlight queen, just try and follow *me* around!

Before I sign off, I'll have to tell you about the gag my next door neighbor Mr. Twist pulled on Mr. Watson last night. If you ask me, I think he was a bit painted up. It seems that Mr. Twist filled a milk bottle full of nice fresh *ice water* and plugged it with a cork. The next thing he did was take the covers off Mr. Watsons bed and hide the bottle in it with the neck pointing toward the foot. Fastened to the cork was a short piece of cord which he tied to the foot of the bed. After planting the bottle, he puts the covers back on.

When Watson doussed the light and quilted himself down his foot touched something. Not knowing what it was, he reached under the covers and grabbed. As soon as he pulled, *out popped the cork nearly drowning him!*

Oh boy, Watson was fit to be chained. He flew into Twists room and read the riot act.

"Any blaggard who would stoop so low as to incroach upon the privacy of ones bed-chamber," he stormed, "and resort to dastardly pranks embodying the use of H-2-O would pillfer the pence from a poor box. Mark you, if you ever attempt such debase and deplorable practices again, I shall eject you from this domain."

"Aw nuts!" replied Mr. Twist. "Them funny puppies of yours aint seen water for a month."

Watson made no reply, but the following night he got even. He dumped a bag of flour in Twists bed. When Twist woke up in the morning he looked like one of those things that floats out of a graveyard.

Well, Ive got to sign off now. Jack just came in and told me he thinks we're *both* going in a movie. I'll tell you all about it in my next letter.

So long, silly.

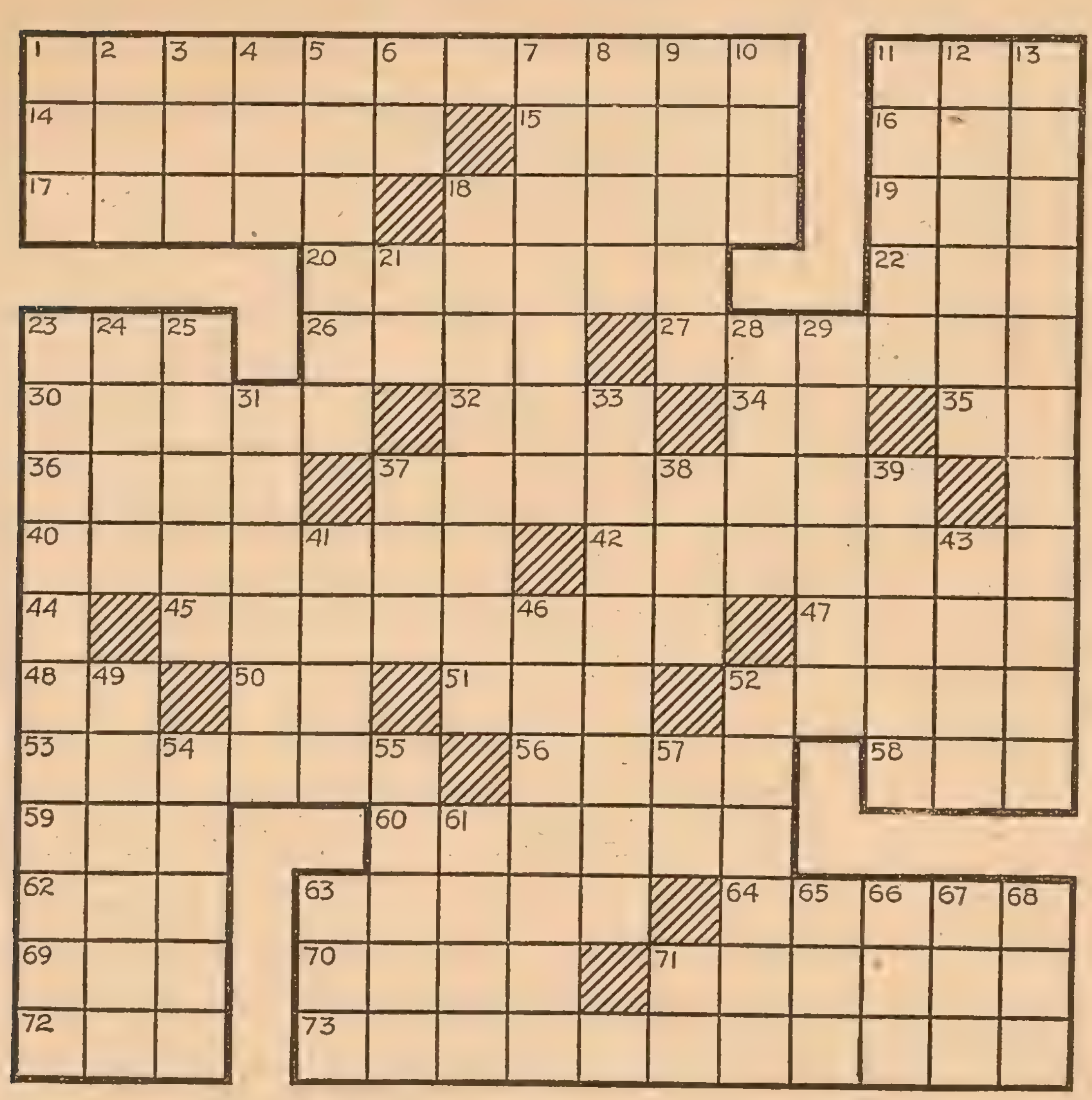
Your friend, GINGER.

P.S.—Take my tip and lay off that glorified jewell-coaxer before she does a Horrace Greely with your dough.

Further details of the comical and complicated romance of this dizzy pair will appear in an early issue.

Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Though the brains of eleven, he gives the signal for the block system that sends the fast male through
11 Remember the forgotten man? This's how he got his start
14 To cause a sudden precipitation
15 Well known in the drug world
16 Mrs. Dan McGrew of the Frozen North
17 Where wise camels carry men
18 Duck soup—carved by politicians after election
19 Any, attached, can make it a Capitol word
20. What thatch is on many an old dome in Washington, D. C.
22 What G-men do in a pinch
23 In short, Tavish, Pherson, Donald & Co.
26 MacScottish MacLanguage
27 A pushover for Notre Dame de Footballs
30 No wonder it's all wet, it comes in springs
32 Marital Love Sockfest (abbr.)
34 Independent Rumbago (abbr.)
35 Two letters to get you into Noah's wave wrastler
36 He was a head till he lost his head
37 The Leas of Virginia and excellent cowfeterias and horseplay grounds
40 Prepares for a rendezvous with a dream
42 Snooty
44 Pronoun popular with dictators
45 Pussyfootwear popular with the underworld
47 This's that, if you ask Caesar!
48 One of the well known Whitneys (abbr.)
50 French he word
51 What big corporations do after the lunch hour
52 To the time that
53 Even this one can't tell what Hitler'll do next
56 Where to find the seats of the mighty
58 A bee between a couple of hissers
59 The dear little harass he married!
60 Poise will be poise even when called this
62 A stop for beer and skittles
63 The trust we put in Washington
64 What Louis did after Schmeling socks
69 Bullet often found in the hole
70 "A — ou pas à —, C'est la question!"
71 "More ham! More ham!"
72 Nickname of the gent gender
73 He gives you a Chinaman's chance to get away with murder (two words)

VERTICAL

1 The status things are always in
2 The Merkel gal
3 Hee-hawk
4 How the Reich got its start
5 Baby hangover
6 Partook of nourishment in Brooklyn
7 Fashionable raiment for taxpayers (plural)
8 Gosh, this is sad!
9 Long, long ago
10 Here's a hole you ought to look into if you want to see boudwars
11 Just a side issue with attackers
12 Paris street cry
13 Shock absorbers for dogs (two words)
18 Popular European headdresses (two words)
21 A well known couple, minus the slothful part
23 Kind of agency that makes matches
24 Church recess
25 Game played by African holy rollers
28 The smelliest things about the idle rich
29 You dope!
31 What millionaire Bolsheviks would be
33 Well known caviar maker
37 Once out of its shell it's in the soup
38 Raises a kitty
39 Would you call their young tar babies?
41 An old-fashioned elevated seat
43 Flip with the lip
46 When the alarm wakens compared to the sleeper
49 When the medium slipped on the ice she went into her what?
52 Pretty smooth
54 She's 100 per cent pure
55 The ball of woe
57 Part of 2b
61 Would you call its bad men rubber heels?
63 Brotherhood of Ear Cleaners (abbr.)
65 The conservative woodsmen (abbr.)
66 Call to attention
67 The mark of time
68 Feline manor
71 Ecstatic Inebriates (abbr.)

```
METED BRAND THESE
AROSE EELER HEATS
NO■ELITE■METER■EN
ODD■ARA■LEWES■SEE
RERATE■MIS■EIDERS
  ASE■DAVIS■SIT
ASKS■HONESTY■GODS
STEALINGS■AIM■NUT
SE■MORAY■PLEAD■NI
EAT■GET■DALLIANCE
SLEW■DEDUCED■TIES
  NOT■SIDED■WEN
STONES■RED■RISERS
TAR■SIRES■WAD■SIP
OR■ATTIC■ARMED■PA
LEAVE STARE NOTED
ESTER ESSEN SEINE
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Twist the Wrist!
WELL TOP
WELL TOP
Waterman's
INK
15¢

This simple movement puts the world's finest writing ink, to the last drop, in the large WELL-TOP . . . always easy to get. A new clever bottle . . . perfect for fountain pen filling. Six colors . . . permanent and washable.

Waterman's

PENS • PENCILS • INKS

MORE WINNERS in Liberty's $2,000 Crossword Puzzle Contest

$5 PRIZES

(Continued from Sept. 12 issue)

Lieutenant C. A. Coggins, U. S. N., San Francisco, Calif.; Raymond E. Colliflower, Baltimore, Md.; Roger Corbett, Winnemucca, Nev.; Margaret Crenshaw, Wilmore, Ky.; A. J. Cromer, Los Angeles, Calif.; Eleanor Damsgaard, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Jerry Davis, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. Leroy E. Davis, Portland, Ore.; R. T. Delaney, Cambridge, Mass.; Henry C. Dietrick, Detroit, Mich.; J. E. Dossat, Toledo, Ohio; R. G. Dudley, West Los Angeles, Calif.; William F. Duffy, Chicago, Ill.; Alyse Grace Egan, San Francisco, Calif.; Anne S. Eissler, Upper Darby, Pa.; Frederick Eissler, Upper Darby, Pa.; Florence B. Emerson, Wyckoff, N. J.; Frank E. Emery, Jr., Honolulu, T. H.; Gracie Evans, Portland, Ore.; Harriett Faber, Toledo, Ohio; George M. Fee, New York, N. Y.; C. N. Filkins, Schenectady, N. Y.; Marie Fleming, Chicago, Ill.; Maxine Fones, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Sadie S. Franz, Alhambra, Calif.; Walter R. French, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jessie I. Gasparo, Glen Ellyn, Ill.; Nellie Geisbush, Chicago, Ill.; Evangeline Gentle, St. Petersburg, Fla.; A. J. Gillan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Haskell H. Gilson, West Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Helen C. Glynn, Flushing, N. Y.; Adeline Greenwood, Chicago, Ill.; Harold K. Groff, Lancaster, Pa.; H. W. Grove, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. H. R. Gunderman, Atlantic, Ia.; Mabel B. Hansing, Arlington, Ill.; Brian Harvey, San Francisco, Calif.; Ronald Hedberg, Maywood, Ill.; Aurel Hedger, Tucson, Ariz.; Estelle Henderson, Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. Helen Hernandez, Dowers Grove, Ill.; Ethel E. Hickey, Worcester, Mass.; Thelma F. Hicks, Chicago, Ill.; Maude H. Hitchings, Memphis, Tenn.; Arch H. Hobbs, Muncie, Ind.; Ralph H. Houghton, Kenosha, Wis.; Gertrude Humphrey, Charlotte, N. C.; William Jakaitis, North Chicago, Ill.; Ellen James, Berkeley, Calif.; Milton Janus, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. O. P. Jenkins, Waycross, Ga.; William H. Jervey, Buffalo, N. Y.; C. E. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. M. C. Johnson, Galesburg, Ill.; Paul N. Johnson, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. W. Kampfer, Glasgow, Mont.; Louise Kensy, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Ira S. Kessey, Chicago, Ill.; Louis Kipnis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Ia.; Frank J. Krajain, Philadelphia, Pa.; George E. Kramer, Menominee, Mich.; Fern D. Kyle, Washington, D. C.

(Continued in an early issue)

How One American City Beats Crime

The Story of Baltimore's Challenge to the Rest of the U. S.—It CAN Be Done!

by

C. DELANO AMES

President of the Baltimore
Criminal Justice Commission

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IT seemed apparent that justice had grossly blundered. The man was of the highest standing. He had been convicted on the uncorroborated testimony of the woman, and fined. His reputation was ruined, his family in disgrace.

There was an outcry against the verdict, and a thorough investigation was demanded. Eventually the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission was called upon to help.

The Commission rarely takes up an individual case as such. It deals with the entire machinery of crime investigation, trial, punishment, and parole. It has no politics, no bias, no end except enforcement of the law.

The facts in this case were simple. The woman had sat next to the man in a moving-picture theater. She had complained of his behavior. He had vigorously denied the charge—but had been found guilty.

The managing director of the Commission took charge of the inquiry. Eventually an investigator, searching police records, came upon a case many years old in which the woman had been involved. It developed features which proved her testimony was not to be relied upon.

The investigator discovered she had made charges against many other men. She couldn't go into any picture house, it appeared, without meeting annoyance of some kind!

Had the investigation ended there, it would have exonerated the man. But the Commission never investigates only one side. It looked into the man's record also.

For some time nothing was found that wasn't exemplary. He had led a useful, pious life. The story he had told was thoroughly verified. The investigators decided to talk to him again, and this time he added a detail.

"I was on my way to New York," he said. "I had considerable time to kill before my train left. So I went into the theater. I had my ticket, and—"

"Oh, you had your ticket? You'd purchased it before you went into the theater?"

The man was upset by the question. He hesitated.

"Ah—ah—yes," he said. "I bought it first. I—I forgot to tell you that. But it isn't important, is it?"

The Commission's investigator went straight to the railway station with a photograph of the man. A ticket seller recognized it. "I remember him distinctly," he said, "because he was so drunk he staggered and at first I wasn't going to sell him a ticket. He showed me a lot of credentials to prove who he was, but I thought he'd stolen them or found them somewhere. It took two cops and a redcap to get him out of the station."

"Which cops? Which redcap?"

They were pointed out. Each recognized the picture. "Man alive!" laughed the redcap. "That's him! Couldn't forget that face nohow. That brother had so much tanglefoot in him he wanted to fight the world!"

Told of it, the man broke down and wept. "This is terrible," he said—"terrible! But it's true. I've fought drink all my adult life — and it's beaten me every time. It's true about the woman, too. Drink makes me do just such things as she accused me of."

Half an investigation is worse than none—which is why the Commission makes such honest and thorough ones.

It was born of popular indignation over a murder case. On August 18, 1922, William B. Norris, a contractor, carrying the money for the pay roll from his bank to his office, was shot to death by one of a group of men who robbed him and escaped in a stolen car.

Such things didn't happen in Baltimore! The city was furious. Rewards totaling $8,750 were offered.

The police worked valiantly and well. The state's attorney offered immunity to a prisoner who confessed—and the hunt for the killer, Walter Socolow, began.

On August 24 a boy named Johnny Keller came to see the state's attorney. He had proof of Socolow's innocence, an alibi, he said. Questioned, he tripped himself again and again—until finally he blurted out the truth.

A certain lawyer had induced him to furnish an alibi for Socolow. This lawyer had helped the killer escape; had taken him to his own home. It was there Johnny Keller had been coached in the story he was to tell.

The boy's confession, together with substantiated testimony showing visits of the police to the attorney's home, left no doubt in the public mind about an alliance between the lawyer and the underworld.

Baltimore was aroused. The murderers were punished. The lawyer was disbarred. And while public indignation was still hot the Commission was organized.

Today all wise criminals shun Baltimore.

On September 26, 1922, a committee was appointed by the Board of Trade. It recommended the creation of "a permanent agency designed to aid in the suppression, prevention, and punishment of crime." It listed twenty-two associations which represented nearly all the major business interests of the city, and recommended that they become charter members of the Commission. The recommendation was accepted. For a time the Commission was financed by independent public subscription. It is now a member agency of the Community Fund, from which it derives its income.

In January, 1923, when it began its work, there was only one chance in six that a criminal would be caught and punished. Today the odds are even. In 1922 the dockets of the Criminal Court were loaded down with

James M. Hepbron, managing director of the Commission.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty says

I have read with growing amazement Mr. Ames's grand story on how Baltimore beats crime, and I am sure that if my favorite chief of police of detective fiction, Thatcher Colt, were here beside me, he would join me in the sentiment:

"Hats off to Baltimore!"

Then I can imagine my old friend turning to me with that quizzical, searching look of his, and saying:

"But, Tony boy, would it work in New York?"

Would it? Would it work in Chicago, or St. Louis, or San Francisco, or Los Angeles? Or in any other great city not so traditionally law-abiding as conservative Baltimore? And even in Baltimore, wouldn't the same results have been accomplished if men like Mr. Ames and his distinguished criminologist, Mr. Hepbron, had concerned themselves directly with the running of the police department itself?

Every reader of Mr. Ames's fascinating account will have an answer to these questions. Mr. Colt and I are going to amplify our conclusions when we have read, in next week's Liberty, the story of New York's even more dramatic fight against crime, as waged by Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey on Charles "Lucky" Luciano and his fellow overlords of vice.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday afternoon from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Mr. Ames. He also heads his state's committee on parole.

thousands of untried cases. Today they are clear; and more than 90 per cent of all cases are indicted, tried, and disposed of within three weeks after arrest. From the very first the number of felonies declined. Last year 87 per cent of cases tried resulted in convictions.

The first thing the Commission did was to investigate the police department. There were too many crimes, too few arrests. Why? Because the quarters of the department were inadequate. Divisions and bureaus were in outlying station houses. Headquarters occupied cramped and dingy rooms in the courthouse basement.

In 1910 the General Assembly of Maryland had passed legislation authorizing Baltimore to erect a suitable building, but nothing had been done about it. The Commission now pressed for the necessary ordinance. A fine modern building was erected. The morale of the department was bettered; its efficiency was increased—and the Commission had won its confidence and support.

Ever since, the Commission has backed every move to assist the police. Its managing director is a regular lecturer in the police schools of both city and state.

Next, the Commission looked into the state's attorney's office. It learned that the prosecutor and his assistants were paid out of fees earned by the office in the trial of criminal cases. This was legal, by express provision of the state constitution; but the state's attorney was obliged to multiply indictments in order to meet expenses.

The Commission campaigned for an amendment to the state constitution. The amendment was secured, the fee system abolished, and the prosecutor's office placed on a practical budgetary basis.

Every year some major study has been carried on by the staff of the Commission. Every year some change has benefited the city. For instance, probation officers hadn't been trained. Many were unqualified. Now they are appointed only after a competitive examination, and convicts are investigated before they are released.

Crooked professional bail-bondsmen were driven out of business, and rules governing the granting of bail were adopted that are, so far as I know, the most stringent in the United States.

During the first four years in which the new system was in operation Baltimore had but nine uncollected bond forfeitures totaling only $9,750. For the same period St. Louis had ninety-three uncollected forfeitures totaling $141,650. One year Cook County, Illinois, reported as outstanding more than $5,000,000 in forfeited bail bonds considered "uncollectible."

The Commission's latest major study has pertained to the state parole system. The investigators took as subjects five hundred men released on parole at least five years before. Their previous records and their subsequent activities were diligently investigated. The findings were frequently surprising.

Under the law a convict, before he could be released, had to present a sponsor in whose care he could be placed. This sponsor was supposed to be responsible and trustworthy. But the authorities had neither the facilities nor the time to make sure that he was. Sometimes the Commission's investigators found both sponsor and charge in jail. One sponsor had made a racket of the business.

The study of parole was completed last year and the findings placed before Governor Nice. A nonpartisan committee, with myself as chairman, was appointed to prepare legislation. The bills will be presented at the next regular session of the legislature.

Meanwhile, no application for parole is even considered today until the parole commissioner is convinced that the proposed sponsor is what he should be, and that the applicant has a real job awaiting him at a living wage. Already parole violations are running less than 10 per cent of the number released.

The Commission is now investigating juvenile delinquency. A further study, just begun, is of the effectiveness of present penalties for drunken driving.

Such studies would be of little value were it not for the less spectacular routine of keeping records. In the Commission's office is a complete record of every felony reported to the police; and every single case is followed through in minutest detail until its final disposition.

The knowledge that the entire citizenry of Baltimore, through the Commission, is keeping close watch on the police, the prosecutor, the judges, and the prisons has of itself a most salutary effect. No official resents this watch. Rather, each is eager to co-operate with the Commission at all times. The Commission has no politics, and it has never exposed any situation likely to bring criticism on any official until it has first privately presented the facts to him and given him a chance to rectify the matter—offering to help him.

And the Commission is always sure before it acts. It has never gone off half-cocked. It has simply amassed the facts and let them speak for themselves.

Its managing director is James M. Hepbron, an internationally known criminologist. When he speaks, Baltimore listens—and acts. He was born in Chestertown, Maryland. He is an alumnus of Washington College, situated there, and a graduate in law of the University of Maryland. He is chairman of the Parole Committee of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor. He has studied the police methods, criminal procedure, and prison systems of seventeen foreign nations; and he recently escaped from Spain, where the civil war interrupted his study.

It is not my purpose to hold out the Commission as a cure-all of the crime problem; nor to belittle other agencies, either civic or social, whose co-operation has played no small part in the success of the Commission. At the same time, the Commission, acting as a co-ordinating unit, actually enhances their value.

The citizens of Baltimore have not taken the law into their own hands. Far from it. But they see that the law is administered—justly and speedily.

THE END

THE Loves OF John Barrymore

In Which the Playboy Takes a Youthful Wife, Tangles with a Reluctant Swordfish, and Hails the Stork—in Costume

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A BOHEMIAN interlude in New York's Greenwich Village followed Jack's divorce from Kitty Harris. There he discovered a girl from Alabama by the name, then unknown, of Tallulah Bankhead. The discovery seems to have worried sister Ethel, but nothing much came of it. Soon Ethel, giving a benefit performance of Ibsen's A Doll's House, pressed Jack into service—and, after his big scene as Dr. Rank, told him, "Gus, you're an actor!" He proceeded to act accordingly, and it led to his playing Shakespeare's Richard III. Before long, gossip was echoing the uproar that King Richard Jack Plantagenet Barrymore, in full armor, was making in his dashes from the theater to the home of Mrs. Leonard Thomas, née Oelrichs, who wrote poetry in a vein of her own under the name of Michael Strange. A few months, and Michael divorced her husband. A year more, and she and Jack were man and wife with a daughter, Diana. Michael wrote a play in which both Ethel and Jack appeared. Society was on hand at the first night, but the play was a flop. So, in due course, was the Barrymore-Strange marriage, though not before Jack had played Hamlet with triumphant success in New York and London.

After that, there was nowhere for him to go but back—or else to Hollywood.

He did the latter, and met Dolores Costello.

PART SIX—"O MY DOLORES!"

"THE best brother in the world is going to marry one of the duckiest girls I ever knew."

The herald of these glad tidings was Queen Ethel of the Royal Family of Barrymore. The brother was Crown Prince John. Ducky was Dolores Costello.

Ducky had some royal pretensions, too. Her father, Maurice Costello, played kings of romance in Flatbush when Wild Jack Barrymore was still a gangling child. Maurice's stalwart form, his curly hair, his sturdy chin, and his glowing eyes were tops in forms, hairs, chins, and eyes during the first decade of the cinema. In Hollywood the name of Costello was as well known as—and far more favorably than—the name of Barrymore.

Helene and Dolores Costello were Hollywood's children, Hollywood's own.

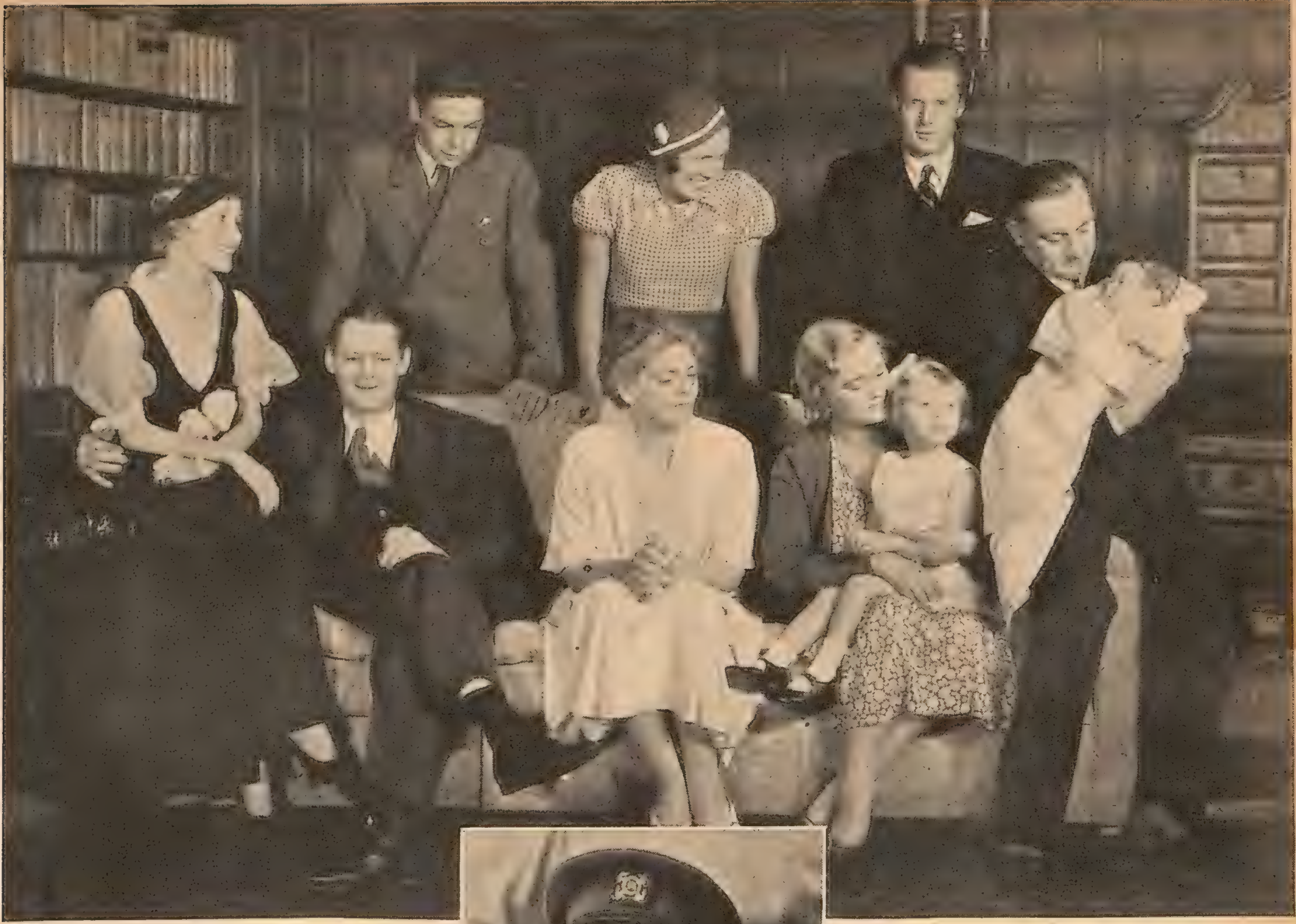
But Hollywood was not in 1926 taking very good care of its own. The great Maurice, outmoded as a potent star along with Francis X. Bushman and J. Warren Kerrigan, found bit parts coming less and less often his graying way. The children had not yet found themselves.

Both were undeniably pretty, though; and Helene, the dark one, was thought to have real talent.

Barrymore's first picture for the brothers Warner was to be, at his urgent request, Moby Dick, rechristened The Sea Beast. The scenario met with the star's approval. He was relieved, he explained afterward, that he wasn't expected to make love to the whale. But the problem of the leading lady remained to be settled.

Jack and the director went into a projection-room huddle while the studio's women stars and contract players and even the extra girls passed before them in screen

The household Jack divided against itself. Above: Dolores (standing) and Helene. Left: Mother Costello, who sided—of course—with "that damned charm." Right: Maurice, the father who said either he or Jack must leave this house forever-r-r!



tests. As each appeared and did her stuff, the great Barrymore shook his head. Then came the turn of the Costello children, a little sister act.

"That's the girl," he said at once.

"You mean the brunette?"

"I mean the blonde!"

That night Dolores, with her golden hair, her soft melodic voice, and her indigo-blue eyes, came to see him to talk over the part.

"I fell in love with her instantly," Jack said afterward. "This time I knew I was right."

Dolores's mother, a former actress, came with her, and made almost as great a hit as her daughter.

"Mrs. Costello was just my age," Jack has explained. "A remarkable woman, sweet-natured, simple, and kind. Never in the theater or in the movies had I ever met any one like her. In her aptitude for getting right down to fundamentals and her antipathy for bosh she reminded me of Lionel."

When The Sea Beast was released, the love scenes, which hadn't been in the original story at all, became the most-talked-of parts of the picture. They were compared, as to duration and voltage, to the Garbo-Gilbert sequences in Love and in Flesh and the Devil.

They were good, all right! Michael Strange, in New York, was quoted as saying:

"That's not acting. He's in love with the girl."

At first, however, there was little to indicate that the girl was in love with him.

"The Sea Beast had been under way for nearly a week," Barrymore recalled, "when I decided it was about time to make an impression upon my leading woman. I was looking rather well—hair curled, skin covered with a synthetic tan. I was in a romantic costume and a romantic mood, and, rather pompously expecting to knock her cold, I walked up to her and said:

"'You look just like an angel. What are you thinking of?'

The Royal Family that was: Irene with Lionel, Ethel, Dolores with Dolores Ethel Mae, and Jack holding the baby, John Blythe. Behind them are Ethel's three children. Left: Jack holding—pray, Mr. Barrymore, is that monkey Gladys Cooper's missing Iris? Below: Jack and Dolores as bride and groom.

"She turned and laughed at me. At me! At me—the star of the picture!

"'I was thinking whether to have hamburgers or hot dogs for lunch,' she said, throwing me entirely off my stride.

"'Oh,' I said. I couldn't think of another thing to say. 'Oh!' I said, and walked away.

"The next night, determined to show this impertinent person that John Barrymore was not to be laughed at, I went to call. I continued to call. Every night—I mean that literally—for a year and a half."

As in the case of the Harrises sixteen years before, Mrs. Costello was for the alliance one hundred per cent, and Mr. Costello was very strongly against it. The father's objections were based on two thoroughly understandable points: the difference in ages—Dolores was not eighteen when the courtship began—and the fact that Barrymore was still a married man.

"It is ridiculous to be prejudiced against a man because he is married," Jack is said to have retorted. "The divorce courts are made to take care of trivialities like that. As for the difference in our ages, an actor is no older than he admits."

Maurice, in his best early Vitagraph manner, insisted that either he or Barrymore must leave the house forever. Barrymore stayed. Shortly afterward the veteran actor secured a divorce. On the stand he told a sad story:

"When my daughters were shoved into success, I attempted to guide and advise them from years of experience. My suggestions met with scorn and rebuffs from my wife and both my daughters. They gave me to understand I counted for nothing. When I asked Barrymore to leave our home and not call on my daughter again, my wife struck me in the face, then told me to leave."

That "damned charm" was still working. Women were still ready to fight and bleed, and if necessary make others bleed, in the cause of Jack Barrymore!

The pair were married, sans Costello, at Dolores's mother's home in Beverly Hills, November 24, 1928, with brother Mike (Lionel) Barrymore as best man—but only after a thrilling sequence of seriocomic melodrama. Here's the plot, as the California dispatches gave it:

"A mysterious woman, heavily veiled and expensively gowned, appeared in the marriage license bureau yesterday and threatened to wreck John Barrymore's romance with beautiful Dolores Costello.

"The woman did not reveal her name, but appeared excited when she ordered Deputy County Clerk Rice under no circumstances to issue a license for the marriage of Barrymore and Miss Costello. She said:

"'I know positively that the divorce of Barrymore and his second wife, Michael Strange, has not been made final. Therefore he cannot wed legally, and I am warning against an official blunder.'

"When the visitor was asked to identify herself, she declined emphatically, but added, 'For your further information, I will say that I know Barrymore received a telegram today from Mrs. Barrymore announcing that she has no intention of obtaining a final decree.'"

WITHIN an hour this news was the talk of Hollywood. Said Dolores: "Mr. Barrymore asked me to marry him. For that reason I believed, and still believe, that he is legally free to marry."

Said Jack: "Even in this superb climate there are crazy people."

Both were right.

Three months before, on August 14, Michael Strange had gone quietly to Kingston, New York, and, under her legal name of Mrs. John Blythe, had obtained her divorce. The reason for secrecy was simply the fact that the New York law required that she should charge her husband with a statutory offense. For professional reasons, therefore, it had seemed wise to conceal the details of the granting of the decree.

It was characteristic of Barrymore that even on the eve of his wedding, when his critics—led, it is said, by his prospective father-in-law—were hounding him for an explanation, he calmly adhered to the policy of silence on which he and his former wife had agreed.

The couple were no sooner freed from this quasi-legal hullabaloo than the same pretty little stories began to appear which had, so many years before, proclaimed Jack's first-marriage bliss. Jack had reformed, gone normal. Jack and his wife were the ideal married couple. He called her Shrimp; she called him Winkie.

The latter nickname may possibly have come, not from periwinkles, but from the habit of raising one eyebrow which Jack had inherited or copied from Uncle John Drew. Uncle John had a very bad cast in one eye, and invented this mannerism to divert attention from it.

Poor Uncle John! Soon after his nephew's third marriage he played his final performance on the earthly stage. He was the last of the theater aristocrats. Nephew Jack always said that the grief of his life was that somebody named a cheap cigar after him, thus forcing him to read on every billboard:

"John Drew, 5 cents—Within the Reach of All."

THE chief difference between the outgivings of joy which had followed the Harris marriage and these outgivings was that John himself was now the chief outgiver.

"All my life," he said, "I have been a very self-centered man. I had no vanity, but I was a tremendous egoist. Dolores made me think of something besides myself, and only when I was past forty-five did I realize what life was all about. It was the first time I ever considered seriously what some one else's point of view might be. I wasn't primarily trying to be happy myself—I wanted to make Dolores happy."

Another time he said: "Dolores has more downright common sense than any Barrymore or Drew who ever lived—except my grandmother, the elder Mrs. John Drew, who, as I remember her, was part Drew, part Solomon, and part owl."

One thing that held Jack and Dolores together for a long time was the love they shared for adventure on the sea. It was this that influenced Barrymore to give up the stage permanently and settle down on the banks of the Pacific. Asked what had made him make such a drastic decision, he would reply cryptically, "A swordfish." Then, if he were in the mood, he would elaborate as follows:

"Once, when I was new to Hollywood and swordfish were brand-new to me, I caught one in the waters off Catalina, to my great surprise, intense delight, and extreme embarrassment. The swordfish evidently felt the same way about it, except for the delight. He—I speak advisedly—was reserved rather than cordial. In fact, he was disposed to cut me dead.

"For my part, I was ready to fall upon his neck; but not being able to make connections, I fell on everything else—the capstan, the deck, a barrel of new-laid tar, and my own resources. At last, the social amenities over, I pulled my chest out of my back and let it swell with pride. Later there was swelling elsewhere, but no matter.

"That swordfish had changed my whole life. I wanted to live forever after where I could meet other members of his family. To this end, I straightway became a life member of the Tuna Fishing Club, with the proud degree of S. C. (Swordfish Catcher)."

Dolores, who had retired from the screen, liked the fishing too, and the long cruises. With her husband, and later also with her babies, she sailed to many far countries, including Alaska, Central America, and even to the Galápagos Islands.

Jack was hopeful that his daughter would like the sea, too. It was for her, before she was born, that he named his new boat The Infanta, and had it fitted up with a complete nursery. As the years went by, however, and the impeccably brought up Dolores Ethel Mae began to hold court in typical Royal Family manner, her father succumbed to the inevitable.

"I'm afraid she's going to be an actress," he sighed, "and I did so want her to be a deep-sea fisherman!"

Seriously, though, Father Barrymore was most perceptive about the futility of planning a future for his children. People were always asking him if he thought his son or either of his daughters—especially Dolores Ethel Mae--would be a great star like her father and her mother and her aunt. His invariable answer was:

“ Hell, let her be what she wants to be. Children aren't being told what to be any more. They make up their own minds.”

Then, when somebody reminded him of the duty to carry on the Barrymore name, he would exclaim:

“ Who in the name of heaven are the Barrymores that they should be carried on any more than the Cassidys or the Johnsons or the Schmidts? ”

Not that Jack is lacking in family pride. He sincerely believes that Ethel, now retired, is the greatest actress on the stage and Lionel the greatest actor in the movies. And he never forgets to send a red apple to any of his kin on an opening night. The custom originated with Uncle John Drew, who had to learn in his youth a copybook maxim which read: “ Speak your piece good and you'll get a nice big red apple.”

Uncle John began sending red apples to his niece and nephews on their first nights, and the entire family has continued the custom. When young John Drew Colt, Ethel's son, appeared with his mother in the Negro play Scarlet Sister Mary, Uncle Jack Barrymore sent this note with his apple: “ You were lucky to black up at your debut. I threw up at mine.”

BUT, as we were saying, Dolores liked the sea. She also liked the sight of Wild Jack Barrymore, the man no other woman had ever tamed, playing the part of anxious husband and devoted father. When the first baby was about to come, Jack astonished the movie colony by taking a room next to his wife's at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, and rushing there every afternoon after his day at the studio.

He was making a talkie version of The Sea Beast at the time; and his make-up and costume made him look, as he expressed it, “ like something that had been fished out of a sunken barge in the Erie Canal.” But not once in those anxious days did he stop to change his costume or wash his face. His fearsome appearance in the hospital corridor was a signal for frightened nurses to run shrieking to their favorite interns.

One day, when he had just killed the rubber whale and his whiskers were thick with synthetic blood, he ran kerplunk into a nervous young man who was also waiting to become a father. As the hideous specter bore down on him, the young man turned pale green.

“ You look as if you needed a drink,” said specter Jack.

The young man backed farther away. “ It'll take more than a drink to straighten me out,” he said.

Jack learned afterward that the young man was Herbert Hoover, Jr.

But as luck, or nature, would have it, all of Jack's husbandly preparations were in vain. On the night when Dolores Ethel Mae arrived, fatigue plus emotional exhaustion had thrown

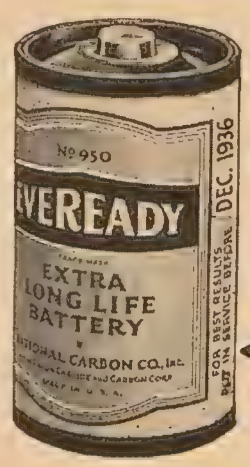
“OUT WENT THE LIGHTS . . . I SAID GOODBYE TO MY CHILD”

Her Skull fractured by Horse's Kick, Irmgard Giess is Saved, though Hospital Fuses Blow.

“The still form of my little ten year old Irmgard lay on the operating table,” writes her father, Peter Giess. “The great brain specialist stood over her in a cone of brilliant white light, his instruments flashing as he began the work that we prayed would save her life, save her reason and restore her sight.

“But he had hardly started when the room went black . . . the fuses had blown. ‘Flashlights quick!’ barked the doctor. I groped to the door, ran to my car and got my big flashlight with five Eveready Batteries in it . . . The operation went ahead . . . and my little girl is getting well.

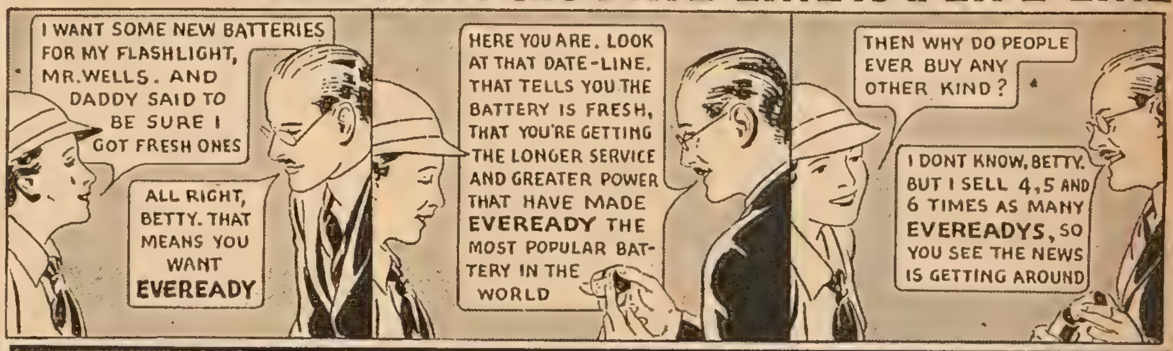
“I'd used those batteries a lot, but they still had plenty of power left. When the lights went out I was sure she was gone. And I guess she would have been, if it hadn't been for Eveready Batteries that were good and fresh when I bought them, months before.”


No 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO. INC.
DEC. 1936
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE

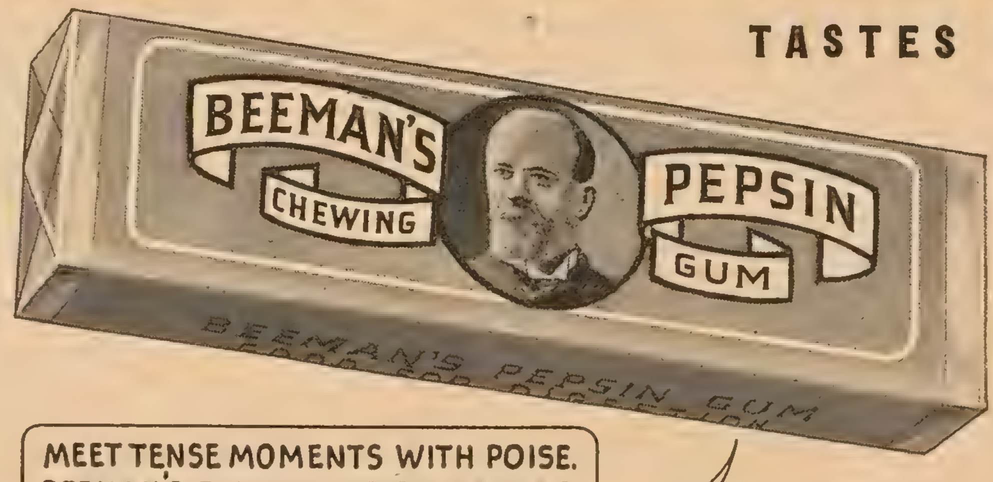
EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE FRESH BATTERIES

National Carbon Co., Inc.,
30 East 42nd St., New York

Once More the DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE


I WANT SOME NEW BATTERIES FOR MY FLASHLIGHT, MR. WELLS. AND DADDY SAID TO BE SURE I GOT FRESH ONES
ALL RIGHT, BETTY. THAT MEANS YOU WANT EVEREADY
HERE YOU ARE. LOOK AT THAT DATE-LINE. THAT TELLS YOU THE BATTERY IS FRESH, THAT YOU'RE GETTING THE LONGER SERVICE AND GREATER POWER THAT HAVE MADE EVEREADY THE MOST POPULAR BATTERY IN THE WORLD
THEN WHY DO PEOPLE EVER BUY ANY OTHER KIND?
I DONT KNOW, BETTY. BUT I SELL 4,5 AND 6 TIMES AS MANY EVEREADYS, SO YOU SEE THE NEWS IS GETTING AROUND

TASTES GREAT


BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM GOOD FOR DIGESTION

MEET TENSE MOMENTS WITH POISE. BEEMAN'S FINE FLAVOR REFRESHES YOU. IT'S SO SOOTHING TO YOUR NERVES.. AND IT AIDS DIGESTION

BEWARE OF
FOOT
ITCH
Says Dr. Scholl, the Famous Foot Authority

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Never neglect itching feet and toes. If the skin is red, raw, cracked or breaking out in tiny blisters—it may be "Athlete's Foot". It's highly infectious and often spreads to other parts of the body. Don't experiment with "cure-alls" and prolong your misery. The sure relief for this foot disease is Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves intense itching at once; quickly kills the fungi it comes in contact with and helps Nature heal the skin. Get a 50¢ or $1.00 jar today at your drug, shoe or department store.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well-known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

"WHY DO I FEEL LIKE THIS?"

SO much trouble is caused by chronic constipation! Headaches, upset digestion, nervousness, lack of pep are frequently caused by poisonous wastes that accumulate in the bowels. Too often people merely use some temporary relief. See for yourself if it doesn't make a world of difference in the way you feel after using a purely vegetable laxative. Give a thorough trial to Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). Note how gentle they are—and non-habit forming. Get a 25c box, containing 25 tablets, at any drugstore.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 94P-19, St. Louis, Mo.

HOTEL EMPIRE

FREE
beautiful guide map "L" of New York City.
Rates from $2.50 for two
Hotel EMPIRE
BROADWAY at 63rd STREET, N.Y.

him into a deep sleep. The nurse finally got up her courage to open his door.

"Sir," she said, "you have a baby daughter."

Jack blinked at her uncertainly. "Splendid!" he said finally, and turned over and went to sleep again.

When the second baby came, he was awake and pacing the corridor like the traditional caged tiger.

"All at once," he recalls, "a terrific yell sounded. Then a cheer! A nurse came bursting out, her hands in the air, and cried to me, 'It's a boy!'

"I threw my arms around her and said, 'Have you ever been kissed by a movie actor?'

"'Good God, no!' she said.

"'Well, you're going to be,' I said. And she was."

To house his growing family—and his growing collection of almost everything under the sun—Jack built many additions to Bella Vista, the home he had bought on the top of one of Hollywood's highest hills. The place is so remote that the rare invitations to it invariably are accompanied by a map. King Vidor built the original house, a modest residence. The Barrymore additions have made of it a huge rambling cement-and-tile structure—really five houses in one.

The patio, with a pool in the middle, was the center of family life. Here the babies played with their nurses. Here, on a simple card table with one uncertain leg, Dolores and Jack ate their lunches and many of their dinners. Cool nights, when there were no visitors, the pair of them dined on another card table in the small boudoir adjoining Dolores's bedroom.

IN a far corner of one of the wings was the bar. The floor of this refuge was made of huge tree trunks cut crosswise, and its chief ornament was a giant brown cuspidor from a Virginia City, Nevada, hotel. The name of the bar was, and is, Barrymore's Pub.

When Jack first went to work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, an anxious executive approached him respectfully and asked him if he would like a portable dressing room.

"Certainly," said Barrymore, who usually carries his make-up kit in his hip pocket. "I want one with swinging doors, and over the top I want a big sign reading: 'John Barrymore—Ales, Wines, and Liquors.'"

The executive is still pondering it!

Barrymore, admittedly temperamental on the set, is most impatient with the cameraman's fussiness. One day, when Charles Rosher, well known in Hollywood as "Mary Pickford's cameraman," was trying first this and then that angle on a scene, Barrymore—after many nervous fidgetings and pacings up and down—grumbled: "If that old woman would stop fussing around, perhaps we could get on with the picture."

Without pulling his head out of the hood, Rosher shouted, "If *that* old woman will stop moving around, we *will* get on with the picture!"

Forthwith Barrymore and Rosher became the best of friends. Another of Jack's favorites is Bill Daniels, Garbo's cameraman and a magician with lights and lenses. He had never met Daniels until he walked on the set of Grand Hotel.

"How do they light you?" Bill asked. "How do you want to look?"

"I have no more idea how they light me," Barrymore replied, "than I have how they light a firefly's tail. But I know how I want to look. I'm fifty years old, and I want to look like Jackie Cooper's grandson."

"O. K.," said Bill; and if you remember those love scenes with Garbo in the Vicki Baum picture—the last film in which Jack played the gay young lover—you know that Bill damn near made the grandson grade.

BUT we were up in the House that Jack Built Over.

Although the life which Dolores chose to live in that house was simple, the house itself was far from that. It contained all the elaborate Italian pieces which were wont to cumber the Washington Square attic where he maintained bachelor hall prior to his marriage to Michael Strange, plus twenty or thirty times as many museum pieces purchased since from collectors here and abroad. Ten thousand books lined the walls from floor to ceiling. The most extensive gun collection west of the Mississippi featured the trophy room, above whose stone fireplace Paul Manship's bronze bust of Barrymore, set profile, showed the actor-houseowner in his most characteristic pose.

About the place, and seldom in their places, were eleven cats, three hundred birds, and three dogs—Peter, a St. Bernard; Scotty, a Scotty; and Dolores's Pekingese, a sleeve specimen which, according to Jack, could be called anything at all. Then there was Mr. Maloney, a vicious-looking vulture that Jack has taught to kiss him affectionately on the lips.

"I have known Maloney," he explains, "since he was an egg."

Here, apparently, on this Hollywood hilltop—with his kids and his pets, with his golden-haired wife of fragile, almost pathetic beauty, with Peter to protect him and Maloney to kiss him—was the ideal home, domestic yet bizarre, which the roistering but acutely intelligent Barrymore had long sought.

Jack didn't resent the domestic part of it—at least, not then.

"Jack Barrymore has never done anything so sensational," he said, "as making a success out of marriage."

Then—he went away!

And in a twinkling Hollywood was talking about him and—whom? Mary Astor, the diarist! Then came murmurings with Carole Lombard's name in them. And then, and now, fifty million headlines featuring "Ariel" and "Caliban." What's to become of this, and where does Barrymore go from here? Just read Mr. Collins's concluding installment next week!

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

WHEN you're asked out to dinner in Tibet you send a servant ahead to see what time it is by your host's clock. That's because the Tibetans are jealously proud of their clocks. No two clocks in Tibet ever keep the same time, but every Tibetan insists that *his* clock is right, so the polite thing to do is to keep your date with him by his clock.

This may be one of the reasons life in Tibet seems a bit odd.

My knowledge of Tibet follows a recent luncheon with Arthur Stannard Vernay, who went there last year on an expedition sent by the American Museum of Natural History.

Here's another oddity of Tibetan life:

"To get fresh meat for your meals," said Mr. Vernay, "you must first find a criminal. No respectable Tibetans are butchers. It's against their religion. They sell you a sheep on the hoof, then you look for a criminal outcast to kill it for you. The criminals wear wooden rings around their necks and are not hard to find."

ARTHUR STANNARD VERNAY

Arthur Vernay explores strange lands; is one of the eight white men who have penetrated Lhasa, sacred city of Tibet. By profession he's an expert on antiques, and is English by origin, although he has lived in America for thirty-six years. As a boy he cut off his Little Lord Fauntleroy curls, planted them in the garden, expected them to grow and be tall fir trees eventually—which has nothing to do with life in Tibet—outside of seeming a bit odd.

● Two brothers fell in love with an intelligent New York girl. Their rivalry was painful to her because she was fond of both, and when she decided to marry one of them she felt so sorry for the other that she didn't know what to do. Still, the situation could not be avoided. She couldn't sacrifice two lives and loves out of pity for one.

Then, somehow, it occurred to her that she might with extraordinary luck find a girl who would resemble her closely enough to attract the other brother. If the Hollywood stars all find doubles, she thought, why shouldn't I?

I suppose her search would have been hopeless in a small town, but New York is full of girls. She haunted the stores where hundreds of girls are employed. Found one who resembled her to an astonishing degree of likeness—found her with remarkable ease, and soon made her acquaintance. This story is true, happy ending and all. The brother fell for the double. It's going to be a *double* wedding.

● Several readers have asked me to repeat the information I gave last year about preserving autumn foliage for home decoration. Here it is again:

Gather your branches while the leaves are bright yellow or red. Wipe the leaves carefully with a damp cloth. Strip the leaves off the lower part of the stem. Split the stem up about one inch with a sharp knife. Have ready a vase with pure glycerin in it, about two inches deep. Plunge the split stems into this.

The cut foliage will retain its color best if you keep the stems in glycerin, but you can take them out after a week, wipe them, and put them in a vase with a small amount of water. Change the water every week.

● They say it's a sign of something if you have one dark eye and one light eye. The small son of a friend of mine has one brown eye and the other of lovely violet blue. His mother frets about this, wondering just what it may signify.

An oculist told her that eyes of unmatched coloring denote racial mixture in the parents—Italian and Swedish, for instance. But she and her husband are both Scottish.

The only other hint she could get came from a doctor who said bulldogs with eyes of two colors are frequently deaf in one ear. She gave up the inquiry after that.

● Probably you will get a headache, says the National Association of Chiropodists, if you go tramping around very much through the big department stores in a tight pair of high-heeled shoes.

You have no idea how many miles you actually walk while shopping or doing your housework, but the chiropodists can tell you.

They say the average housewife walks three thousand miles a year under her own roof, just cooking and cleaning and setting the table and so forth. They advise us to keep an extra-comfortable pair of shoes for shopping, and wear slippers at home.

● For us worrying women there is much good sense in David Seabury's book, How to Worry Successfully. (Published by Little, Brown & Company.)

● A girl from a French convent taught me how to bake cauliflower in batter.

Her recipe for this excellent dish is the only one that I have found anywhere. Try it as a luncheon or supper novelty.

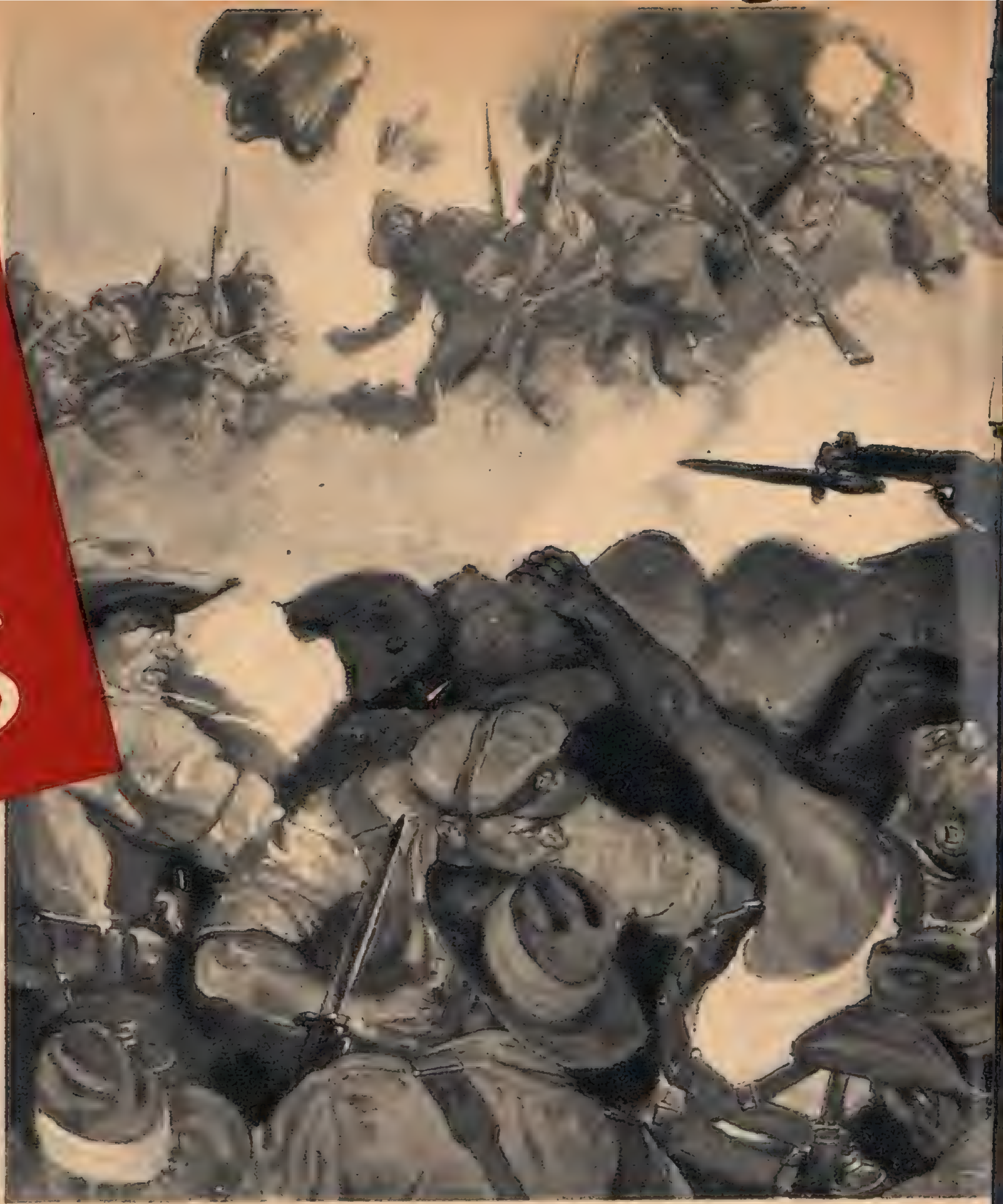
Cook the cauliflower in boiling water until about half done. Then break off the flowerets and arrange them in a buttered baking dish.

Prepare a pancake batter with whole-wheat flour. Use a little more milk than you would for making ordinary batter.

Add a pinch of powdered sage, pinch of thyme, pinch of marjoram.

Pour the batter over the cauliflower and bake for 35 minutes in moderate oven.

LEGION OF LOST SOULS



THE Gallipoli campaign from the British standpoint was at once the Thermopylae and the Balaklava of the World War. Digger Craven was there, and in this series he is telling what it was like. His collaborator, Captain Blackledge, himself a World War veteran, prefaced the opening installment in Liberty last week with a frank affirmation that if the Allies had concentrated toward success at Gallipoli, the war would have been ended within 1915. As it was, the premature naval attack warned the Turks, so that when troops were finally landed the enemy was all ready for them.

Were the Anzacs sent from Egypt to Gallipoli as a punishment for unruliness in Cairo's "red-light" district? Digger Craven has never met one who is not convinced they were. Endless route-marching and drilling in the desert had made these virile Australians and New Zealanders desperate; the culmination of much disorder was a wholesale bloody riot. Digger and his pal "Red" looked up a mother and daughter whom they had innocently supposed to be a cut above the average girl of that part of the city—and were astounded to find the two as rabid and vitriolic as the worst.

Presently, on board their troopships, the Anzacs to a man were confident of chasing Johnny Turk off the Gallipoli peninsula in jig time. Every part of the British Empire was represented in the expedition. The five landings were begun at dawn of April 25, 1915. At once the Anzacs were disillusioned. They floundered into barbed wire, and both artillery and musketry showered death on them. Those who got ashore alive charged savagely to meet the enemy charging downhill. All day without a letup the death struggle continued. Darkness brought no respite. Fresh Turkish troops came on and on in endless waves as Digger and his comrades strove desperately to entrench themselves. "All night," he says, "we dug and fired—till we fell asleep in our holes."

PART TWO—A NIGHT WITH THE DEAD

KILLING comes natural to a man!"

Just like that—in the heat and strife of that dreadful night, during the crazy charges which Johnny Turk kept making throughout the long dark hours, even while the blood and dirt were being spattered about the countryside, while the rattle of rifle fire and the crashing, blinding blue flashes of shell explosions rent the blue-black world above us.

The speaker was Butcher, commonly known as Butch. There was a savage exultation in his hoarse voice, a wild light in his shining eyes. Here was a man whom no amount of killing could tire. He thrived on it. While most of us were slumped against the walls of the improvised trenches in various states of exhaustion, this fellow Butch was standing erect, alert, vitalized by his insane lust for killing. While we dozed with our heads in the dirt, between the frantic rushes of the enemy, Butch kept up his demented ravings about the joy of killing.

Dozing one minute, fighting for one's life the next, and all the while Butch gloating and croaking about his killings—that's how I remember that night.

"There's no thrill like killing a man—seeing him pitch into the dirt, hearing his yelp when his daylights go out. Being with a woman isn't a patch on it!"

Then there would be a wild yell:

"They're coming!"

Every man was firing frantically at the onrushing mass of black figures. The thud of their feet over the ground would put the fear of hell into us for several minutes—until we had shot most of them to pieces. The dead were piling up within a few yards of our noses, grim shapes in that eerie night. Then a lull, with the shrieking of shells overhead and the incessant gruesome gloatings of Butch as we dozed off again.

"I tell you there's nothing like killing a man when your blood's up."

Butch had blood on the brain.

"Killing's good for a man. It's marvelous! Wish they'd come again. I'll kill 'em. I'll kill 'em all! It's easy. Even in the dark—between the whites of their eyes. Cripes! I wish we'd have a charge! I could stick 'em in dozens!"

And his imbecile rantings would end on a shriek. Then

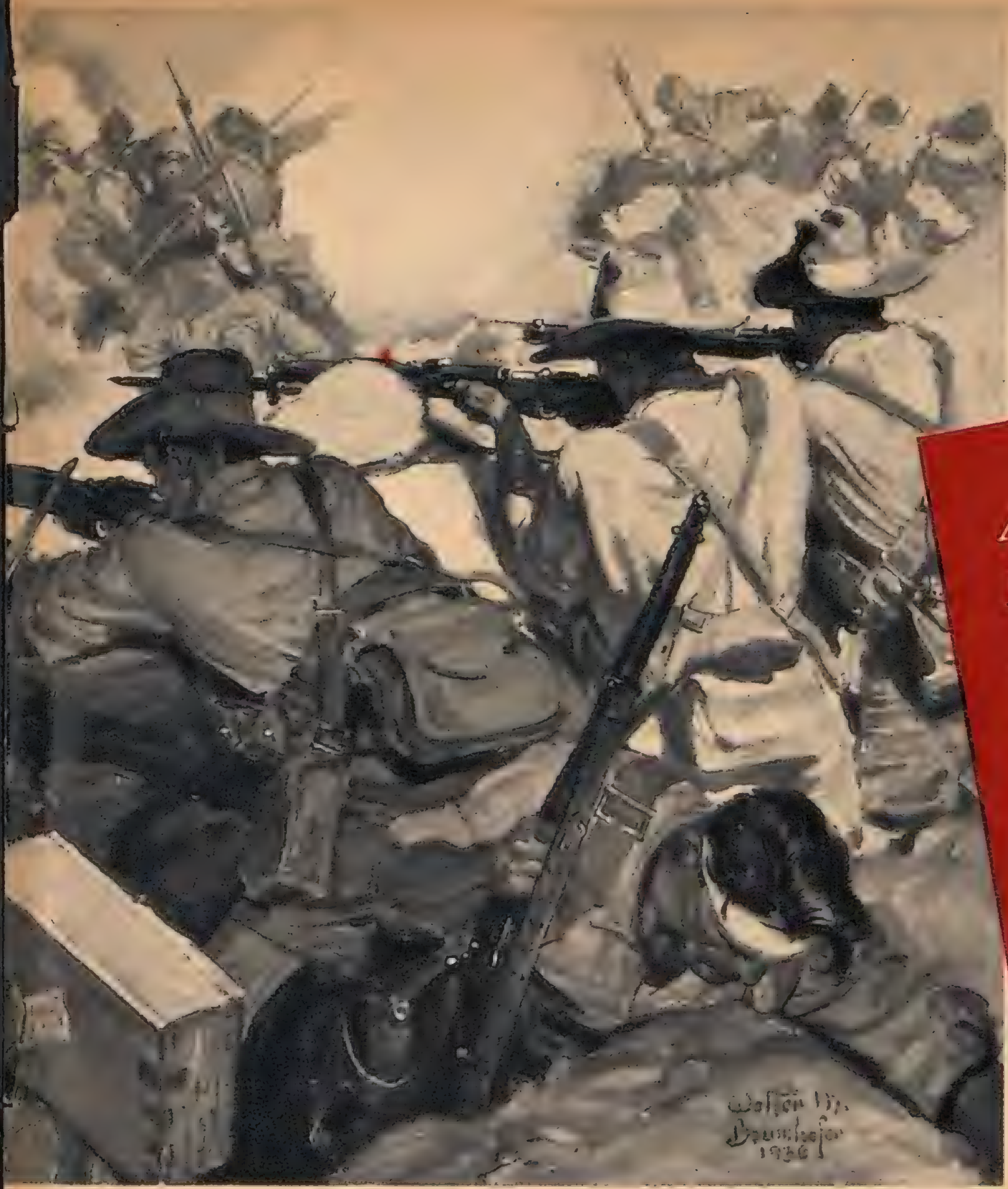


ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

When the sun was high the Turk came at us again in one great wave. It was madness!

Alive Through the Hell of Gallipoli!—A Vivid Firsthand Story of a Tragic and Terrible World War Campaign

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME 28 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

again that cry: "They're coming!" Again and again they were beaten back, while the dead piled higher and higher before our eyes and the wounded screamed as the shells of their own guns short-ranged and tossed them into the air with the vomited earth.

Through all the horror Butch's mad croaking went on, his eyes brilliant, his mouth foaming, the indescribable exultation of his rantings growing more blasphemous. He yelled at the oncoming hordes, telling them just what he was going to do to their vitals; and we knew this orgy of killing had got him.

The shelling grew heavier as the night advanced. Johnny Turk was trying to break our resistance by blasting the beach where the other brigades were landing and the working parties were bringing up munitions and stores from the boats. We learned later that every box of ammunition carried across that strip of beach was under incessant shellfire—a shell a second—and that men and ammunition were blown sky-high. But the parties never stopped working. They continued to carry the deadly cases right into and through those bursts of flame.

All the infernal blackness of that never-to-be-forgotten night was pierced with the little spurts of small arms, the lightning-streaks of big guns, the bursts and the belching of howitzers; pierced on all sides with arcs and glows and sizzling snakes of fire—and still we hung on, doped with the stench of it, deafened with the roar, stupefied for want of sleep. There had been no sleep during the night of our approach and landing, no rest the following day, and now another night of—this.

And while the Turks had thrown men away in thousands our own lines had thinned disastrously. Our resistance was definitely weakening. The fire had gone out of us. None but supermen could have withstood that twenty-four-hour unceasing battle. We were not supermen. We could no longer beat back the fresh reserves thrown at us, wave upon wave. Toward morning the Turks threw in a hellish barrage of shrapnel. There were not sufficient men left to hold our line. We had slogged at the last two or three charges in the hope that each would be the last and that we might rest.

We were not yelling at them then—save for Butch, who never stilled his jaw tackle. We were saving our breath to bolster our exhausted bodies. We were fighting silently, grimly, and, it must be confessed, somewhat hopelessly. We were hanging on to those holes in the dirt by the skin of our teeth.

When orders were given to fall back to a better prepared line of trenches, most of us had no thought but to obey. But it seems there were numbers who took the order to mean a complete retirement. They scrambled back down the hills to the beach, to the boats! Thereafter the most hellish confusion imaginable, with Johnny Turk coming at us in ever-increasing numbers. Men fought again, as they had done a few hours before, in isolated groups or in duels, and over all poured that deadly hail of shrapnel. Above the din and confusion I could hear the raucous voice of Butch:

"Kill! Kill! Kill! Come on and be killed! Come on and be killed! You blighted infidels! I'll tear your guts out! By the loving God, it's glorious! Glory be, I'm an angel! I'm killing the heathen!"

And suddenly his voice stopped. One heard him no more. Vaguely, through the heat and horror of that retreat, one realized that Butch had gone west. It was as well. Better death in battle than life in a madhouse. Just as Johnny Turk fought with the strength of his faith, believing that to die while slaughtering Christian dogs would assure him of paradise, so Butch died in the

At right: Australian troops landing under heavy fire at Gallipoli. Shells smashed some lighters short of the beach—as the heads in the water attest. Below: The second day. Digging in to await attack.

International News photos

belief that he had earned his way to heaven by killing the heathen Moslems. What vile things are done in the name of religion!

The disorder on the beach was appalling. It was just one hell's mixture of fighting, yelling, and stampeding. The wounded lying around, some on stretchers, others in hastily improvised field dressing stations, became inextricably mixed up with scrambling troops, burdened fatigue parties, the unburied dead, and all the dirt and debris. The shells belching added further misery to the frightful muddle. Men ran about wildly, not knowing what they did nor what they were expected to do.

OFFICERS were trying to make themselves heard above the din. They were bawling to the men to stand fast. And they went down in hundreds, those gallant officers. The strangest incidents flashed across one's vision—officers shoving men back again; a fatigue party carrying cartridge cases blown to hell in a gigantic flash that singed the flesh of men who fought on the cliff face yards away; Red, whom I had not seen for hours, coolly marching to the beach with a Johnny in each fist. He told me afterward that if he must get back in the boat he intended taking a couple of the sanguinary Turks with him. When he realized that there was no such order, he dropped his prisoners like hot coals and rushed back into the fighting.

What happened to those two Turks I cannot say. Perhaps, before that horrible night was through, they wished they had been taken prisoners. Who knows? I have often wondered. But as soon as Red let go of them they dived into the riot of scrambling men, where it was hard to distinguish friend from foe. They were gone like a shot.

Then a message of hope ran round among us. Help was arriving; more troops were landing. There came a rumor that put new heart into us all: An Australian submarine had broken through the Narrows, the navy was following her, Turkish transports were being sunk. We yelled ourselves hoarse, turned back on the enemy, smashed ourselves against them, dived for our trenches, ousted the Turks, and held on. Everywhere men were shouting:

"Australia will be there! Australia will be there!"

But the second day dawned on the peninsula and still the battle went on. There was never a pause in that hail of lead. The sun was in our eyes, we were exhausted beyond belief, and the Turks were taking full advantage of our weariness. Fresh troops came up in a blaze of sunrise like demons out of hell, pouring all they had into us, backed too by their overwhelming superiority of field artillery.

Dense masses of Turks rose out of the scrub and boulders and ditches, skirmishing, sniping, charging. Clouds of chocolate-colored earth were thrown up by their heavy guns. The bush was alight in patches, sending up great volumes of smoke, flames licking the dried undergrowth, and through these blazing fires the enemy scrambled and rushed, falling in heaps and straggling lines, flicked out of the attack like so many dummies.

But the fires did not stay their advance. It began to look as if we should have to desert our trenches once more. Then the promised help came. Men-of-war had arrived off the beach. They started to shell the Turkish positions. They blazed away over the knolls and crags where the sun was rising, and soon the Turkish lines were a mass of spurting flames and the air was swathed with the dense yellow smoke and the kicked-up dirt and dust.

Though we did not know it then, there was absolutely no truth in the rumor that an Australian submarine, or any other, had passed through the Narrows and that the navy was following through to victory. But the rumor had served its purpose. It had heartened us to stand fast until the naval guns could be brought up to support us. We could not have held on without that covering fire from the sea.

Even in the face of this shattering barrage the Turk continued to rush our position until well past noon of that second day. When the sun was high overhead he came at us again in one great wave, supported by the heavy thunder of his field guns. And the British warships swept his flanks from end to end. It was a ghastly sight. It was sheer madness to send up his men in such multitudes in the face of that withering fire. They went down in hundreds. Yawning gaps were opened in the mass of them. Thousands of the enemy were sacrificed in that last desperate attempt to drive us from the crest of the cliffs.

We saw men blown skyward. Their cries could be heard above the roar. We saw the lines thinned, saw the enemy waver, hesitate, halt. Then the order came to charge. We leaped from the trenches and hot-footed through the thorn-tangled scrub, stumbling over dead and wounded, floundering in and out of hidden ditches and over jagged rocks, cheering wildly as we went, rushing the disorganized Turks back and back, seizing new ground. At last Johnny's effort to wipe us off that shore had failed.

We dug ourselves in, consolidated our new positions facing his trenches. We were incapable of driving him out of his strongly entrenched lines—as yet. But we had secured our landing. We had gained a few yards of ground. We had achieved our objective in spite of his overwhelming numbers, in spite of the superiority of his field guns and the downhill plunge of his attacks.

The firing continued throughout the remainder of the second day, with spasmodic attacks here and there but no further massed effort against us. We dug in deeper and deeper as the day advanced. Communication trenches were cut up to our lines, and along these came sandbags, rations, water, ammunition. For those who brought up these things it was hell. Johnny's shrapnel peppered the beach all day long.

DOWN there, men of the Anzac brigades were discharging stores and supplies from boats, carrying the wounded to the dressing stations; carrying them on their backs or in their arms, for it was impossible to use stretchers. Anzacs assisted by British sailors built jetties, worked at pulling the boats into the shingle, waded in and out of the shallows with heavy loads, brought mules ashore and led them to shelter under the cliff face. And all day the cliffs, the beach, and the water were being swept with shrapnel bullets.

Men went down with their loads beside them, wounded or dead. Others took their places. The work went on. Wounded were transferred to the boats. The dead were buried. The streams of men climbing up and down the cliffs to and from the newly entrenched lines never stopped. That incessant shelling could wound and kill, but it could not demoralize the Anzac brigades. They meant to hold on. Nothing could shake them then.

We know now that the Turkish commander concentrated his strongest armies against the Anzac and Lancashire landings. The First Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers had to fight and climb for every inch of ground they gained at "W" beach, away to the south of us on the toe of the peninsula. These were the two landings which bore the brunt of the whole impossible campaign. They succeeded only by sacrificing thousands of men, and only because the men were built that way. We did not know then, of course, that all these sacrifices were to come to naught.

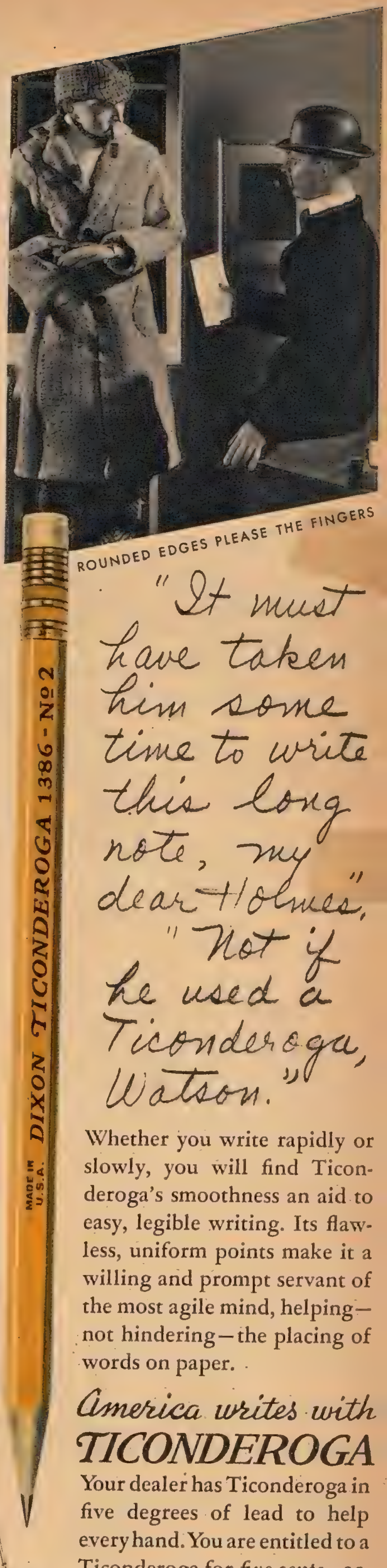
WE were fully occupied in fortifying what we had won. All our visions of jumping ashore and chasing Johnny across the peninsula had soon faded. His game now was to attack a part of the line suddenly with rapid musketry fire. Men would be picked off while in the act of piling sandbags. Then the fire would cease—only to open up again on another section. All the while shells whistled and whined overhead toward the beach.

By nightfall of that second day, however, we had secured our foothold. The dark hours brought out the enemy's snipers. They crawled about the scrub between the lines. They were excellent shots and potted with deadly accuracy. After the rack of tension during the past two days it was but natural that some of us should relax. And that was the snipers' opportunity. A head had only to show above the parapet for a second, and down it would slump into the trench with a bullet between the eyes.

Added to this was horror. There had been no attempt to clear up the dead and wounded lying between the lines. All night long we could hear the cries and moans of those men out there. And we could distinguish which was friend and which was foe. Allah was on the tortured tongues of the Turks as they lay dying. But the biggest horror was the stench of the dead. That reek grew thicker until it permeated every hole and ditch, every trench. We realized later that it needed but a few hours for the sun over Gallipoli to swell bodies until they were more than double life size and their blackened skins were ready to burst like overripe grapes.

At first men sickened and vomited at the stench. But from then on it never left us. We had to learn to live with it, eat and drink with it, sleep in it, this unspeakably dreadful stink. What the wounded and the dying must have endured in among those bloated bodies!

The Turkish snipers must, we thought, have guts of cast iron, for they were out there, indifferent to the stench and the cries, watching, always watching; never for a moment did they relax. From behind their


ROUNDED EDGES PLEASE THE FINGERS
MADE IN U.S.A.
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 - No 2

"It must have taken him some time to write this long note, my dear Holmes." "Not if he used a Ticonderoga, Watson."

Whether you write rapidly or slowly, you will find Ticonderoga's smoothness an aid to easy, legible writing. Its flawless, uniform points make it a willing and prompt servant of the most agile mind, helping—not hindering—the placing of words on paper.

America writes with
TICONDEROGA

Your dealer has Ticonderoga in five degrees of lead to help every hand. You are entitled to a Ticonderoga for *five cents*—accept nothing else. Get quantity quotations from your dealer.
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J10, Jersey City, N. J.

bush screens they took heavy toll of our men. One can hear the warning whine of a shell and duck. The chatter of a machine gun betrays its position. So does musketry fire. But the sniper isn't human. His lead spits out from nowhere. Phut! And a man is wounded or dead before he has time to change the expression of his face.

An officer came round and gathered a party of us. We were to sneak out and get some of these snipers. The lieutenant was a bit of a youngster, hardly out of his teens, but he was game. He was a rare example for the rest of us. He took one half the party and a sergeant the other. This sniping had got on our frayed nerves. We said what we would do to the sharpshooters we caught, and what we said wasn't nice.

It was a black night. Beyond the parapet was a dim menacing sea of shadows. We crept out, one by one. I was in the lieutenant's party. He went first, crawling on all fours. We followed. It was a weird country into which we crawled. Queer shapes everywhere, some of them boulders, some corpses, and over all the thick prickly scrub, as much as four feet high in places.

In this eerie wilderness one could do nothing but follow the man in front, and it was impossible sometimes to keep one's eye on him. Once, it seemed to me, he had stopped, was lying prone, motionless, and I wondered what he had seen. I lay there waiting. It required some will power to remain put while the snipers' bullets were spitting about the broken heath.

Another figure came out of the shadows toward me. It was the lieutenant. He whispered hoarsely in my ear, "What the hell are you lying there for?"

I pointed. "Waiting for the lead to move."

"He's dead, you fool! Keep going. You're holding up the whole line!"

DEAD? I shivered and started to crawl again, keeping close to the young officer. I passed the dead un. A few minutes before he had been crawling in front of me. He hadn't made a sound when he dropped his head and lay still. Could a man go out as quietly as that? Well, I had to push on. I fancied I saw other shapes moving in that darkness, things that didn't belong to the party. Every boulder in front was a menace; it might shelter a sniper.

We were stalking in deadly earnest, but it was not the kind of stalking we had known in the Australian bush. The beasts we now stalked had rifles that rarely missed and the most uncanny eyesight. Something like the singing drone of a mosquito passed swiftly over my head. My nose went sharply into the dirt. Probably it was two or three feet away, but the passing of that bit of lead lifted the hairs on my neck.

It seemed an age that we crawled about the wreckage of the day's battles, bits and pieces of men, bodies that still breathed, broken equipment, fragments of rifles. We descended into a shell hole. The lieutenant paused, waiting for us to come up with him. The pit offered shelter and comparative safety. He raised himself as we reached him, and pointed to a bunch of rocks away over the rim of the hole on our right flank. He didn't have to tell us. We could see the occasional spurt coming from behind those stones.

We sneaked out of the pit in extended formation, six men with the officer leading. We approached our objective in a wide semicircle. Here the bodies were piled in heaps, like tumbled logs. The effluvium was stifling. But we were glad of their shelter when the snipers behind those boulders were suddenly startled into activity. Had they spotted us?

WE kept our straining eyes glued on the lieutenant. He lay still for so long I began to think he must have stopped one. I glanced right and left. The men on the flanks were staring straight ahead. I gasped with relief when he started to move again. The snipers were quiet for a spell. Possibly they had heard something without seeing us.

The lieutenant had reached the first boulder. After a moment he turned his head slowly, beckoned us on. We scrambled into that bunch of rocks together. What a lovely hide-out for two murderous snipers! We were on top of them before they could rise, hammering them with our fists until the lieutenant yelled at us to stop. They lay senseless. We stared at them. There was something the matter with their faces and hands. They were a grayish-green, but it wasn't the pallor of death. It was some coloring matter that had been smeared over faces and hands and clothes, even the close-fitting puggree cloths about their heads. The idea had been to make them indistinguishable from their surroundings. Around them lay piles of ammunition and cartridge shells, also rations and cans of water. Evidently they had been sent here to stay!

Four of us were told off to drag them back to the lines. It was no joke hauling those senseless dead weights in and out of potholes, over wreckage. We were filthy with sweat and dirt long before we finished the job. When their fellow snipers started opening up on us we ducked and used them as shields until the fire died. Then on again a few more yards.

We came within sight of our lines and lay still to get our bearings. It was essential we should reach the trenches near the spot where we had left them. Of course the order had gone forth that parties were out searching for snipers, but just the same we were not taking any chances. Some fool might become nervous and begin peppering us. Nor could we yell to warn the sentries of our presence. That would have brought a

"FREE-SWING"
YOU
PARIS
The MARK OF DISTINCTION

THEY'VE CAUGHT ON BECAUSE THEY STAY ON

"Free-Swing" Suspenders will do anything but SKID, move any way but OFF, give everything but UP! . . . cut loose with all you've got, but that double swivel action between the shoulder blades will never lose control . . . it's there for keeps and it's there for comfort, flexing with every movement of the body, but always hewing to the line.

No skid . . . no strain . . . no pull . . . and no equal for fit, freedom and flexibility.

Get several pairs . . . one to a suit . . . Paris provides plenty of patterns . . . $1 and up.

SWING TO "FREE-SWING" SUSPENDERS by PARIS

PARIS
SUSPENDERS
with "FREE-SWING" backs
"CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS"

Styled by the Makers of Paris Garters

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

rain of snipers' bullets about our ears.

In the end I went on alone. It was impossible to measure distances. We were farther from the lines than we had realized. I could perceive a faint glow here and there, where the boys had stuck bits of candles in the little dugouts they were making.

I passed a hand across a face dripping with sweat and crept forward. I'd had no idea I was such a nervous cuss. Some idiot started blowing off his gun away over on my left. His bullets were whistling harmlessly past me, but as I waited I wondered what in hell he had seen. Anyway, his fool shooting touched the snipers off again. Then I discovered that one of them had spotted me. I lay cold while the bits of lead spat into the dirt all around me. There was a little fold of ground a yard or so away, a hummock. If I could reach it . . .

I moved. The sniper splashed dirt over my cheek. I got a mouthful. So he did have the range of me! Well, it was all a matter of luck—whether I moved or played dead. If there was one with my number on it, I'd get it, and that was all there was to that. Thus I tried to buck myself up as I inched forward. A rain of bullets pelted in front of me. A matter of inches. I grabbed the dirt and held on. Evidently the fellow could see me clearly enough.

In that minute and a half while I crouched, belly down like a cat, I lived an eternity. The cold sweat poured. The back of my neck was prickling and I couldn't get away from the notion that he'd pepper me there. Phit-phut! Phit-phut! Phit-phut! He was drawing a dotted line around my entire length, just for fun. How he must be chuckling!

"Blast him!" I croaked, and took a flying leap for that little mound.

Bullets streamed over me as I dropped to shelter. I'd stopped one all right. More than one. The back of my shoulders burned like hell, as if half a dozen red-hot needles were stuck there. And I wasn't in the shelter of a hummock at all. The mound was made by a couple of swollen bodies, and their position looked as if one man had been carrying another when they went down.

They were Johnnies. I retched abominably at the smell, but I dared not move away from it. Bullets were thudding into them. Well, better them than me! I lay there and was as sick as a dog. Little jets of earth and pebbles were spurting up beside me. Johnny Turk was having a rare old time with me and my dead uns. Let him, I thought, for here I'll stick, stench or no stench. I was trying to keep my head; telling myself that being frightened of a smell was only an excuse for running away.

I was afraid of fear—like most people. I wanted like hell to get up and run. And I knew that if I did, it would be the end of me. Could I jump up, anyway? My shoulders were stiffening. When I tried to move them, the pain shot up the back of my neck. I knew it! I knew it! I went through hell trying to reach a hand to my neck.

POKER and CIGARETTES

by F. Gregory Hartswick

Here's a puzzle for which I am indebted to Charles E. Taylor of Fanwood, New Jersey.

Five men—let's call them Brown, Jones, Perkins, Riley, and Turner—are engaged in the national pastime of poker. They bring their cigarettes with them—Camels, Chesterfields, Lucky Strikes, Old Golds, and Raleighs—in these quantities: 20, 15, 8, 6, and 3, but not respectively in any case. The last hand has been dealt.

1. Perkins asked for three cards.
2. Riley has smoked half his cigarettes, or one less than Turner.
3. The man who smokes Chesterfields had originally as many more, half as many more, and 2½ more cigarettes than he has now.
4. The man who is drawing to an inside straight absentmindedly lights the tipped end of his fifth cigarette.
5. The man who smokes Lucky Strikes has smoked two more than any one else, including Perkins.
6. On the deal just completed Brown receives as many aces as he originally had cigarettes.
7. No one has smoked all his cigarettes.
8. The man who smokes Camels asks Jones to pass Brown's matches.

Now from the above facts and figures it is possible to figure out which man brought which brand of cigarettes, and how many. Can you do it?

(The answer will be found on page 59)

HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED BY
Wm. Teacher
FEDERAL
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm. TEACHER & SONS. Ltd.
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.
SCHIEFFELIN & CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

86 PROOF

"It's the flavour"

Teacher's is a man's Scotch, with an honest, hearty taste. Its tang has a mellow mildness that instantly appeals. For friendly times . . . and any times . . . it is the connoisseur's choice. The men who demand good whisky are the best friends Teacher's has.

Made by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow & London
Sole Agents for the United States:
Schieffelin & Co., New York City. Importers since 1794

But reach it I did, rubbing gently. No, not the back of my neck. The shots were lower, in the shoulder muscles.

Suddenly the sniping stopped. Should I crawl out? What could I make for next? I had no idea how far I could go. I'd just have to hitch ahead blindly. There was a long cessation, or it seemed long to me. I crept out, cursing at the pain. I wormed this way and that. The right shoulder wasn't much use. I did the left side stroke and hoped for the best. That sniper was silent. Had one of our parties got him?

I had been wandering about on a burnt-out patch, though I didn't realize it at the time. What I had mistaken for the parapet was the fringe of the tall bush grasses beyond. I didn't even know if I was working toward the trenches! I could still see the faint specks of light ahead, but they did not get any nearer. I knew then that I was moving aimlessly about no man's land. I swallowed hard for a minute. More than a trifle of "wind up," I guess!

There was a crumpled shape in front of me, a few inches away. I'd got so that I fancied it moved. The more I stared, the more certain I became that that body lived. I seemed to be a devil of a time dragging myself toward it. I lay alongside while I got back some wind. This was no Johnny Turk. It was one of our own boys. I shoved a hand under him, felt sure he was breathing. I shoved him over on his back, hauled at an arm, and drew him into the shelter of the tall scrub. One of his legs rolled and bumped, as if but loosely attached.

I wanted to believe he was alive. I was lonely, lonely as hell. I've never felt so alone. It didn't matter about the snipers now. They could not see us, anyway. By this time I had more than a suspicion that I'd wandered away from the lines. It didn't seem much good trying to do anything before daylight. Meanwhile, this fellow was warm. Gallipoli nights were chilly, despite the perishing heat of the days. Trusting that he was alive, I snuggled up to him. Somehow I felt quite safe. I fell asleep. . . .

It is now on record that the Anzacs had ninety-six hours' continuous fighting after they landed, and at no time during those ninety-six hours did the Turks' fire cease. Australians and New Zealanders are anything but weaklings. But there is a limit to endurance. Any human machine must crack under too great a strain. In that landing our battalion lost 430 men out of a total of rather less than 900.

My state was typical of the whole bunch. I slept. God in heaven, how I slept! I slept out there in no man's land while the shells screamed overhead, while the machine guns poured chattering death, while bombs exploded and rifles rained bullets across that cursed land. I awoke to the light of another day, a day well advanced, as I could see by the position of the sun. I stared for long minutes up at the brassy sky, wondering where I could be.

MAYBE I didn't want to take in the situation. It was too horrible and I was too unutterably weary to bother. I listened to the crash and thunder—it may have been for minutes, or it may have been half an hour; I cannot say. Not even that hellish uproar could keep me awake. It was so easy to close my eyes, snuggle up to my companion, and drop back into unconsciousness.

I have always believed it was that sleep, that blessed restorative sleep, that saved me.

When I opened my eyes again the light was fading. I had, in fact, been most rudely awakened. Even as I stared through the gathering darkness a bullet snipped past my ear. Close enough! I shifted my position, felt my companion. He was warm only from my warmth. Actually he was stone cold. But I'll swear he had been alive when I had found him. There was no doubt now, however, and I crept away, frankly scared by the cold hideousness of death in this pitiable bedfellow. Nothing is so loathsome as a body that has begun to swell.

My belly was like paper. I wrenched every jagged shoulder wound in trying to get clear of him. How was I to know what might happen during this coming night? I felt for my water bottle. It was just about moist. I drained it—still staring through the half-light at that misshapen form.

As I groped crazily around, the night descended like a dropped curtain. I fell into a hole. It was pitch dark there, dark as a stack of black cats—or would it be rats? Something was scuttling around. Rats? I moved gingerly. The shoulders were a fiery crust. The pain was excruciating. But I had to get out of that hole. I was so weak my bones felt like melting wax. The clothes on my back had hardened to an iron mold over the tormented muscles. What was I doing, floundering about no man's land? How much longer could this be endured?

The staccato rattle of a machine gun sounded close. I had crossed the pit and reached the farther crest. There was no revealing light, only a blackness stabbed with the shell blasts, shot with little squirts of fire, wriggling with snakes of fire that seemed to be crawling all around me but gave me no direction. The lines that faced each other were no sort of guide. The Turkish lines, like our own, zigzagged up hill and down dale. And it seemed to me, in that darkness riven and spangled by the fire of both, that the two were joined and friend and foe were firing indiscriminately.

I LAY on the rim of the pit and waited for a flash that would show me the contour of my immediate neighborhood. It was queer that no one of those returning parties had stumbled my way. By this time I was incapable of remaining still. I had rested long enough. Now I was restless. I had to keep moving or go berserk. I hadn't the foggiest notion as to where I was. For all I knew, I might be crawling toward the enemy's lines.

For a while I wandered on in a sort of trance, heedless of where the crocodile march would take me. A new wave of loneliness came over me. Tears blurred my eyes. It seemed to me I had been alone for years in an inferno of stinking corpses and deafening fire. Hunger, thirst, pain, wretchedness, hopelessness. I shivered. Chill nights on Gallipoli. I must keep in motion, I told myself, or die of exposure. In spite of my unutterable misery, I didn't want to die. I could have ended everything in an instant by staggering to my feet and making a sniper's target of myself. But life was still sweet. Even in my semi-delirium I had sense enough to keep my nut lowered.

Remain where you are, Digger Craven, and you die. Move on and you . . . Just the same, there was no point in lying there and waiting for it. I moved on.

How I came upon that hideous duel in the dark, I never knew. At first I mistook the scufflings for the noise of rats feeding, and decided to detour rather than have to stomach the gruesome sight. Then I saw through the dimness moving shapes. They drew me like a lodestone.

Two men, and the duel was to the death. I was so hellish lonely I crawled right up and made myself a spectator. Over and over they rolled, each trying to get at the other's throat. I have seen many a scrap since, and in all manner of strange places, but never one quite like that.

There we were, three men in no man's land, two of them battling for dear life—as if there were not enough battle already around these parts. How they fought, those two, heaving and pitching and scrabbling about in the muck, straining this way and that for a strangle hold! Any noise they made was drowned by the shot and shell streaming over us. What a ghastly place to pick a quarrel—out here, in this caldron of fire and corruption!

There was a big fellow and one not so big. The hefty one got on top at last. His hands seemed to be digging. Then his right shot out, clutched at something, rose, came down swiftly—burying the bayonet in the fellow underneath. I saw it all; sheer murder. And I couldn't do a thing about it. They both lay still then—the one dead and the other breathless.

I started to crawl nearer. It didn't occur to me that I was placing myself at the mercy of the fellow with the bayonet. I felt an all-consuming urge to get near him. As far as I was concerned, he was just a signpost in no man's land. If he could wander around sticking fellows like this, he must know his way. I was within a yard or two of him when he suddenly rolled over as if startled. We lay and stared at each other for a long minute. I couldn't believe the evidence of my own sight. It must be the fire-shot darkness playing tricks, I thought. I peered into his face. He grinned.

"Red!" I screamed. "Red!"

"Galloping ghosts! Digger Craven! Where in hell have you been?"

But I passed out. The rest of his greeting was lost on me.

Passed out! Out of hell, for the time being, and into—little though Digger knew it as they tied him on a stretcher—into an earthly paradise; more officially, a hospital in Alexandria. And what was to transfigure a wartime hospital ward so radiantly for an Anzac with his shoulders full of Turkish slugs? Well, next week you will meet Nurse Grace Waller, an American, in Digger's estimation "a madonna—the sweetest thing this side of heaven!"

Answer to Poker and Cigarettes Puzzle on Page 57

Here is the logical way of getting at the answer: Take the facts in order and see what each reveals; then combine the information.

From fact 1 we see that Perkins is not the man mentioned in fact 4.

From fact 2 we see that Riley had an even number of cigarettes.

From fact 3 we see that the man who smoked Chesterfields had originally 15, and has smoked 10 (15 is the only one of the numbers given that will fit this statement).

From fact 4 we see that this man smokes Raleighs. (Raleighs are supplied with tips; none of the other brands mentioned is.) We also see that he is not Perkins (No. 1 above), nor Brown (No. 6 below).

From fact 5 we see that the man who smokes Luckies has smoked at least 12 (see No. 3) and that he is not Perkins. Also he cannot be Riley, for 12 is more than half of any of the numbers; nor can he be Turner, for 12 is more than half of any of the numbers, plus 1 (No. 2). The only numbers that can apply to Lucky Strikes are 15 and 20; we know that there were 15 Chesterfields, so there must have been 20 Luckies originally. He is not Brown (No. 6). Therefore he is Jones.

From fact 6 we see that Brown had only 3 cigarettes originally.

From fact 8 we see that the man who smokes Camels is neither Jones nor Brown.

Now we can make a table:

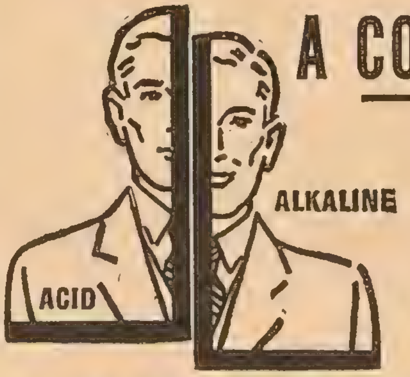
Number	*Brand*	*Smoker*
20	Luckies	Jones
15	Chesterfields	
8		
6		
3		Brown

With this before us, we proceed: Brown had only 3 cigarettes. Therefore he did not smoke Luckies (20) or Chesterfields (15) or Raleighs (at least 5). From No. 7 we see that he does not smoke Camels; therefore his is the only remaining brand—Old Gold. Now we know that the man who smokes Raleighs is neither Perkins nor Brown (No. 4), nor is he Jones, for we have settled that Jones smokes Luckies. He must therefore be either Riley or Turner. Whichever he may be, the remaining man has a choice of either Chesterfields or Camels. But look at No. 2: "Riley has smoked half his cigarettes, or one less than Turner."—10, the number of Chesterfields consumed, will not fit this statement. Therefore whoever smokes Raleighs, Riley or Turner, the other smokes Camels, which leaves only one man, Perkins, to be the Chesterfield smoker. Our table now looks like this:

Number	*Brand*	*Smoker*
20	Luckies	Jones
15	Chesterfields	Perkins
8		
6		
3	Old Golds	Brown

Riley, Turner, Raleighs and Camels remain to annoy us. Well, see facts 2 and 4. Whoever smokes Raleighs has smoked 5. He lighted the tipped end, but it is definitely stated that it was his fifth cigarette. And Riley has smoked half his cigarettes, or one less than Turner. Five is not the half of either 8 or 6; but 4 is the half of 8 and is one less than 5; therefore Riley had the 8 and they were not Raleighs. They must have been Camels—and that's that.

I KNOCK NEURALGIA
NYALGESIC
A LIQUID ANALGESIC
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE
WORTH LOOKING FOR
Bring rest and relaxation to tortured nerves and aching muscles by rubbing on just a few drops of NYALGESIC. This fine liquid analgesic never blisters or stains, and is not greasy. But it does wonders for headaches, sprains and bruises. Ask your NYAL Druggist.



A COLD UPSETS THIS BALANCE

Many doctors say a lowering of the alkaline side of the balance... an excess of acid in your system... is often the cause of colds. Because of this, Luden's now have an added ALKALINE FACTOR.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

HELP BALANCE YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1936.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee Pasquin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of Liberty, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Fulton Oursler, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications, only.) LEE PASQUIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1936.

(Seal) JOSEPH M. ROTH.

(My commission expires March 30, 1937.)

Vox Pop

Father Divine's Interpretations . . . Hypnotic Spell

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am appealing to your inherent sense of honesty and fair play to give this letter the proper recognition.

I was sorry indeed to see in your publication (September 12) the scurrilous and apparently damaging article by Edward Doherty purporting to tell the true experience of one Mr. Griggers in connection with the Father Divine movement.

The story as told by Mr. Griggers represents an isolated case and his tale is plainly the result of a distraught and jealous mind. Griggers, by his own admission, saw the benefits in the Divine movement, but for obvious reasons underwent a sudden change of heart.

Father Divine's interpretation of the Scriptures, it is true, precludes sex as applied to his immediate followers or those who may be led to subscribe to this conception of the Master Jesus' teaching. But Father Divine does not seek to impose this version upon any one who is not willing to embrace it willingly. To my knowledge, which is intimate, he has never exercised the slightest coercion over any one. The version of the celibate life as the true road to spiritual stature held by Father Divine (and many others down through the ages) may be controversial, but this is a matter of individual leading and personal religious convictions.

Those who have opposed the fundamental of right or truth frequently experience unpleasant and violent reactions. This is not because of any personal attitude of Father Divine, as he points out, but because they have placed themselves at variance with a fundamental and scientific law which governs all life. One cannot rise against righteousness nor the plan and purposes of the Infinite without eventual and inevitable repercussions.

Certainly you and your associates would not willfully place yourselves at variance with the law of right and justice.

Liberty has an opportunity to vindicate itself with millions of intelligent American citizens, enlightened to the compelling work of Father Divine, by presenting the other side of the case. I wonder if Liberty would be broad enough to do that—to take a signal step by offering the bona fide and sincere students of Father Divine's teaching a chance of expression? Would this kind of a letter ever find its way into your columns?—*Truth Seeker.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Such articles as the one about Father Divine stir up the imagination of mental defectives and others who are not mentally strong to investigate this matter. They become enthralled in the hypnotic spell and rhythm of this fantasy, which is really a mental drug and carries them on to ruin. It destroys the true American spirit, and makes one an abject slave, where there is no real happiness.—*Robert S. Fiske.*

CHRISTIANS AND MOSCOW JOURNALISTS

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—No doubt the underlying cause of the Red revolution in Spain is nothing more than an indirect assault upon Christianity, which will become direct, as in Russia, when the communists succeed in their desire to put blood-drenched Spain under the scepter of Bolshevism.

I agree that in old Russia much injustice existed; but two wrongs don't make one right.

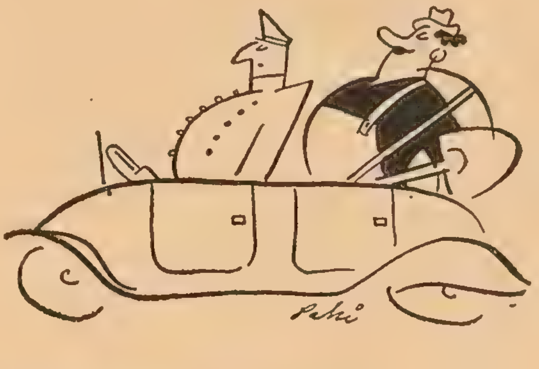
While Christians are in a state of lethargy, trained journalists from Moscow are constantly turning out a stream of subversive literature against our government, ideals, etc. Apparently these writers know how to stir up hatred among Americans.

Show me a country where the workers drive to their jobs in their own automobiles other than in this United States of America.

Yet some Americans allow themselves to be deceived by agitators who promise them everything—impossible things—while in reality communism has less to offer them than our present American system.

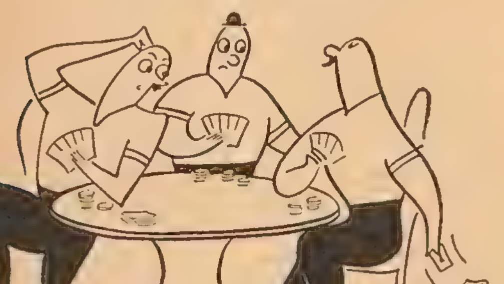
I admit that there is room for improvement in our system, but why take something worse than we now have?

As Americans we shouldn't be interested in any other ism but Americanism. —*William J. Grandoschek.*



NICKEL MINT JULEPS AND PAPER DOLLS

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Let's have some real he-man stories! Down in these heah parts we play poker, and we don't give a hang about how to cheat at bridge like you told us in August 8 Liberty, nor do we care if Godiva Was a Lady.



Another thing: down in these heah parts it is so d——d hot that we don't even care about your short shorts unless you put a mint julep in them. Will yo-all please give us a nickel's worth heahafter?—*S. E. Byrd.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—Outside of the movie review page, I think you have about the lousiest magazine published. After reading the movies I give your magazine to some one I don't like.—*Ed Tonar.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Made some paper dolls out of Liberty, but can't make them stand up. Suggest that you use thicker paper.—*Doolie.*

HUNDRED-MILE "BLOWS"

ORLANDO, FLA.—Please inform Lawrence Saunders, author of Godiva Was a Lady, that Florida does not have November hurricanes such as he mentioned in the September 12 installment. Maybe they used to, but not during my eleven years' residence here. The best blows are always around the first of September.—*Jim Hoskins.*

[Come, come, Mr. Hoskins! The World Almanac informs us that on November 4, 1935, a hundred-mile-an-hour hurricane swept across southern Florida, killing several at Miami and elsewhere.— VOX POP EDITOR.]

THANKS—WE'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT!

TRENTON, N. J.—In your Twenty Questions for September 19 you ask: "What does one do before pulling the rip cord of a parachute?" Your answer was to slowly count five.

Being a former professional chute jumper, I trust no one will be foolish enough to do that if they are ever faced with an emergency.

Remember, some people may count slower than others. A human body will fall about thirty feet the first second and will accelerate thirty feet each second thereafter until a top speed is reached. (Which will be around a hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty miles an hour, depending on whether the body turns over or remains upright.)

Let's say we are traveling with a thousand feet of altitude; trouble develops and we are forced to "bail out"; by the time we leave the plane we have lost two hundred feet (which is darn quick getting out); we count slowly up to five; a second is lost pulling the rip cord; two and a half seconds go by before a chute can open. By this time we are splattered all over the landscape.

My advice would be to pull the cord as soon as you clear the plane. This can be done safely, without the danger of fouling the chute in the tail, by leaving the plane head down (as in diving); as soon as your feet leave the plane wait a second, then pull; by the time the chute opens you are down a couple of hundred feet.—*George S. Doll, Jr.*

LIBERTY GIVES BOTH SIDES

NORWOOD, R. I.—I was very much surprised to see in September 5 Vox Pop an answer by Willis Owen, associate editor of the Townsend Weekly, to Edwin W. Kemmerer's "tragic hoax" appearing in July 4 Liberty.

Was this a mistake, or have I found a magazine with sand enough to print an article giving one a chance to defend his side of a question?

If so, to find this fearless, honest, decent treatment in these times is miraculous, and certainly fills me with respect for your solid little great magazine. Long life and prosperity to Liberty!—*John O. Armington.*

DOGS AND CATS BEFORE CHILDREN?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mrs. Carl Vandersing in September 19 Vox Pop made the statement that people can be much happier in the companionship of pets instead of that of children. It is too bad Mrs. Vandersing's parents didn't have the same idea. Think of the trouble they'd have saved Mrs. V.

What kick can one possibly get from kissing a squirrel good night or teaching a cat to speak its first word?—*H. J. C.*

BALTIMORE, MD. — Mrs. Carl Vandersing had better keep that squirrel securely caged. If he gets out—watch out!—*Elyl Nosneb.*

ORANGE, CALIF.—Permit me to reach clear across the miles separating this city from St. Louis and take Mrs. Carl Vandersing by the hand in hearty understanding.

She is a woman after my own heart. Dogs and cats before children, always—with an occasional parrot as a most suitable intellectual companion. We always seek our own level in things of the mind. Congratulations to Mrs. V. on having found hers, even though late in life.—*C. S. McCandless, Sr.*

POLICIES, POLITICS, AND A PROPHECY

YORK, PA.—In September 12 Liberty Bernarr Macfadden has the effrontery to name the majority of us Just a Bunch of Suckers! Does he have the exalted opinion that he is an oracle whose words of wisdom and sincerity are not to be doubted or questioned?

Mr. Macfadden's authoritative estimate and standardization of individuals, policies, and programs is really remarkable. The writer is one of a number of Liberty readers who feel that the editorial page of Liberty, if there must be an editorial, could be used for better purposes than for the dissemination of bitter, biased political propaganda.—*G. W. Boyle.*

WESTFIELD, N. J.—I read and reread Mr. Macfadden's splendid editorial, Just a Bunch of Suckers! Keep up the good work, as the millions that read Liberty are bound to get wise to Roosevelt and the raw-deal policies. We need real Americans in Washington, D. C.—*D. L. Lake.*

OREGON CITY, ORE.—Mr. Macfadden's unwarranted and vicious attacks upon the Roosevelt administration put him in the sucker class so far as I am concerned.

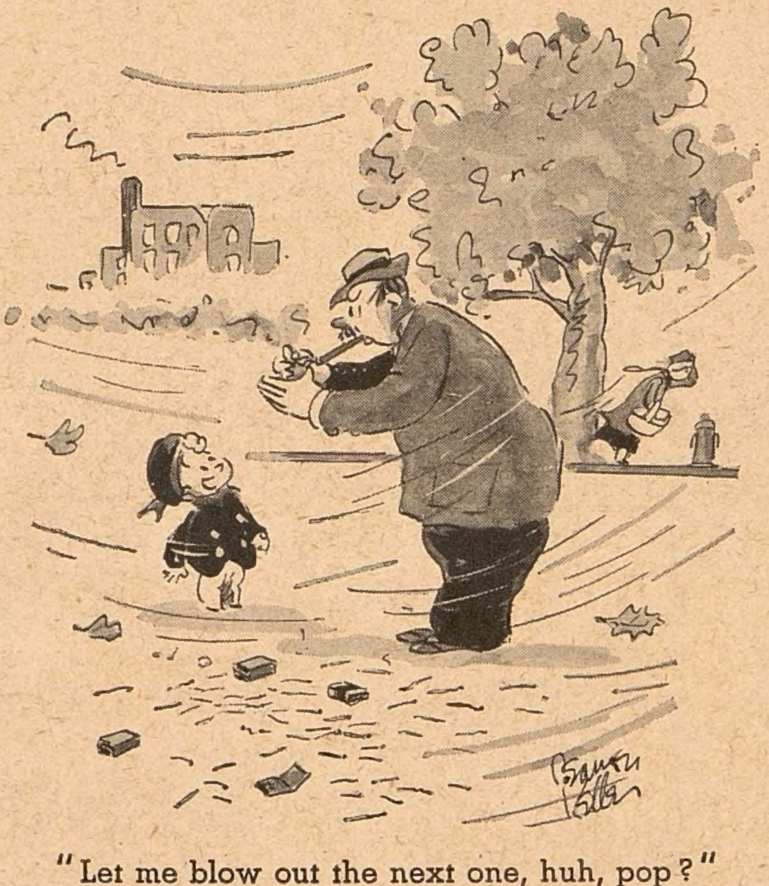
I am not the revengeful type of person, but next November 4 I feel sure I will be able to congratulate him on helping to defeat Landon.—*Howard Mass.*

THEY KEEP THE SECRETS

PONCA CITY, OKLA.—Wallace Irwin, author of Wife Trouble (September 19 installment), is evidently unfamiliar with the telephone operating practices of the telegraph companies.

Delivering operators *never* read telegrams to the wife of the addressee when the message is originally sent to his office and is signed by a lady. The telegraph company, being a humanitarian institution, tries in every way to retain domestic harmony. It has found threats and lawsuits to be embarrassing as well as expensive.—*Mrs. A. E. Brink.*

"HARDTACK"

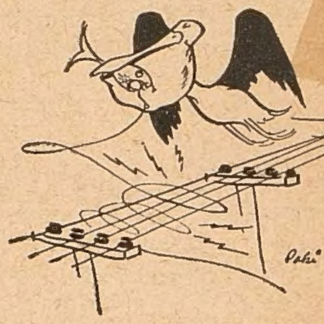


"Let me blow out the next one, huh, pop?"

ELECTROCUTED FISHHOOK?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Here is a fish story out of the usual. The other day they had a "bump" at one of the local powerhouses. The electrical power men call a short circuit a bump, and it is usually caused by something that strikes or falls across the high-tension wires during a storm in the mountains.

An investigation unraveled the reason for the bump. A hungry pelican saw a fish, dived, and, like the Mounted Northwest Police, got his fish. But the fish had a hook attached to the fish line. Mr. Pelican flew over the wires with his fish and the trailing wet fish line after him. The line dragged across a 33,000-volt wire and *pfffttt!* went the juice. The "trouble shooters" of the power department found a pelican, a fish, and a fishhook, all very much electrocuted.—*L. A. Reader.*



DESTRUCTION, MAN'S EGOISM

BALTIMORE, MD.—We hear a lot of talk these days about the next war destroying the world.

It's pure bunk and just another example of man's egoism.

The last war was pretty hot, but where today can one find even a part of the world destroyed?

Man will never beat nature at creation. Neither will he at destruction. When the world is destroyed, it will not be done by man.

Why, one tornado in the United States wrecked a town in three minutes.

During the war the town of Ypres was under fire for nearly four years, and it's there today. —*Samuel A. Sughar.*

JUST BETWEEN THE IRISH

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.—I agree with Mr. J. O'Sullivan of August 15 Vox Pop.

There is no better fighting man on earth than the Irish. For an Irishman was made to love and fight.

I am for the Irish first and last, and may the divil take the ones who don't like them!—*Maggie.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

GREENVILLE, S. C.—From the relief office here a man above middle age had been receiving relief for more than two years. So had a woman who had buried her third husband. They married and took a thirty-day honeymoon to the seashore and to the mountains. Still no work. After the month of honeymooning ended they appeared back in the relief office to seek aid. A relief worker asked, "How did you finance a month of honeymooning with no job?"

The bride of husband number four explained, "Lady, when I laid away my first husband I buried him in a very costly plot in the cemetery. Last month I had him dug up, buried him in a cheaper piece of ground, and sold the cemetery lot for enough to pay our honeymoon expenses."

DETROIT, MICH.—Mrs. John Kinek told Judge Thomas F. Maher in Ordinance Court that her family was supported entirely by her eight dogs.

"How do they do that?" asked Judge Maher.

"Well," said Mrs. Kinek, "the neighbors and the butchers know I have the dogs. They give them meat, and I eat first, then I give some to my husband. The animals get the rest."

LINDSAY, CALIF.—John Arbaugh was fishing for bass with a mouse as bait. Homer Gordinier, in the same boat and also fishing for bass, was using a live bluegill for bait.

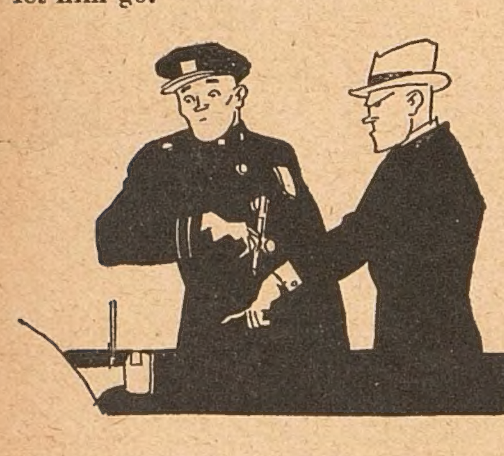
When both got what seemed to be a bite and gaffed their catch, it was found that Gordinier's bluegill had merely swallowed Arbaugh's mouse.

DELAWARE, OHIO—Colonel Lynn Black, superintendent of the Ohio State Patrol, noticed an auto with its taillight out. He pulled ahead of the driver.

"Now, don't tell me you didn't know your taillight was out," began Black, reaching for a traffic summons.

"Sure, but so's yours," replied the motorist.

"And it was," admitted Black afterward. "So I bawled him out a little and let him go."



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The following notice was seen in a church:

Worshipers who intend to put buttons in the collection are requested to give their own and not pull them off the hassocks.

—Christian Science Monitor.

And the following in a beauty shop:

If your hair isn't becoming to you, you should be coming to us.

—The Reader's Digest.

CONTENTS

Editorial "Working" the Workers........Bernarr Macfadden 3

Short Stories A Filly in the Fall............Odgers T. Gurnee 6
Scoop!—Liberty's Short Short..........Hawthorne Daniel 28
The Nun Who Met the Rebels...........Nancy Scoggins 32
Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra
Bert Green 41

Serials Riding High—Part III.....................Dora Macy 20
The Loves of John Barrymore—Part VI...Frederick L. Collins 46
Legion of Lost Souls—Part II.....Captain W. J. Blackledge 52

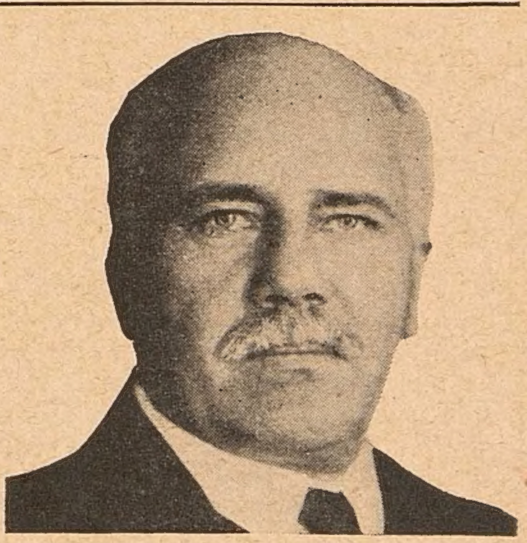
Articles Sixteen Die at One Woman's Word
Princess Catherine Radziwill 4
The Private Life of Robert Taylor...Adela Rogers St. Johns 13
A Man Named Schmidt—Football's Miracle Man
Dick Williams 26
Now I Have Seen My First Movies...........John R. Tunis 29
Why Not Deport the Alien?...............Herbert Corey 36
How One American City Beats Crime.....C. Delano Ames 44

Features Twenty Questions, 19; Good Books by Oliver Swift 25; This Week's Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills 30; $1,500 Presidents Contest, 40; Crossword Puzzle, 43; To the Ladies! by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 51; Vox Pop, 60; It Hapened In—, 62.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY HUBBELL REED

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO IN OUR PRESENT CRISIS?



Would the Son of Man go to the polls?

How would He vote?

What would His message be if He could come back to the world of today?

He never saw a moving picture, listened to the radio, or talked over the telephone. The external world has undergone a complete change in nineteen hundred years. But people have not changed!

What would He say to the people now? How would He talk to our youth? How would He talk to our munition makers? What would He say to our church people and to those who stir up and practice the hatred of race and creed? One man in the United States can guess the answers to these questions with more propriety than any other man. He is the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of In His Steps, the greatest selling book outside of the Bible in the history of the world. Next week Liberty prints his article—the utterance of a simple clergyman from Topeka, Kansas, who gives in the language of directness and simplicity and piety a message and warning for every man, woman, and child.

Read it in Liberty next Wednesday, together with the first installment of

TRACKING THE CRIME BARONS OF NEW YORK

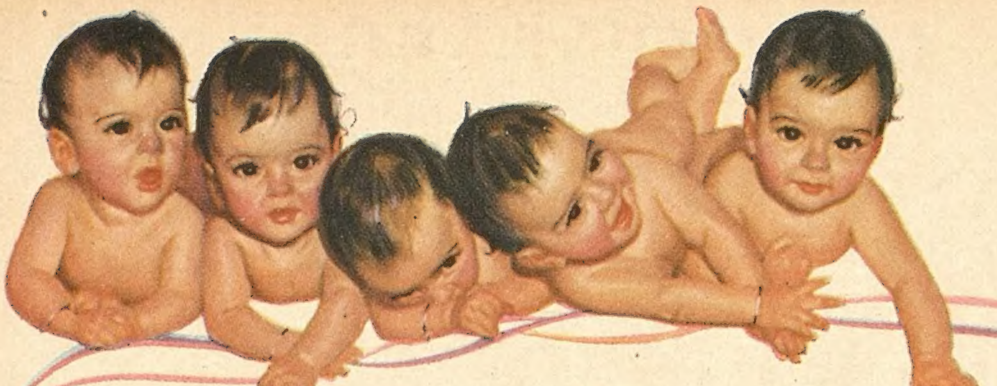
What was behind the arrest of Luciano? Was he the master racketeer, a crime king whose dominions included brigandage and murder at fixed prices? Or was he merely the "front" for the real crime masters?

Liberty brings you next Wednesday the first and only authentic account of how Thomas E. Dewey was called to lead the fight on New York's crime trust; of the difficulties he encountered and the dangers he ran, and the amazing drama of Luciano's arrest and conviction. You will never know the real nature of crime in New York and other American cities until you have read this story of Dewey and his adventures in the underworld.

Among the others who will entertain and thrill you in next week's Liberty are John Erskine, Irene Castle McLaughlin, Peter Paul O'Mara, Dora Macy, Norman Anthony, Frederick James Smith, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE OCT. 21

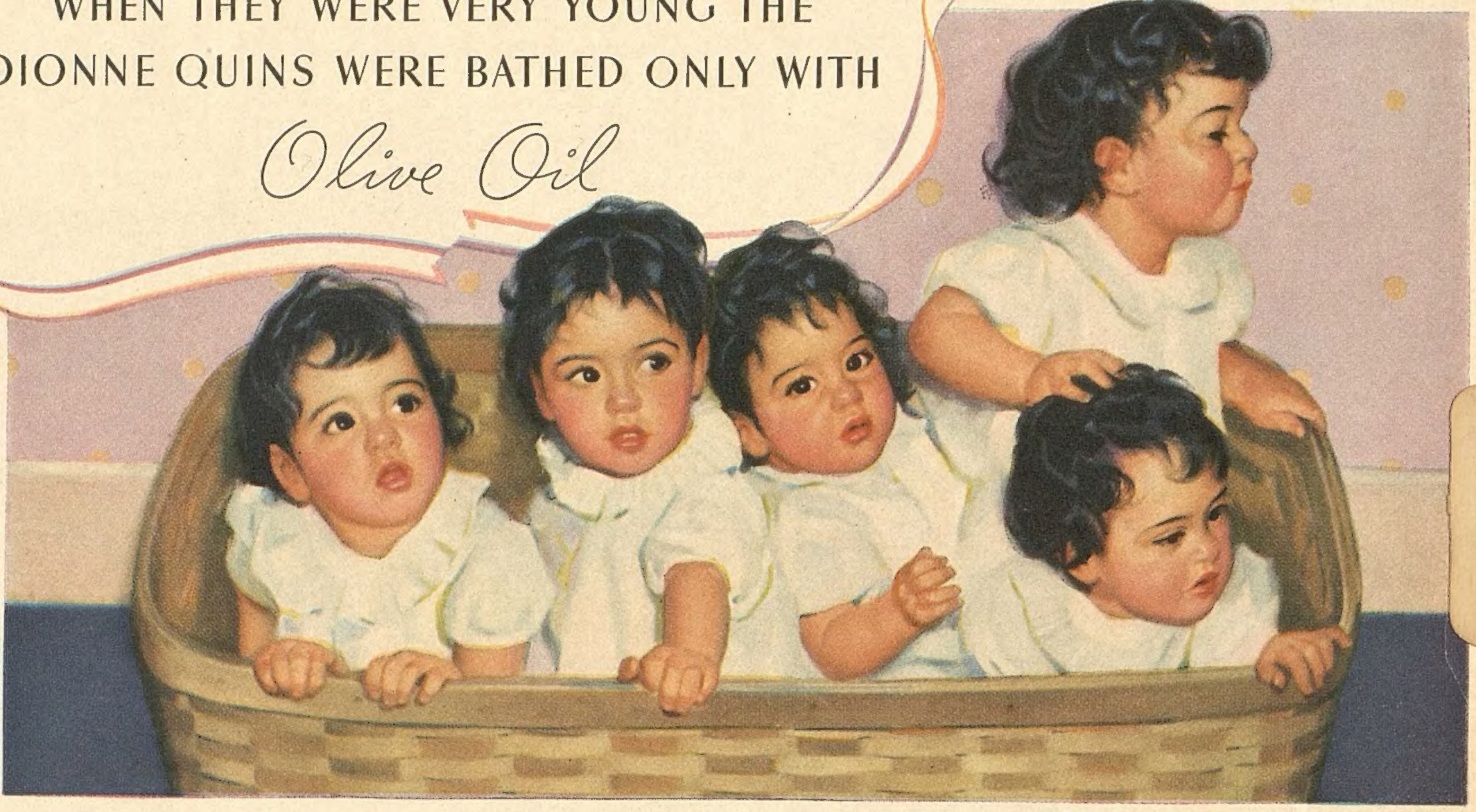
Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday



WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG THE DIONNE QUINS WERE BATHED ONLY WITH

Olive Oil

What a basketful of loveliness . . . fresh and sweet from their Palmolive Bath!



All reproductions copyrighted 1936, NEA Service, Inc.

OCT.
24

Now that they are such big girls...the Quins use

ONLY PALMOLIVE

The soap made with Gentle Olive Oil

WHAT little beauties they're getting to be . . . the lovely Dionne Quintuplets.

And what a picture, after their bath with Palmolive Soap . . . their pink-and-white skin satin-smooth, glowing with health!

Lucky little Quins! Always their tender baby skin has had the most scientific care. For some time after their birth, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Because science has found nothing so soothing for delicate skin as Olive Oil!

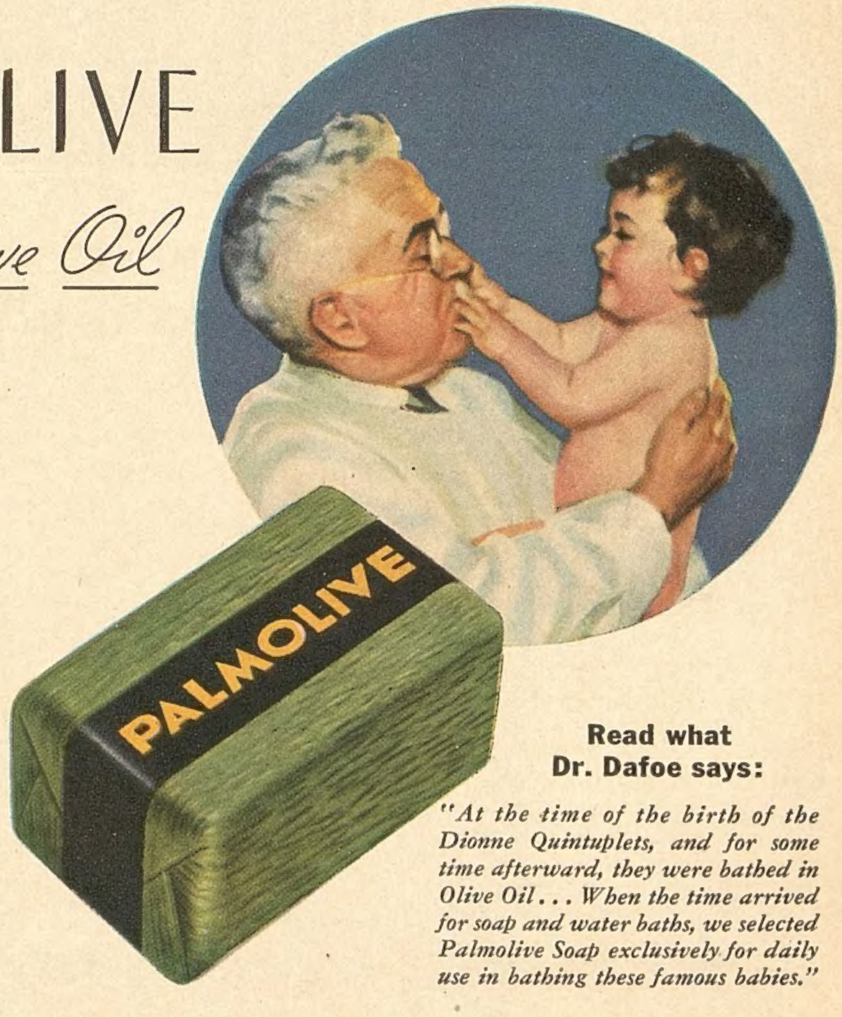
AND EVER SINCE, ONLY PALMOLIVE

Then came the time for soap and water baths. And how carefully the specialists in charge selected a soap gentle enough for the Quins' unusually sensitive skin. They selected Palmolive . . . the gentle soap made with Olive Oil. Out of all the soaps available, Palmolive was chosen exclusively for the Quins' daily baths.

A LESSON FOR EVERY WOMAN

Mother! Should your precious baby be bathed with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the tender skin of the little Dionnes?

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . you who want to keep your complexion alluring through the years! Why not give *your* skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not use Palmolive exclusively for your own face and bath!



Read what Dr. Dafoe says:

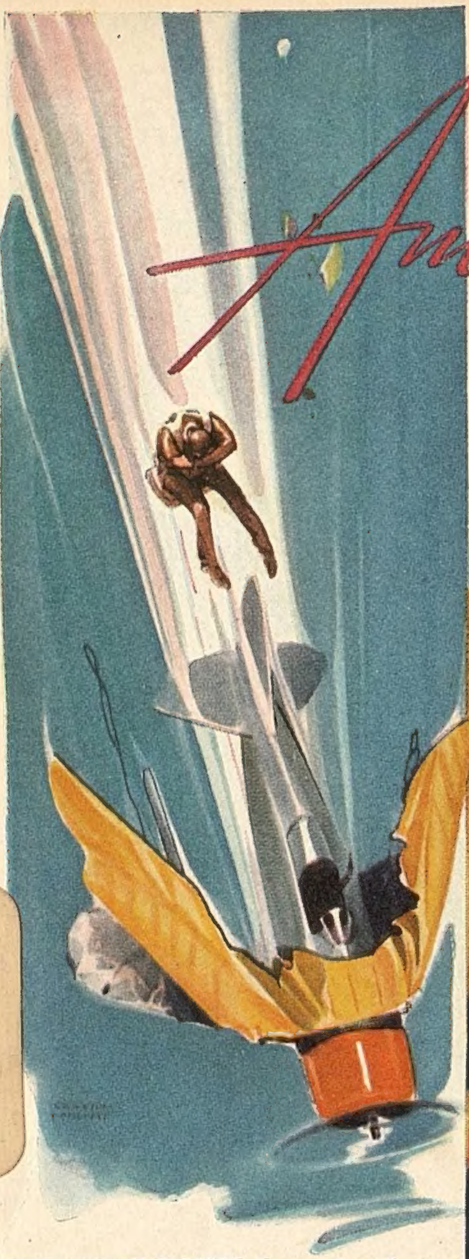
"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

LEE GEHLBACH

America's No. 1 Test Pilot

stands terrific strain in his meteoric power-dives and blinding pull-outs, as planes disintegrate in mid-sky!



STRAIGHT DOWN from 4 miles up—Gehlbach tears earthward at 400 to 600 m. p. h. At the bottom of the dive—a sharp pull-out wrenches plane and pilot to the limit. Such tests make planes safer. Just a tiny flaw—and the plane can fly to pieces. But Lee Gehlbach eats heartily and *enjoys* his food. Note the Camel in his hand—one of the many Camels that Lee enjoys during and after meals.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"SMOKING CAMELS HELPS TO KEEP MY DIGESTION TUNED UP AND RUNNING SMOOTH"—— SAYS LEE

"CAMELS set me right!" Gehlbach says. "I smoke Camels with my meals and afterward—for digestion's sake. And when I say that Camels don't get on my nerves, it means a lot."

Good digestion and healthy nerves are important assets for everyone. So make Camel *your* cigarette. Enjoying Camels at mealtime and after speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—increases alkalinity—helps bring a sense of well-being. For digestion's sake—for invigorating "lift" and mildness—smoke Camels!

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels